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THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES,

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. X.

KING HENRY VI, PART I,
KING HENRY VI, PART II,
KING HENRY VI, PART III.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY J. MORGAN AND T. S. MANNING.

1807.

THE NEW
PUBLIC
470110
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1908

KING HENRY VI, PART I.

KING HENRY VI, PART I.

THE historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI*, has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth Act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the Second Part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestibly betray the workmanship of Shakspeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions. *Theobald.*

Having given my opinion very fully relative to these plays at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, it is *here* only necessary to apprize the reader what my hypothesis is, that he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I was long struck with the many evident *Shakesperianisms* in these plays, which appeared to me to carry such decisive weight, that I could scarcely bring myself to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged against his being the author of them. I am now surprised, (and my readers perhaps may say the same thing of themselves) that I should never have adverted to a very striking circumstance which distinguishes this *first* part from the other parts of *King Henry VI*. This circumstance is, that none of these Shaksperian passages are to be found here, though several are scattered through the two other parts. I am therefore decisively of opinion that *this* play was not written by Shakspeare. The reasons on which that opinion is founded, are stated at large in the Dissertation above referred to. But I would here request the reader to attend particularly to the versification of this piece, (of which almost every line has a pause at the end,) which is so different from that of Shakspeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two succeeding pieces as *altered* by him, and so exactly corresponds with that of the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his first commencing author, that this alone might decide the question, without taking into the account the numerous classical allusions which are found in this first part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument de-

serves attention, from the several extracts from those ancient pieces which he will find in the Essay on this subject.

With respect to the *second* and *third* parts of *King Henry VI*, or, as they were originally called, *The Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, they stand, in my apprehension, on a very different ground from that of this first part, or, as I believe it was anciently called, *The Play of King Henry VI.—The Contention*, &c. printed in two parts, in quarto, 1600, was, I conceive, the production of some playwright who preceded, or was contemporary with Shakspeare; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the *Second* and *Third* Parts of *King Henry VI;* as, out of the old plays of *King John*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, he formed two other plays with the same titles. For the reasons on which this opinion is formed, I must again refer to my Essay on this subject.

This old play of *King Henry VI*, now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the *first* part of *King Henry VI*, I suppose, to have been written in 1589, or before. The disposition of facts in these three plays, not always corresponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and consistency in the series of events exhibited, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for by the hypothesis now stated. As to our author's having accepted these pieces as a *Director* of the stage, he had, I fear, no pretension to such a situation at so early a period. *Malone.*

The chief argument on which the first paragraph of the foregoing note depends, is not, in my opinion, conclusive. This historical play might have been one of our author's earliest dramatic efforts; and almost every young poet begins his career by imitation. Shakspeare, therefore, till he felt his own strength, perhaps servilely conformed to the style and manner of his predecessors. Thus, the captive eaglet described by Rowe:

"—— a while endures his cage and chains,
"And like a prisoner with the clown remains:
"But when his plumes shoot forth, his pinions swell,
"He quits the rustick and his homely cell,
"Breaks from his bonds, and in the face of day
"Full in the sun's bright beams he soars away."

Steevens.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Sixth.*
Duke of Gloster, *uncle to the king, and protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and regent of* France.
Thomas Beaufort, *duke of* Exeter, *great uncle to the king.*
Henry Beaufort, *great uncle to the king, bishop of* Winchester, *and afterwards cardinal.*
John Beaufort, *earl of* Somerset; *afterwards duke.*
Richard Plantagenet, *eldest son of* Richard *late earl of* Cambridge; *afterwards duke of* York.
Earl of Warwick. *Earl of* Salisbury. *Earl of* Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards earl of* Shrewsbury:
John Talbot, *his son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *earl of* March.
Mortimer's *keeper, and a lawyer.*
Sir John Fastolfe. *Sir* William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale. *Sir* Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London. Woodville, *lieutenant of the Tower.*
Vernon, *of the white rose, or* York *faction.*
Basset, *of the red rose, or* Lancaster *faction.*

Charles, *dauphin, and afterwards king of* France.
Reignier, *duke of* Anjou, *and titular king of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy. *Duke of* Alençon.
Governor of Paris. Bastard *of* Orleans.
Master-gunner of Orleans, *and his son.*
General of the French *forces in* Bourdeaux.
A French *sergeant. A porter.*
An old shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to* Reignier; *afterwards married to* King Henry.
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called* Joan *of* Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, *lords, warders of the Tower, heralds, officers, soldiers, messengers, and several attendants both on the* English *and* French.

SCENE, *partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Westminster *Abbey*.

Dead march. Corpse of King Henry *the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of* Bedford, Gloster, *and* Exeter; *the Earl of* Warwick,[1] *the Bishop of* Winchester, *Heralds*, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,[2] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses[3] in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

1 —— *Earl of* Warwick,] The *Earl of Warwick* who makes his appearance in the first scene of this play is *Richard Beauchamp*, who is a character in *King Henry V.* The Earl who appears in the subsequent part of it, is *Richard Nevil*, son to the *Earl of Salisbury*, who became possessed of the title in right of his wife, *Anne*, sister of *Henry Beauchamp*, Duke of Warwick, on the death of Anne his only child in 1449. *Richard*, the father of this *Henry*, was appointed governor to the king, on the demise of Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think that the author meant to confound the two characters. *Ritson.*

2 *Hung be the heavens with black,*] Alluding to our ancient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be expected. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "There arose, even with the sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly had *blacked over all the face of heaven*, preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a tragedie to be played on." See also Mr. Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage. Steevens.*

3 *Brandish your* crystal *tresses* —] *Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a Sonnet, by Lord Sterline, 1604:

"When as those *chrystal* comets whiles appear."

Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, Book I, c. x, applies it to a lady's face. *Steevens.*

That have consented[4] unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth,[5] too famous to live long![6]
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;[7]
His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French[8]

[4] *That have* consented —] If this expression means no more than that the stars gave a bare *consent*, or *agreed* to let King Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *consent*, in this instance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse, applauding the song of Apollo, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out: "O sweet *consent!*" i. e. sweet union of sounds. *M. Mason.*

Consent, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the usual spelling of the word *concent*. See Vol. IX, p. 35, n. 4; and p. 159, n. 6. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper spelling; but, in the present instance, I apprehend, the word was used in its ordinary sense. In the second Act, Talbot, reproaching the soldiery, uses the same expression, certainly without any idea of a *malignant configuration*:

"You all *consented unto* Salisbury's *death*." *Malone.*

[5] *Henry the fifth,*] Old copy, redundantly,—*King* Henry &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *too famous to live long!*] So, in *King Richard III*:

"So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long." *Steevens.*

[7] *His arms* spread *wider than a* dragon's wings;] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"The *dragon wing* of night o'*erspreads* the earth." *Steevens.*

Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verses have contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glo. The church! where is it? had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let 's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry 's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes[9] babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,[1]

[8] —— *the subtle-witted French* &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song. *Johnson.*

So, in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen addict themselves, &c. yea they will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death." *Steevens.*

[9] —— moist *eyes* —] Thus the second folio. The first, redundantly,—*moisten'd*. *Steevens.*

[1] *Our isle be made a* nourish *of salt tears,*] Mr. Pope—*marish*. All the old copies read, *a nourish:* and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at their mother's moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote, *a nourice*, i. e. that the whole isle should be one common *nurse*, or *nourisher*, of tears: and those be the nourishment of its miserable issue. *Theobald.*

And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright[2] ——

Was there ever such nonsense! But he did not know that *marish* is an old word for marsh or fen; and therefore very judiciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. *Warburton.*

We should certainly read—*marish*. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"Made mountains *marsh*, with spring-tides of my tears."
Ritson.

I have been informed, that what we call at present a *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. l. no date:

"Of that chylde she was blyth,
"After *noryshes* she sent belive."

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author may signify a *nurse*, as it apparently does in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, B. I, c. xii:

"Athenes whan it was in his floures
"Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise."

—— *Jubæ tellus generat, leonum*
Arida nutrix. *Steevens.*

Spenser, in his *Ruins of Time*, uses *nourice* as an English word:

"Chaucer, the *nourice* of antiquity." *Malone.*

[2] *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright* —] I can't guess the occasion of the hemistich and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*, though that were a terrible anachronism (as bad as Hector's quoting Aristotle in *Troilus and Cressida*); yet perhaps at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite actor, the thing might be popular, though not judicious; and, therefore, by some critick in favour of the author, afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture. *Pope*

To confute the slight conjecture of Pope, a whole page of vehement opposition is annexed to this passage by Theobald. Sir Thomas Hanmer has stopped at *Cæsar*—perhaps more judiciously. It might, however, have been written—*or bright Berenice.*
Johnson.

Pope's conjecture is confirmed by this peculiar circumstance, that two blazing stars (the *Julium sidus*) are part of the arms of the *Drake* family. It is well known that families and arms were much more attended to in Shakspeare's time, than they are at this day. *M. Mason.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,[3]
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roüen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks,[4] without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.[5]

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—

This blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name. So, in a subsequent passage the word *Nero* was omitted for the same reason. See the Dissertation at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* *Malone.*

[3] *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Roüen* among the places lost, as Gloster in his next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. *Steevens.*

[4] *A third* man *thinks,*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*man,* and consequently leaves the verse imperfect. *Steevens.*

[5] ——her *flowing tides.*] i. e. England's flowing tides. *Malone.*

Give me my steeled coat, I 'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.[6]

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance,
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,[7]
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,

[6] —— *their intermissive miseries.*] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. *Warburton.*

[7] *Having* full *scarce* &c.] The modern editors read—*scarce full*, but, I think, unnecessarily. So, in *The Tempest:*

" —— Prospero, master of a *full* poor cell." *Steevens.*

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders[8] with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:[9]
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.[1]
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe[2] had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,[3]

[8] ——— *above human thought,*
Enacted wonders —] So, in *King Richard III:*
"The king *enacts* more *wonders* than a man." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *he* slew:] I suspect the author wrote *flew*. *Malone.*

[1] *And rush'd into the* bowels of the battle.] Again, in the fifth Act of this play:
"So, rushing in *the bowels* of the French."
The same phrase had occurred in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:
"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in *the battle's bowels.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *If sir John Fastolfe* &c.] Mr. Pope has taken notice, "That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V.* The occasion whereof is, that this play was written before *King Henry IV*, or *King Henry V.*" But it is the historical Sir John Fastolfe (for so he is called by both our Chroniclers) that is here mentioned; who was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author, and which was a creature merely of his own brain. Nor when he named him *Falstaff* do I believe he had any intention of throwing a slur on the memory of this renowned old warrior. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Fastolfe*, whether truly or not, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin, in his *Saint George for England*, tells us, that "he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour."—"This Sir *John Fastolfe*," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." *Farmer.*

[3] *He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,]* Some of the editors seem to have considered this as a contradiction in terms,

With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransome there is none but I shall pay:
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransome of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

have proposed to read—the *rearward*,—but without necessity. Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the *back front* of a house. *Steevens.*

When an army is attacked in the *rear*, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*. *M. Mason.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.[4]

[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Mars his true moving,[5] even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;

[4] *The king from Eltham I intend to* send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.] The King was not at this time so much in the power of the Cardinal, that he could send him where he pleased. I have therefore no doubt but that there is an error in this passage, and that it should be read thus:

The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.

This slight alteration preserves the sense, and the rhyme also with which many scenes in this play conclude. The King's person, as appears from the speech immediately preceding this of Winchester, was under the care of the Duke of Exeter, not of the Cardinal:

"*Exe.* To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
"Being ordain'd his special governor." *M. Mason.*

The second charge in the *Articles of Accusation* preferred by the Duke of Gloster against the Bishop, (Hall's *Chron.* Hen. VI, f. 12, b.) countenances this conjecture. *Malone.*

The disagreeable clash of the words—*intend* and *send*, seems indeed to confirm the propriety of Mr. M. Mason's emendation. *Steevens.*

[5] *Mars his true moving*, &c.] So, Nash, in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596: "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to." *Steevens.*

Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.
Reig. Let 's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.[6]
Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,[7]
During the time Edward the third did reign.

[6] —— *as their* hungry *prey.*] I believe it should be read:
—— *as their* hungred *prey.* *Johnson.*
I adhere to the old reading, which appears to signify—*the prey for which they are hungry.* *Steevens.*

[7] *England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. *Warburton.*
Rather, to oppose one hero to another; i. e. *to give a person as good a one as he brings.* *Steevens.*
The old copy has—*breed.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let 's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:[8]
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals[9] or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks,[1] still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we 'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard *of* Orleans.

Bast. Where 's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans,[2] thrice welcome to us.

[8] *And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:*] The preposition *to* should be omitted, as injurious to the measure, and unnecessary in the old elliptical mode of writing. So, Act IV, sc. i, of this play:

"Let me persuade you take a better course."

i. e. *to* take &c. The error pointed out, occurs again in p. 26:

"Piel'd priest, dost thou command me *to* be shut out?"

Steevens.

[9] —— *gimmals*—] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*. *Johnson.*

[1] *Their arms are set, like clocks,*] Perhaps our author was thinking of the clocks in which figures in the shape of men struck the hours. Of these there were many in his time. *Malone.*

To go like *clockwork*, is still a phrase in common use, to express a regular and constant motion. *Steevens.*

[2] Bastard *of Orleans,*] That this in former times was not a term of reproach, see Bishop Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, in the third volume of his Dialogues, p. 233, who observing on circumstances of agreement between the heroick and Gothick manners, says that "Bastardy was in credit with both." One of William the Conqueror's charters begins, "*Ego Gulielmus cognomento Bastardus.*" And in the reign of Edward I, John Earl Warren and Surrey being called before the King's Justices to show by what title he held his lands, *produxit in medium gladium antiquum evaginatum—et ait, Ecce Domini mei, ecce warrantum*

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;[3]
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;[4]
What 's past, and what 's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,[5]
For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*exit* Bast.] But, first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*

meum! Antecessores mei cum Willo Bastardo venientes conquesti sunt terras suas, &c. *Dugd. Orig. Jurid.* p. 13. *Dugd. Bar. of Engl.* Vol. I, Blount 9.

"Le Bastarde de Savoy," is inscribed over the head of one of the figures in a curious picture of the Battle of Pavia, in the Ashmolean Museum. In Fenn's *Paston Letters*, Vol. III, p. 72-3, in the articles of impeachment against the Duke of Suffolk, we read of the "Erle of Danas, bastard of Orlyaunce—." *Vaillant.*

Bastardy was reckoned no disgrace among the ancients. See the eighth *Iliad*, in which the illegitimacy of Teucer is mentioned as a panegyrick upon him, ver. 284:

"Καί σε, νόθον περ ἐόντα, κομίσσατο ὃ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ."

Steevens.

[3] —— *your* cheer *appall'd;*] *Cheer* is jollity, gaiety. *M. Mason.*

Cheer, rather signifies—*countenance*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of *cheer*."

See Vol. II, p. 316, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[4] —— nine sibyls *of old Rome;*] There were no *nine sibyls* of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. *Warburton.*

[5] —— *Believe* my *words,*] It should be read:

—— *Believe* her *words. Johnson.*

I perceive no need of change. The Bastard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has just given of the prophetick spirit and prowess of the Maid of Orleans. Malone.

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard *of* Orleans, *and Others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—

Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:[6]
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,[7]
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.[8]
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this:[9] Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

[6] *To shine on my contemptible estate:*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

" ——— thy king &c.
" *Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate.*" *Steevens.*

[7] —— *a* vision *full of* majesty,] So, in *The Tempest:*

" This is a most *majestick vision* —." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *which you see.*] Thus the second folio. The first, injudiciously as well as redundantly,—which you may see. Steevens.

[9] *Resolve on this:*] i. e. be firmly persuaded of it. So, in King *Henry VI, P. III:*

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;[1]
The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.[2]

Char. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;[3]
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;

"——— I am *resolv'd*,
"That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue." *Steevens.*

[1] *Deck'd with* five *flower-de-luces* &c.] Old copy—*fine*; but we should read, according to Holinshed,—*five* flower-de-luces. "— in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought her, that with *five* floure-de-lices was graven on both sides," &c. *Steevens.*

The same mistake having happened in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in other places, I have not hesitated to reform the text, according to Mr. Steevens's suggestion. In the MSS. of the age of Queen Elizabeth, *u* and *n* are undistinguishable. *Malone.*

[2] *Out of a deal of old iron* &c.] The old copy yet more redundantly—Out of a *great* deal &c. I have no doubt but the original line stood, elliptically, thus:

Out a deal of old iron I chose forth.

The phrase of hospitals is still an *out door*, not an *out of door* patient. *Steevens.*

[3] *Impatiently I burn with thy desire;*] The amorous constitution of the Dauphin, has been mentioned in the preceding play:

"*Doing* is activity, and he will still be *doing*." *Collins.*

The Dauphin in the preceding play is *John*, the elder brother of the present speaker. He died in 1416, the year after the battle of Agincourt. *Ritson.*

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rights of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I 'll confirm; we 'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer,[4] halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.[5]
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.[6]

[4] *Expect Saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect *prosperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. *Johnson.*

[5] *Glory is like a circle in the water,*
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.] So, in *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:
"As when a stone is into water cast,
"One circle doth another circle make,
"Till the last circle reach the bank at last." *Malone.*

[6] —— *like that proud insulting ship,*
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.] This alludes to a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, thus translated by Sir Thomas North: "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow,

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?[7]
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,[8] were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?[9]
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we 'll try:—Come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his Serving-men, in blue Coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[1]—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; it is Gloster that calls. [Servants *knock.*
1 Ward. [*within*] Who is there that knocks so imperiously?
1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.
2 Ward. [*within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Was* Mahomet *inspired with a dove?*] *Mahomet* had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice." See Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, Book I, P. I, ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. *Grey.*

[8] *Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. *Hanmer.*

[9] *How may I* reverently *worship thee enough?*] Perhaps this unmetrical line originally ran thus:

How may I reverence, *worship thee enough?*

The climax rises properly, from *reverence*, to *worship*. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *there is* conveyance.] *Conveyance* means *theft*. *Hanmer.* So Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Convey the wise it call. *Steal! foh*; a fico for the phrase." Steevens.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?
1 Ward. [*within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates,[2] I 'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants *rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*within*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloster, that would enter.
Wood. [*within*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.
1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by a Train of Servants in tawny Coats.*[3]

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?[4]

[2] Break up *the gates,*] I suppose to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themselves. *Steevens.*

To *break up* in Shakspeare's age was the same as to *break open.* Thus, in our translation of the Bible: "They have *broken up,* and have passed through the *gate.*" *Micah,* ii, 13. So again, in *St. Matthew,* xxiv, 43: "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be *broken up.*" *Whalley.*

Some one has proposed to read—

Break ope *the gates,* ——

but the old copy is right. So Hall, HENRY VI, folio 78, b: "The lusty Kentishmen hopyng on more friends, brake up the *gaytes of the King's* Bench and Marshalsea," &c. *Malone.*

Glo. Piel'd priest,[5] dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:[6]

[3] —— *tawny coats.*] It appears from the following passage in a comedy called, *A Maidenhead well lost*, 1634, that a *tawny coat* was the dress of a *summoner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court:

"Tho I was never a *tawny-coat*, I have play'd the *summoner's* part."

These are the proper attendants therefore on the Bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822: "— and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats*," &c.

Tawny was likewise a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*; and was therefore the suitable and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court:

"A croune of bayes shall that man weare
"That triumphs over me;
"For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,
"Whiche *mournyng colours be.*"

The Complaint of a Lover wearyng *blacke and tawnie*; by E. O. [i. e. the Earl of Oxford.] *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1576.

Steevens.

[4] *How now, ambitious* Humphry? *what means this?*] The first folio has it—*umpheir*. The traces of the letters, and the word being printed in *Italicks*, convince me that the Duke's christian name lurked under this corruption. *Theobald.*

[5] Piel'd *priest,*] Alluding to his shaven crown. *Pope.*

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 364, Robert Baldocke, bishop of London, is call'd a *peel'd* priest, *pilide* clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. *Tollet.*

The old copy has—*piel'd* priest. *Piel'd* and *pil'd* were only the old spelling of *peel'd*. So, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 4to. 1594:

"His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,
"So must my soul, her bark being *pil'd* away."

See also Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "*Pelare.* To *pill* or pluck, as they do the feathers of fowle; to *pull off the hair* or *skin.*"

Malone.

[6] *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:*] The public stews were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester.

Pope.

There is now extant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court-leet held under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester in Southwark,) in which are mentioned the seve-

I 'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,[7]
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,[8]
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use, to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.
Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;
[GLO. *and his Men attack the Bishop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose,[9] I cry—a rope!—a rope![1]—
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay?—
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

ral fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is:

"*De his, qui custodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*" *Upton.*

[7] *I 'll* canvas *thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I believe—*I 'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve.*

So, Sir W. D'Avenant, in *The Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"I 'll sift and winnow him in an old hat."

To *canvas* was anciently used for to *sift*. *Steevens.*

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *sieve* is made. Perhaps, however, in the passage before us Gloster means, that he will toss the cardinal in a sheet, even while he was invested with the peculiar badge of his ecclesiastical dignity.—Coarse sheets were formerly termed *canvas sheets*. See *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act II, sc. iv. *Malone.*

[8] *This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*] About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundrel's *Travels*, p. 131. *Pope.*

[9] —— *Winchester goose,*] A strumpet or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *a rope! a rope!*] See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act IV, sc. iv. *Malone.*

Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite![2]

Here a great Tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor *of* London,[3] *and Officers.*

May. Fy, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here 's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;[4]
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Offi. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we 'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:[5]

[2] —— *out,* scarlet *hypocrite!*] Thus, in *King Henry VIII,* the Earl of Surrey, with a similar allusion to Cardinal Wolsey's habit, calls him—"*scarlet* sin." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the Mayor of London,*] I learn from Mr. Pennant's LONDON, that this Mayor was John Coventry, an opulent mercer, from whom is descended the present Earl of Coventry. *Steevens.*

[4] *Here 's Gloster* too, *&c.*] Thus the second folio. The first folio, with less spirit of reciprocation, and feebler metre,—Here *is* Gloster &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *Gloster, we 'll meet; to thy* dear *cost, be sure:*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the epithet—*dear;* as does Mr. Malone, who says that the word—*sure* "is here used as a dissyllable." *Steevens.*

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.
May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away:[6]—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewel: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs[7] bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;

[6] *I'll call for* clubs, *if you will not away:*] This was an outcry for assistance, on any riot or quarrel in the streets. It hath been explained before. *Whalley.*

That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. In affrays, it was customary in this author's time to call out *clubs, clubs!* See *As you Like it,* Vol. V, p. 128, n. 4. *Malone.*

[7] —— *stomachs* —] *Stomach* is pride, a haughty spirit of resentment. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"———— he was a man
"Of an unbounded *stomach* ——." *Steevens.*

[8] —— that *nobles should such stomachs bear!*
I myself fight not once in forty year.] Old copy—*these* nobles. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

The Mayor of London was not brought in to be laughed at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his Officer, to whom without doubt these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive of the pacific temper of the city guards. *Warburton.*

I see no reason for this change. The Mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen. *Johnson.*

Notwithstanding Warburton's note in support of the dignity of the Mayor, Shakspeare certainly meant to represent him as a poor, well-meaning, simple man, for that is the character he invariably gives to his Mayors. The Mayor of London, in *Richard III,* is just of the same stamp. And so is the Mayor of York, in the Third Part of this play, where he refuses to admit Edward as King, but lets him into the city as Duke of York, on which Gloster says—

"A wise stout captain! and persuaded soon.
"*Hast* The good old man would fain that all were well."

Such are all Shakspeare's Mayors. *M. Mason.*

And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace.
The prince's espials[9] have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;[1]
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT,[2] *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?

[9] *The prince's* espials—] *Espials* are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale:*
"For subtilly he had his *espialille*." *Steevens.*
The word is often used by Hall and Holinshed. *Malone.*

[1] Wont, *through a secret grate of iron bars* &c.] That is, *are accustomed —— to overpeer the city.* The word is used very frequently by Spenser, and several times by Milton. *Tyrwhitt.*

[2] —— *Talbot,*] Though the three parts of *King Henry VI* are deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakspeare, this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil,* by Nash, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French,) to thinke that after he had lien two hundred years in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?" *Steevens.*

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.[3]

[3] —— *so* pil'd *esteem'd.*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without authority—*so* vile-*esteem'd.*—*So pill'd,* may mean—*so pillag'd, so stripp'd of honours;* but I suspect a corruption, which Mr. M. Mason would remedy, by reading either *vile* or *ill*-esteemed.

It is *possible,* however, that Shakspeare might have written—*Philistin'd;* i. e. treated as contumeliously as Samson was by the *Philistines.*—Both Samson and Talbot had been prisoners, and alike insulted by their captors.

Our author has jocularly formed more than one verb from a proper name; as for instance, from *Aufidius,* in *Coriolanus:* "—I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in Corioli." Again, in *K. Henry V,* Pistol says to his prisoner; "Master *Fer?* I 'll *fer* him," &c. Again, in *Hamlet,* from *Herod,* we have the verb "*out-herod.*"

Shakspeare, therefore, in the present instance, might have taken a similar liberty.—To fall into the hands of the *Philistines* has long been a cant phrase, expressive of danger incurred, whether from enemies, association with hard drinkers, gamesters, or a less welcome acquaintance with the harpies of the law.

Talbot's idea would be sufficiently expressed by the term—*Philistin'd,* which (as the play before us appears to have been copied by the ear) was more liable to corruption than a common verb.

I may add, that perhaps no word will be found nearer to the sound and traces of the letters, in *pil-esteem'd,* than *Philistin'd.*

Philistine, in the age of Shakspeare, was always accented on the first syllable, and therefore is not injurious to the line in which I have hesitatingly proposed to insert it.

I cannot, however, help smiling at my own conjecture; and should it excite the same sensation in the reader who journeys through the barren desert of our accumulated notes on this play, like Addison's traveller, when he discovers a cheerful spring amid the wilds of sand, let him—

"—— bless his stars, and think it luxury." *Steevens.*

I have no doubt that we should read—*so* pile-*esteem'd:* a Latinism, for which the author of this play had, I believe, no occasion to go to Lilly's *Grammar:* "Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili, &c. his verbis, *æstimo,* pendo, peculiariter adjiciuntur; ut,—Nec ha-

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.[4]
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;

jus facio, qui me pili æstimat." Even if we suppose no change to be necessary, this surely was the meaning intended to be conveyed. In one of Shakspeare's plays we have the same phrase, in *English*,—vile-esteem'd. *Malone.*

If the author of the play before us designed to avail himself of the Latin phrase—*pili æstimo*, would he have only half translated it? for what correspondence has *pile* in English to a single *hair?* Was a single hair ever called—*a pile*, by any English writer? *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the* terror *of the* French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.] From Hall's *Chronicle:* "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very scourge and a daily *terror*, insomuch that as his person was fearful, and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that women in France to fear their young children, would crye, the *Talbot* commeth, the *Talbot* commeth." The same thing is said of King Richard I, when he was in the Holy Land. See Camden's *Remaines*, 4to. 1614, p. 267. *Malone.*

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,[5]
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.[6]

[*Shot from the Town.* SAL. *and Sir* THO. GAR. *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off![7]—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:[8]
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

[5] *Here, through this grate, I* can *count* every *one,*] Thus the second folio. The first, very hastily and unmetrically, reads:
Here, thorough this grate, I count each one. Steevens.

[6] —— *enfeebled.*] This word is here used as a quadrisyllable. *Malone.*

[7] —— *thy cheek's side struck off!*] Camden says in his *Remaines,* that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance, till the siege of Mans in 1425, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this earl of Salisbury; and that he was the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon-ball. *Malone.*

[8] *One eye thou hast,* &c.] A similar thought occurs in *King Lear:*
"—— my lord, you have one eye left,
"To see *some* mischief on him." *Steevens.*

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury. cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles ——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,[9]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*Thunder heard; afterwards an Alarum.*
What stir is this? What tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[Sal. *groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,[1]

[9] —— *and* Nero-like,] The first folio reads:
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee ——. *Steevens.*
In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the transcriber's not being able to make out the name. The editor of the second folio, with his usual freedom, altered the line thus:
—— and *Nero-like will* ——. *Malone.*
I am content to read with the second folio (not conceiving the emendation in it to be an arbitrary one) and omit only the needless repetition of the word—*will*. Surely there is some absurdity in making Talbot address Plantagenet, and invoke Nero, in the same line. *Steevens.*

[1] Pucelle *or* puzzel, dolphin *or dog fish,*] *Pussel* means *a dirty wench* or a *drab*, from *puzza*, i. e. malus fætor, says Minshieu. In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read—"Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft." *Tollet.*

Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.[2]
[*Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*

SCENE V.

The same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him in: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving* Englishmen *before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:——I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[3] thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewel; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved[4] men;

There are frequent references to Pucelle's name in this play:

"I 'scar'd the dauphin and his *trull*."

Again:

"Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless *courtezan*!" *Malone.*

2 And *then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.*] Perhaps the conjunction—*and*, or the demonstrative pronoun—*these*, for the sake of metre, should be omitted at the beginning of this line, which, in my opinion, however, originally ran thus:

Then try we what these dastard Frenchmen dare. *Steevens.*

3 *Blood will I draw on thee,*] The superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. *Johnson.*

Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[Puc. *enters the Town, with Soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;[5]
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear,[6] not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short Alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous[7] from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another Skirmish.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* Tal. *and his Forces*, &c.

[5] —— hunger-*starved* —] The same epithet is, I think, used by Shakspeare. The old copy has—*hungry*-starved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[5] —— like a *potter's* wheel;] This idea might have been caught from *Psalm* lxxxiii, 13: "—— Make them *like* unto *a wheel*, and as the stubble before the wind." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *by fear*, &c.] See Hannibal's stratagem to escape by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded in *Livy*, Lib. XXII, c. xvi. *H. White.*

[7] —— *so* timorous —] Old copy—*treacherous*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

SCENE VI.

The same.

Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:[8]—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?[9]
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,
Than Rhodope's,[1] or Memphis', ever was:

[8] ——*from the English* wolves: &c.] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*wolves*. *Steevens.*

If Pucelle, by this term, does not allude to the hunger or fierceness of the English, she refers to the *wolves* by which their kingdom was formerly infested. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II.

" Peopled with *wolves*, thy old inhabitants." *Steevens.*

[9] *Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?*] The old copy, unnecessarily as well as redundantly reads—

Why ring not out *the bells* aloud &c.

But if the bells rang *out*, they must have rang *aloud*; for to *ring out*, as I am informed, is a technical term with that signification. The disagreeable *jingle*, however, of *out* and throughout, induces me to suppose the line originally stood thus:

Why ring not bells aloud throughout the town? *Steevens.*

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,[2]

[1] *Than* Rhodope's,] *Rhodope* was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny, in the 36th Book of his *Natural History*, ch. xii,) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, King of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her. I would read:

Than Rhodope's of *Memphis ever was. Steevens.*

The brother of Sappho was in love with *Rhodope*, and purchased her freedom (for she was a slave in the same house with Æsop the fabulist) at a great price. Rhodope was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids:

"Barbara *Pyramidum* sileat miracula *Memphis*."
MART. *De spectaculis Libel.* Ep. I. *Malone.*

The question, I apprehend, is not where Rhodope was born, but where she obtained celebrity. Her Thracian birth-place would not have rescued her from oblivion. *Steevens.*

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens must be adopted. The meaning is—not that Rhodope herself was of Memphis, but —that her *pyramis* was there. I will rear to her, says the Dauphin, a pyramid more stately than that of Memphis, which was called Rhodope's. Pliny says the pyramids were six miles from that city; and that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie strumpet." *Ritson.*

[2] —— *coffer of Darius,*] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as Homer's *Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexandri Magni*. *Theobald.*

The very words of the text are found in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589: "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch as everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in *the rich jewel cofer of Darius*, lately before vanquished by him in battaile." *Malone.*

I believe, we should read, with Puttenham, "jewel-coffer," and not, as in the text, "jewel'*d* coffer." The *jewel-coffer* of Darius was, I suppose, the *cabinet* in which he kept his *gems*.

To a *jewelled* coffer (i. e. a coffer ornamented with *jewels*) the *epithet rich* would have been superfluous.

My conjecture, however, deserves not much attention; be-

Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.[3]
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

The same.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, *and Two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[4]

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit* Serg.] Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,

cause Pliny, Lib II, ch. 29, informs us, that this casket, when found, was full of precious oils, and was decorated with gems of great value. *Steevens.*

[3] *Before the kings and queens of France.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the obvious defect in this line, by reading—
Ever *before the kings* &c. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *court of guard.*] The same phrase occurs again in Othello, *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c. and is equivalent to the modern term —*guard-room. Steevens.*

Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what 's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; I 'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* English *scale the Walls, crying St.* George! *a* Talbot! *and all enter by the Town.*

Sent. [*within*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French *leap over the Walls in their Shirts. Enter, several ways,* BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready so?[5]
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.[6]

[5] —— unready *so?*] *Unready* was the current word in those *times for undressed. Johnson.*

[6] *Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.*] So, in King Lear: "*Or, at* the chamber door I 'll beat the drum—" Steevens.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[7] to endamage them.

Alarum. *Enter an* English Soldier, *crying, a* Talbot! *a* Talbot![8] *They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.*

Sold. I 'll be *so bold* to take what they have left.

[7] ——*platforms* —] i. e. plans, schemes. Steevens.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;[9]
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.

[8] *Enter an* English *Soldier, crying,* a Talbot! a Talbot!] And afterwards:

"The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword."

Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakspeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on *June*, that Lord Talbot's "noblenesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftimes greate armies were defaited and put to flight, at *the only hearing of his name:* insomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT *cometh.*" See also sc. iii.

T. Warton.

[9] *Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;* &c.] So, in the old spurious play of *King John:*

"Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,
"*And offer'd* Austria's blood for sacrifice
"*Unto his father's* ever-living soul." Steevens.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,)
Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;[1]
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

[1] —— *where she lies;*] i. e. where she dwells. *Malone.*

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*whispers*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the Countess *and her* Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure[2] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?[3]
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled[4] shrimp

[2] —— *their* censure —] i. e. their opinion. So, in *King Richard III:*
"And give your *censures* in this weighty business." *Steevens.*

[3] *That with his name the mothers still their babes?*] Dryden has *transplanted* this idea into his *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal:*
"*Nor shall* Sebastian's formidable name
"*Be longer* us'd, to lull the crying babe." Steevens.

Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter, *with Keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.[5]

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,[6]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

[4] —— *writhled*—] i. e. *wrinkled*. The word is used by Spenser. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wrizled*, which has been followed in subsequent editions. *Malone.*

The instance from Spenser, is the following:

"Her *writhled* skin, as rough as maple rind."

Again, in Marston's fourth Satire:

"Cold, *writhled* eld, his lives wet almost spent." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *captivate.*] So, in *Soliman and Perseda:*

"If not destroy'd and bound, and *captivate*,
"If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *so* fond,] i. e. so foolish. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"*Fondly brought here*, and foolishly sent hence." Steevens.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;[8]
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.[9]

He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,[1]
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,

[7] —— *I am but* shadow of myself:] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"I am the *shadow of poor Buckingham.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *This is a riddling merchant* &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"What saucy *merchant* was this?"
See a note on this passage, Act II, sc. iv. *Steevens.*

[9] *That will I show you presently.*] The deficient foot in this line may properly be supplied, by reading:
That, madam, *will I show you presently. Steevens.*

[1] —— *bruited,*] To *bruit* is to proclaim with noise, to announce loudly. So, in *Macbeth:*
"—— one of greatest note
"*Seems bruited.*" *Steevens.*

But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *The* Temple *Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer.[2]

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?[3]
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,[4]
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

[2] —— *and* another *Lawyer.*] Read—*a* lawyer. This lawyer was probably *Roger Nevyle*, who was afterward hanged. See *W. Wyrcester*, p. 478. *Ritson.*

[3] *Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the* error?] So all the editions. There is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions. I once read:

Or else was wrangling Somerset i' th' right? *Johnson.*

Sir T. Hanmer would read:

And was not ——. *Steevens.*

[4] —— bear him *best,*] i. e. regulate his motions most adroitly. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"*He bears him* like a portly gentleman." Steevens.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants[5] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.[6]
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours;[7] and, without all colour

[5] *In dumb* significants —] I suspect we should read—*significance* *Malone.*

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:* "Bear this *significant* [i. e. a letter] to the country maid, Jaquenetta" *Steevens.*

[6] *From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of *saying a thing under the rose*, I am persuaded came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *said it under the rose*; meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret. *Warburton.*

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is not learned too!—The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's *Dictionary* might have instructed Dr. Warburton in this: "Huic Harpocrati Cupido Veneris filius parentis suæ rosam dedit in munus, ut scilicet si quid licentius dictum, vel actum sit in convivio, sciant tacenda esse omnia. Atque idcirco veteres ad finem convivii *sub rosa*, Anglicè *under the rose*, transacta esse omnia ante digressum contestabantur; cujus formæ vis eadem esset, atque ista, Μετὰ μυρσίνου συμποτεῖν. Probant hanc rem versus qui reperiuntur in marmore:

"Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent
"Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.
"Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,
"*Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant.*" *Upton.*

Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;[8]
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To* Som.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks[9]

[7] *I love no* colours;] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. *Johnson.*
So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: " —— I do fear colourable *colours*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *well objected;*] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *but anger,—that thy cheeks* &c.] i. e. it is not for fear that *my* cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumstance, namely, that *thy* cheeks blush, &c. *Malone.*

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,[1] peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,[2]

[1] *I scorn thee and thy* fashion,] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *faction*, not considering that by *fashion* is meant the badge of the *red rose*, which Somerset said he and his friends would be distinguished by. But Mr. Theobald asks, *If* faction *was not the true reading, why should Suffolk immediately reply* —

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Why? because Plantagenet had called Somerset, with whom Suffolk sided, *peevish boy. Warburton.*

Mr. Theobald, with great probability, reads—*faction.* Plantagenet afterwards uses the same word:

"—— this pale and angry rose —
"Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."

In *King Henry V*, we have *pation* for *paction*. We should undoubtedly read—and thy *faction*. The old spelling of this word was *faccion*, and hence *fashion* easily crept into the text.

So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, EDWARD IV, fol. xxii: "—— whom we ought to beleve to be sent from God, and of hym onely to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguish both the *faccions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI, and of Kyng Edward the fourth." *Malone.*

As *fashion* might have been meant to convey the meaning assigned to it by Dr. Warburton, I have left the text as I found it, allowing at the same time the merit of the emendation offered by Mr. Theobald, and countenanced by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

[2] *His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,*] The author

Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen[3] from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,[4]
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?[5]
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[6] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd[7] to my will.
For your partaker Poole,[8] and you yourself,

mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. That duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather. *Malone.*

[3] *Spring crestless yeomen* —] i. e. those who have no right to arms. *Warburton.*

[4] *He bears him on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. *Johnson.*

It does not appear that the Temple had any peculiar privilege at this time, being then, as it is at present, the residence of law-students. The author might, indeed, imagine it to have derived some such privilege from its former inhabitants, the Knights Templars, or Knights Hospitalers, both religious orders: or blows might have been prohibited by the regulations of the Society: or what is equally probable, he might have neither known nor cared any thing about the matter. *Ritson.*

[5] *For treason executed in our late king's days?*] This unmetrical line may be somewhat harmonized by adopting a practice common to our author, and reading—*execute* instead of executed. Thus, in *King Henry V*, we have *create* instead of created, and *contaminate* instead of contaminated. *Steevens.*

[6] *Corrupted and* exempt —] *Exempt* for *excluded*. *Warburton.*

[7] —— time *once* ripen'd —] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
" —— stay the very *riping* of the *time*." *Steevens.*

[8] *For your partaker Poole,*] *Partaker* in ancient language, signifies one who *takes part* with another, an *accomplice*, a confederate.

I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[9]
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,[1]
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewel, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out[2] in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,

So, in *Psalm* l: "When thou sawest a thief thou didst consent unto him, and hast been *partaker* with the adulterers." *Steevens.*

[9] *To scourge you for this* apprehension:] Though this word possesses all the copies, I am persuaded it did not come from the author. I have ventured to read—*reprehension:* and Plantagenet means, that Somerset had *reprehended* or reproached him with his father the earl of Cambridge's treason. *Theobald.*

Apprehension, i. e. opinion. *Warburton.*

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"—— how long have you profess'd *apprehension?*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *this* pale *and angry rose,*
As cognizance of my blood-drinking *hate,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st *pale.*—
"And, trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
"Dry sorrow *drinks our blood.*" *Steevens.*

A *badge* is called a *cognisance* à *cognoscendo,* because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the *cognisance* is seated upon the most eminent part of *the helmet. Tollet.*

[2] *Shall be wip'd out*—] Old copy—*whip't.* Corrected by the *editor of the second folio. Malone.*

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophecy,—This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER,[3] *brought in a Chair by two Keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,[4]
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,[5]—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[6]

[3] *Enter* Mortimer,] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. *Steevens.*

[4] —— pursuivants *of death,*] *Pursuivants.* The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,*] So, in *King Richard II:*

"*My oil-dry'd lamp,* and time-bewasted light —." Steevens.

[6] —— *as drawing to their* exigent:] *Exigent,* end. Johnson.

Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms,[7] like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;[8]
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,[9]
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised[1] Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

[7] *And* pithless *arms,*] *Pith* was used for *marrow*, and figuratively, for *strength*. *Johnson.*

[8] *Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign —*
This loathsome sequestration have I had;] Here again, the author certainly is mistaken. See p. 52, n. 1. *Malone.*

[9] —— *the* arbitrator *of despairs,*
Just death, kind umpire *of men's miseries;*] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and forced. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *late-despised* —] i. e. lately despised. M. Mason.

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that case, I 'll tell thee my disease.[2]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard;[3] Edward's son,

[2] —— *I 'll tell thee my* disease.] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness*, or *discontent*. *Johnson.*

It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakspeare in *Coriolanus*. Thus likewise, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. v:

"But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *disease*."

Steevens.

[3] —— *his* nephew *Richard;*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—his *cousin*—but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he shall "have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him." *Steevens.*

It would be surely better to read *cousin*, the meaning which *nephew* ought to have in this place. Mr. Steevens only proves that the word *nephews* is sometimes used for *grand-children*, which is very certain. Both *uncle* and *nephew* might, however, formerly signify *cousin*. See the *Menagiana*, Vol. II, p. 193. In *The Second Part of the troublesome Raigne of King John*, Prince Henry *calls his cousin* the Bastard, "*uncle*." *Ritson.*

I believe the mistake here arose from the author's ignorance, and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew. Malone.

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard[4] thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son[5]
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,[6]
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army;[7] weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:[8]

[4] —— *young* king *Richard* —] Thus the second folio. The first omits—*king*, which is necessary to the metre. *Steevens.*

[5] —— the *third son* —] The article—*the*, which is necessary to the metre, is omitted in the first folio, but found in the second. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *in this* haughty *great attempt*,] *Haughty* is *high*. *Johnson.*

[7] *Levied an army;*] Here is again another falsification of history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, *the night before* Henry sailed from that town for France, *on the information of* this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. *Malone.*

But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.[9]
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age![1]
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewel; and fair be all thy hopes![2]
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

[8] *Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:*] The sense is—I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw.
Heath.

[9] *And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.*] Thus Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book IV:
"Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd." *Steevens.*

[1] *O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years*
Might but redeem &c.] This thought has some resemblance to that of the following lines, which are supposed to be addressed by a married lady who died very young, to her husband. The inscription is, I think, in the church of Trent:
"Immatura perî; sed tu diuturnior annos
"Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos." *Malone.*
This superstition is very ancient. Some traces of it may be found in the traditions of the Rabbins; it is enlarged upon in the *Alcestes* of Euripides; and such offers ridiculed by *Juvenal*, Sat. XII, Dion Cassius in *Vit. Hadrian*, fol. edit. Hamburgh, Vol. II, p. 1160, insinuates, "That Hadrian sacrificed his favourite *Antinous* with this design." See *Reismari Annotat. in loc.*: "De nostris annis, tibi Jupiter augeat annos," said the Romans to Augustus. See Lister's *Journey to Paris*, p. 221. *Vaillant.*

[2] —— *and fair &c.*] *Fair* is *lucky*, or *prosperous*. So we say, *a fair wind, and fair fortune*. *Johnson.*

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* Mor.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition[3] of the meaner sort:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[4] th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

The same. The Parliament-House.[5]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, *and* Suffolk; *the Bishop of* Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, *and Others.* Gloster *offers to put up a Bill;*[6] Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,

[3] *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:*] So, in the preceding scene:

"Go forward, and be *chok'd with* thy *ambition.*" *Steevens.*

We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition. *Warburton.*

[4] *Or make my* ill —] In former editions:

Or make my will *th' advantage of my good.*

So all the printed copies; but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read:

Or make my ill th' *advantage of my good.*

Thus we recover the *antithesis* of the expression. *Theobald.*

My *ill,* is my ill usage. *Malone.*

[5] *The Parliament-House.*] This parliament was held in 1426, at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to

Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What 's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,[7]
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance

have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the parliament-house with the infant in her lap. *Malone.*

[6] —— put up *a Bill,*] i. e. articles of accusation, for in this sense the word *bill* was sometimes used. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "That 's the cause we have so manie bad workmen now adaies: *put up a bill* against them next parliament." *Malone.*

[7] If I were *covetous, ambitious, or perverse,*] I suppose this redundant line originally stood —

Were I covetous, ambitious, &c. Steevens.

Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good ——
Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather![8]—
Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector,[9]† saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This Rome shall remedy.[1]
War. Roam thither then.[2]
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.[3]

[8] *Thou bastard of my grandfather!*] The Bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married. *Malone.*

[9] —— the *protector,*] I have added the article—*the,* for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

† Mr. Steevens is extremely fond of *restoring,* adding and supplying words for the sake of the *metre,* and very frequently does so to the great injury of our author. This is one of the numerous instances in which his interpolations are unpardonable. He has here sacrificed to his love of metre the strength and boldness of the interrogation.——The emphasis ought certainly to rest on "Protector," but Mr. Steevens's amendment has placed it on the article "*the.*" *Am. Ed.*

[1] *This Rome shall remedy.*] The old copy unmetrically—
Rome shall remedy this.
The transposition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. *Steevens.*

[2] Roam *thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. *Johnson.*

[3] *Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.* &c.] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemistich spoken by War-

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A Noise within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult 's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A Noise again;* Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,

wick. The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerset, for whom it seems to have been designed:

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne,

was as *erroneously given in the* next speech to Somerset, instead *of Warwick, to whom it has been since restored.* Steevens. *The correction was made by* Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER, *and* Winchester, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight[4] aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but his majesty:[5]
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[6]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say![7]
And, if you love me, as you say you do,

[4] —— unaccustom'd *fight* —] *Unaccustom'd* is *unseemly, indecent. Johnson.*

The same epithet occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it seems to mean—*such as is uncommon, not in familiar use:*

"Shall give him such an *unaccustom'd* dram." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *but his majesty:*] Old copy, redundantly—
—— *but* to *his majesty.*
Perhaps the line originally ran thus:
"To none inferior, but his majesty." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *an inkhorn mate,*] A *bookman. Johnson.*

It was a term of reproach at the time towards men of learning or men affecting to be learned. George Pettie in his Introduction to *Guazzo's Civil Conversation*, 1586, speaking of those he calls *nice travellers*, says: "if one chance to derive anie word from the Latine, which is insolent to their ears, (as perchance they will take that phrase to be) they forthwith make a jest at it, and tearme it an *Inkhorne tearme.*" *Reed.*

[7] *Stay, stay,* I say!] Perhaps the words—*I say*, should be omitted, as they only serve to disorder the metre, and create a disagreeable repetition of the word—*say*, in the next line. *Steevens.*

Let me persuade you to forbear a while.
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My lord protector, yield;[8]—yield Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fy, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.[9]—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

[8] *My lord protector, yield;*] Old copy—*Yield, my lord protector.* This judicious transposition was made by Sir T. Hanmer. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *hath a kindly* gird.] i. e. feels an emotion of kind remorse. *Johnson.*

A *kindly gird* is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof.* Falstaff observes, that "men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at him:" and, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Baptista says: "Tranio *hits* you now:" to which Lucentio answers:

"I thank thee for that *gird,* good Tranio." Steevens.

The word *gird* does not here signify *reproof,* as Steevens supposes, but a *twitch, a pang, a yearning of kindness.* M. Mason.

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content; I 'll to the surgeon's.
2 *Serv.* And so will I.
3 *Serv.* And I will see what physick the taverns afford. [*Exeunt* Servants, May. *&c.*
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.
K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,[1]
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon[2] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;

[1] ——*that alone,*] By a mistake probably of the transcriber, the old copy reads—*that* all *alone.* The correction was made by *the editor of the* second folio. *Malone.*

[2] ——*reguerdon*—] Recompence, return. *Johnson.*

And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but* EXE.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,[3]
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.[4]
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.[5] [*Exit.*

[3] *Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,*]
"Ignes suppositos cineri doloso." *Hor.* *Malone.*

[4] *So will this base and envious discord* breed.] That is, so will the malignity of this discord *propagate itself*, and advance. *Johnson.*

[5] *His days may finish* &c.] The Duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the King in his room. Mal[illegible]

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Roüen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Roüen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,[6]
And we be lords and rulers over Roüen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [within] *Qui est là?*[7]

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the Gates.*

Puc. Now, Roüen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [PUC. *&c. enter the City.*

Enter CHARLES, Bastard *of* Orleans, ALENÇON, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Roüen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants:[8]
Now she is there, how will she specify

[6] *Our* sacks *shall be a mean to* sack *the city,*] Falstaff has the same quibble, showing his bottle of *sack:* "Here 's that will *sack* a city." *Steevens.*

[7] *Qui* est *là?*] Old copy—*Che la.* For the emendation I am answerable. *Malone.*

Late editions—*Qui* va *la? Steevens.*

[8] *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her* practisants:] *Practice,* in the language of that time, was *treachery,* and perhaps in the softer sense *stratagem. Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagems.* *Johnson.*

So, in the Induction to *The Taming of the* Shrew: "*Sirs, I will practice* on this drunken man." Steevens.

Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that,[9] for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a Battlement, holding out a Torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roüen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, *and certain* English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,[1]
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.[2]

[*Exeunt to the Town.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick, in a Chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* English *Forces. Then, enter on the Walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON,[3] *and Others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

[9] *No way* to *that,*] That is, *no way equal to that,* no way so fit as that. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"There is no woe *to* his correction." *Steevens.*

[1] *France, thou shalt rue this* &c.] So, in *King John:*

"France, thou shalt rue this hour" &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *That hardly we escap'd the* pride *of France.*] *Pride* signifies the *haughty power.* The same speaker says afterwards, Act IV, sc. vi:

"And from the *pride* of *Gallia* rescu'd thee."

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critick obscure! Mr. Theobald says—Pride of France is an *absurd and unmeaning expression,* and therefore alters it to prize of *France; and in this is followed* by the Oxford editor. *Warburton.*

[3] —— *Alencon,*] *Alencon* Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, in

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel;[4] Do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TAL. *and the rest, consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.

stead of Reignier, because Alencon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scene. *Johnson.*

[4] ——*darnel;*] So, in *King Lear:*

"*Darnel*, and all the idle weeds that grow
"In our sustaining *corn*."

"Darnel (says Gerard) *hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in *corne for breade*, or drinke." Hence the old proverb—*Lolio victitare*, applied to such as were *dim-sighted*. Thus also, *Ovid*, Fast. I, 691:

"Et careant *lolïis oculos vitiantibus* agri."

Pucelle means to intimate, that the corn she carried with her, *had produced* the same effect on the guards of Roüen; otherwise *they would have* seen through her disguise, and defeated her *stratagem*. *Steevens.*

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Captains, away: let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you[5]
That we are here. [*Exeunt* La Puc. *&c. from the Walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betray'd town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Roüen,
And will be a partner of your weal, or woe.
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter,[6] sick,

[5] —— *we came,* sir, *but to tell you* —] The word—*sir,* which is wanting in the first folio, was judiciously supplied by the second. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *once I read,*
That stout Pendragon, *in his litter,* &c.] This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur.
Shakspeare has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinshed, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so incouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland,* p. 99.
Harding, however, in his *Chronicle* (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter
"To *bear him so then* unto Verolame,
"*Where Ocea lay,* and Oysa also in fear,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt* BUR. TAL. *and Forces, leaving* BED. *and Others.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

Capt. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;[7]
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Capt. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Capt. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c. and Exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen[8] our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,

"That saint Albones now hight of noble fame,
"Bet down the walles; but to him forth they came,
"Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.
"The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *save myself by flight;*] I have no doubt that it was the *exaggerated* representation of Sir John Fastolfe's *cowardice* which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspeare to give the name of Falstaff to his knight. Sir John Fastolfe did indeed fly at the battle of *Patay* in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot in a subsequent scene, for his conduct on that occasion; but no historian has said that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play, this flying general is erroneously called *Falstaffe.* *Malone.*

[8] *Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;*
For I have seen —] So, in *St. Luke*, ii, 29: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." *Steevens.*

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies,*[9] *and is carried off in his Chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and Others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort?[1] Roüen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order[2] in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roüen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,[3]
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Dies,* &c.] The Duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. *Malone.*

[1] *What,* all a-mort?] i. e. quite dispirited; a frequent Gallicism. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"What, sweeting! *all a-mort?*" *Steevens.*

[2] ——take *some* order —] i. e. make some necessary dispositions. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Whilst to *take order* for the wrong I went."

See also *Othello,* sc. ult. *Steevens.*

[3] *A braver soldier never couched lance,*] So, in a subsequent scene, p. 76:

"A stouter champion never handled sword."

The same praise is expressed with more animation in the Third Part of this play:

"——— *braver men*
"*Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound.*"

Steevens.

SCENE III.

The same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roüen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.[4]

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,[5]
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honour shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[4] *But be* extirped *from our provinces.*] To *extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:

"The world shall gather to *extirp* our name." *Steevens.*

[5] —— expuls'd *from France,*] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus:*

"The *expulsed* Apicata finds them there." *Steevens.*

An English *March. Enter, and pass over at a distance,* TALBOT, *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French *March. Enter the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A Parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,[6]
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

[6] *As looks the mother on her* lowly *babe,*] It is plain Shakspeare wrote—*lovely babe,* it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate. *Warburton.*

The alteration *is easy and probable,* but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* answers as *well to towns defaced* and *wasting ruin,* as *lovely* to *fertile.* Johnson.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free,[7] without his ransome paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,[8]
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

[7] *They set him free,* &c.] A mistake. The Duke was not liberated till *after* Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of this very Joan la Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford. *Ritson.*

[8] —— *these* haughty *words of hers*
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,] How these lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation. *Johnson.*

Haughty does not mean *violent* in this place, but *elevated, high-spirited.* It is used in a similar sense, in two other passages in this very play. In a preceding scene Mortimer says:

"But mark; as in this *haughty,* great attempt,
"They laboured to plant the rightful heir —."

And again, in the next scene, Talbot says:

"*Knights* of the Garter were of noble birth,
"*Valiant,* and virtuous; full of *haughty* courage."

M. Mason.

My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewel, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.
Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again![9]
Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords*, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.
K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,[1]

[9] *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. *Johnson.*

So, afterwards:

"In France, amongst a *fickle wavering* nation." *Malone.*

In *Othello* we have the same phrase:

"Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
"*And turn again.*" *Steevens.*

[1] *Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the apparent deficiency in this line, by reading—

Is this the fam'd lord Talbot, &c.

So, in Troilus and Cressida:

"*My well fam'd lord* of Troy —." *Steevens.*

That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said,[2]
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,[3]
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd[4] with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt King* HEN. GLO. TAL. *and Nobles.*
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear[5]
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;[6]

[2] *I do remember how my father said,*] The author of this play was not a very correct historian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him. *Malone.*

[3] —— resolved *of your truth,*] i. e. confirmed in opinion of it. So, in the Third Part of this play:
"—— I am *resolv'd*
"That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue." *Steevens.*

[4] *Or been* reguerdon'd —] i. e. rewarded. The word was obsolete even in the time of Shakspeare. Chaucer uses it in the *Boke of Boethius.* *Steevens.*

[5] —— *these* colours *that I wear* —] This was the badge of a *rose,* and not an officer's scarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost,* Act III, *scene the last:*
"*And* wear his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop." Tollet.

[6] *That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;*] Shakspeare wrote:

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I 'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.....SCENE I.

The same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governor *of* Paris, *and Others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
[Gov. *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend[7]

——*draws a* sword i' th' presence 't's *death;*
i. e. in the court, or in the presence chamber. *Warburton.*

This reading cannot be right, because as Mr. Edwards observed, it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it shows the author's meaning. *Johnson.*

Sir William Blackstone observes that, "by the ancient law before the Conquest, *fighting in the king's palace*, or before the king's judges, was *punished with death.* So too, in the old Gothic constitution, there were many places privileged by law, *quibus major reverentia et securitas debetur, ut templa et judicia, quæ sancta habebantur,*——arces et aula regis,—*denique locus quilibet presente aut adventante rege.* And at present with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII, c. xii, malicious striking in the king's palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand, the solemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length." *Commentaries*, Vol. IV, p. 124. "By the ancient common law, also before the Conquest, *striking in* the king's court of justice, or *drawing a sword therein, was* a capital felony." *Ibid.* p. 125. Reed.

Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Gov. *and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,[8]
[*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,[9]—
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;

[7] —— *such as shall* pretend —] To *pretend* is to *design*, to *intend*. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

"What good could they *pretend?*" *Steevens.*

[8] *To tear the garter from thy* craven's *leg,*] Thus the old copy. *Steevens.*

The last line should run thus:

——*from thy* craven *leg*,

i. e. thy mean, dastardly leg. *Whalley.*

[9] —— *at the battle of* Patay,] The old copy has—*Poictiers*. *Malone.*

The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of King Edward III, and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of King Henry VI, viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*," which we should read, instead of *Poictiers*. "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But *for doubt of misdealing* at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke *from him the image of* St. George and his garter," &c. Holin-

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,[1]
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.[2]
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit* FAST.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace that he hath chang'd his style? [*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?[3]

shed, Vol. II, p. 601. Monstrelet, the French historian, also bears witness to this degradation of Sir John Fastolfe. *Steevens.*

[1] —— haughty *courage,*] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high. Johnson.*

[2] —— *in* most *extremes.*] i. e. in *greatest* extremities. So, Spenser:

"—— they all repair'd, both *most* and least."

See Vol. VII, *p. 226, n. 5. Steevens.*

[3] *Pretend some alteration in good will?*] Thus the old copy. *Pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to h[illegible]

What 's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,*— [Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lor , how say you?[4] are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,[5]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant, Hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

to *stretch forward*. It may mean, however, as in other places, to *design*. Modern editors read—*portend*. *Steevens*.

[4] *My lord, how say you?*] Old copy—
How say you, my lord?
The transposition is Sir T. Hanmer's. *Steevens*.

[5] —— *I am* prevented,] *Prevented* is here, *anticipated*; a Latinism. *Malone*.
So, in our Liturgy: "*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings."
Prior is, perhaps, the last English poet who used this verb in its obsolete sense:
"Else had I come, *preventing* Sheba's queen,
"*To see* the comeliest of the sons of men."
Solomon, Book II. Steevens.

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bar. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,[6]
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

[6] —— *did* repugn *the truth,*] To *repugn* is to resist. The word *is used by Chaucer. Steevens.*
It is found in Bullokar's English Expositor, 8vo. 1616. *Malone.*

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lord,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red Rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King* Hen. Glo. Som. Win. Suf. *and* Bas.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist, he did,[7]—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* York, War. *and* Ver.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,

[7] *And, if I* wist, *he did,*] In former editions:
And, if I wish *he did* ——.
By the pointing reformed, and a single letter expunged, I have restored the text to its purity:
And, if I wis, *he did* ——.
Warwick had said, the King meant no harm in wearing Somerset's rose: York testily replies, "Nay, if I know any thing, he did think harm." *Theobald.*

York says, he is not pleased that the King should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy; Warwick desires him not to be offended at it, as he dares say the King *meant no harm.* To which York, yet unsatisfied, hastily adds, in a menacing tone,—*If I thought he did;*—but he instantly checks his threat with, *let it rest.* It is an example of a rhetorical figure, which our author has elsewhere used. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

"*An 'twere to give again*—But 'tis no matter."

The author of the Revisal understood this passage in the same manner. *Ritson.*

I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.[8]
'Tis much,[9] when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;[1]
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General *of the* French *Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:

[8] —— *it doth presage some ill event.*] That is, it doth presage *to him* that sees this discord, &c. that some ill event will happen. *Malone.*

[9] *'Tis* much,] In our author's time this phrase meant—'Tis strange, or wonderful. See, *As you Like it*, Vol. V, p. 116, n. 9. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *strange* is perhaps understood in the next line; "But more strange," &c. The construction, however, may be, But 'tis *much more*, when, &c. *Malone.*

'Tis much, is a colloquial phrase, and the meaning of it, in many instances, can be gathered only from the tenor of the speech in which it occurs. On the present occasion, I believe, it signifies—*'Tis an alarming circumstance, a thing of great consequence, or of much weight. Steevens.*

[1] —— *when* envy *breeds* unkind *division;*] *Envy* in old English writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. *IV, p. 441, l. 31;* and Vol. V, p. 61, n. 8. *Malone.*

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;[2]
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.[3]

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery[4]
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:

[2] *Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;*] The author of this play followed Hall's *Chronicle:* "The Goddesse of warre, called Bellona—hath these three *hand maides* ever of necessitie attendyng on her; *Blood, Fire and Famine;* whiche thre damosels be of that force and strength that every one of them alone is able and sufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous countrey and most richest region of the world."

Malone.

It may as probably be asserted that our author followed *Holinshed,* from whom I have already quoted a part of this passage in a note on the first Chorus to *King Henry V.* See Holinshed p. 567. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the offer of* their *love.*] Thus the old editions. Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our. Johnson.*

[4] *To* rive *their dangerous artillery*] To rive their artillery means only to *fire* their artillery. To *rive* is to *burst;* and a cannon, when fired, has so much the appearance of bursting, that, in the language of *poetry, it may* be well said to burst. We say, *a cloud burst, when it thunders. M. Mason.*

This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;[5]
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* Gen. *&c. from the Walls.*
Tal. He fables not,[6] I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:[7]
Not rascal-like,[8] to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,[9]

[5] —— due *thee withal*;] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, *to grace*. *Johnson.*

Johnson says in his Dictionary, that to *due* is to *pay as due;* and quotes this passage as an example. Possibly that may be the true meaning of it. *M. Mason.*

The old copy reads—*dew* thee withal; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praise* is an expression I have met with in other poets.

Shakspeare uses the same verb in *Macbeth:*

"To *dew* the sovereign flow'r, and drown the weeds."

Again, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI:*

"—— —— give me thy hand,
"That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears." *Steevens.*

[6] *He* fables *not,*] This expression Milton has borrowed in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle:*

"She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear ——."

It occurs again in *The Pinner of Wakefield,* 1599:

"—— good father, *fable* not with him." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *be then in* blood:] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle. *Johnson.*

[8] *Not* rascal-*like,*] A *rascal* deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *with heads of steel,*] Continuing the image of the deer, *he purposes* the lances to be their horns. *Johnson.*

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us,[1] my friends.—
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plaine in Gascony.

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted[2] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewel wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.[3]

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,

[1] —— dear deer *of us,*] The same quibble occurs in *King Henry IV,* P. I:
"Death hath not struck so fat a *deer* to-day,
"Though many *dearer,*" &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *And I am* lowted —] To *lowt* may signify to *depress,* to *lower,* to *dishonour;* but I do not remember it so used. We may read—And I am *flouted;* I am mocked, and treated with contempt. *Johnson.*

A *lowt* is a country fellow, a clown. He means that Somerset treats him like a hind. *Ritson.*

I believe the meaning is: I am treated with contempt like a *lowt,* or low country fellow. *Malone.*

[3] *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only—*Enter a Messenger. But it appears from the subsequent scene that the messenger was Sir* William Lucy. *Malone.*

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,[4]
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewel Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to thy distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.[5]

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewel: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture[6] of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

[4] —— girdled *with a* waist *of iron,*] So, in *King John:*
" ——— those sleeping stones,
" That as a *waist* do *girdle* you about ——." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *are* done.] i. e. expended, consumed. The word is yet used in this sense in the Western counties. *Malone.*

[6] —— *the* vulture —] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. *Johnson.*

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Forces; an* Officer *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,[7]
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;[8]
Who, ring'd about[9] with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.[1]
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,

[7] —— *all his* gloss *of former honour,*] Our author very frequently employs this phrase. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing:* "—the new *gloss* of your marriage." It occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost,* and in *Macbeth,* &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *from bought and sold Lord Talbot;*] i. e. from one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
"For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold.*"

The expression appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. VII, p. 409, n. 4. *Malone.*

[9] —— *ring'd about* —] Environed, encircled. *Johnson.*
So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"Enrings the barky fingers of the elm." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *his weak legions.*] Old copy—*regions.* Corrected by Mr. *Rowe. Malone.*

And, in advantage ling'ring,[2] looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.[3]
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields[4] up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,[5]
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

2 —— *in* advantage *ling'ring,*] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. *Johnson.*

Or, perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himself, to linger out the action, &c. *Malone.*

3 —— *worthless* emulation.] In this line, *emulation* signifies merely *rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence. *Johnson.*

So Ulysses, in *Troilus and Cressida*, says that the Grecian chiefs were —

"—— grown to an envious fever
"Of pale and bloodless *emulation.*" *M. Mason.*

4 *Yields* —] Thus the second folio: the first—*yield.* *Steevens.*

5 —— and *Burgundy,*] *And*, which is necessary to the metre, *is wanting in* the first folio, but is supplied by the second. *Steevens.*

SCENE V.

The English *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* John *his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,[6]
A terrible and unavoided[7] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.[8]

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard[9] should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;

[6] —— *a* feast *of* death,] To a field where death will be *feasted* with slaughter. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Richard II:*
"This *feast of battle*, with mine adversary." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *unavoided*—] for *unavoidable*. *Malone.*
So, in *King Richard II:*
"And *unavoided* is the danger now." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *noble Talbot stood.*] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was *never finished*, and that being loth to throw his *labour away, he inserted it here. Johnson.*

[9] ——*your regard*—] Your care of your own safety. *Johnson.*

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse[1] thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,

[1] ——— *fair* son,
Born to eclipse *&c.*] An apparent quibble between son and *sun*. So, in *King Richard III:*

And left us to the rage of France his sword,
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.
John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:[2]
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;[3]
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time[4] thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,[5]
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

"And turns the sun to shade;—alas, alas!—
"Witness my *son, now in the shade of death.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *O twice my father! twice am I thy son:*] A French epigram, on a child, who being shipwrecked with his father saved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the same thought. After describing the wreck, it concludes thus:

"——— aprez mille efforts,
"J'apperçus prez de moi flotter des membres morts;
"Helas! c'etoit mon pere.
"Je le connus, je l' embrassai,
"Et sur lui jusq' au port heureusement poussé,
"Des ondes et vents j'evitai la furie.
"*Que ce pere doit m'etre cher,*
"*Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,*
"*Une fois sur la terre, et l'autre sur la mer!*" *Malone.*

[3] ——*and* done:] See p. 88, n. 5. *Malone.*

[4] *To my* determin'd *time*—] i. e. *ended.* So, in *K. Henry IV, Part II:*

"Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me." *Steevens.*

The word is still used in that sense by legal conveyancers. *Malone.*

[5] *When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword* struck fire,] So, in *Drayton's Mortimeriados, 1596:*

"*Made fire to fly from* Hertford's burgonet." *Steevens.*

Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:[6]
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart.
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:[7]
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)[8]

[6] *'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:*] The structure of this line very much resembles that of another, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"——— to say,
"Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day." *Steevens.*

[7] *The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,*
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
"Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and *swords?*
"That Emma thus must die by Henry's *words?*" *Prior.*
Malone

So, in this play, Part III:
"Ah, kill me with thy *weapon*, not with *words*." *Steevens.*

[8] On that *advantage, bought with such a shame,*
(*To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,*)] This passage seems to lie obscure and disjointed. Neither the grammar is to be justified; nor is the sentiment better. I have ventured at a slight alteration, which departs so little from the reading which has obtained, but so much raises the sense, as well as takes away the *obscurity*, that I am willing to think it restores the author's *meaning:*

Out on that vantage, ——. *Theobald.*

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France;[9]
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus;[1] thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

O what *advantage*, ——.

which I have followed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough admitted. *Johnson.*

I have no doubt but the old reading is right, and the amendment unnecessary; the passage being better as it stood originally, if pointed thus:

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!

The dividing the sentence into two distinct parts, occasioned the obscurity of it, which this method of printing removes.

M. Mason.

The sense is—Before young Talbot fly from his father, (in order to save his life while he destroys his character,) *on*, or for the sake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, &c. may my coward horse drop down dead!

Malone.

[9] *And* like *me to the peasant boys of France;*] *To* like *one to the peasants*, is, to *compare*, to *level by comparison;* the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads,—And *leave* me, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered *like* to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*. *Johnson.*

So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II: "— when the Prince broke thy head for *liking* his father to a singing man" &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *thy desperate sire of Crete,*
Thou Icarus;] So, in the Third Part of this play:
"What a peevish fool was that of Crete?"
Again:
"*I, Dædalus; my poor boy,* Icarus —." *Steevens.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the same.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity![2]
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin,[3] and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the Body of* JOHN TALBOT.[4]

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antick death,[5] which laugh'st us here to scorn,

[2] *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. *Johnson.*

[3] Tend'ring *my ruin,*] Watching me with tenderness in my fall. *Johnson.*

[4] ——*the Body of John Talbot*] This John Talbot was the eldest son of the first Earl by his second wife, and was Viscount Lisle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viscount Lisle in 1451. John, the Earl's eldest son by his first wife, was slain at the battle of Northampton, in 1460. *Malone.*

[5] *Thou antick death,*] The *fool,* or *antick* of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. *Johnson.*

In *King Richard II,* we have the same image:

"—— within the hollow crown
"*That* rounds the mortal temples of a king
"*Keeps death* his court; and there the antick sits
"*Scoffing* his state, and grinning at his pomp." Steevens.

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,[6]
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bare these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Alarums: Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servants, *leaving the two Bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[7]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood![8]

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestical high scorn,—

It is not improbable that Shakspeare borrowed this idea from one of the cuts to that most exquisite work called *Imagines Mortis*, commonly ascribed to the pencil of Holbein, but without any authority. See the 7th print. *Douce.*

[6] —— *winged through the* lither *sky,*] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. In much the same sense Milton says:

"—— He with broad sails
"Winnow'd the *buxom* air."

That is, the obsequious air. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *raging*-wood,] That is, raging *mad*. So, in Heywood's *Dialogues containing a Number of effectual Proverbs*, 1562:

"She was, as they say, horn-*wood*."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more fool thou art*, 1570:

"He will fight as he were *wood*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. *Johnson.*

He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:[9]
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,[1]
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French *Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd[2] the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides[3] of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford,[4] Waterford, and Valence;

[9] —— *of a* giglot *wench:*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *strumpet*. *Johnson.*

The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *Herald,*
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd —] Lucy's message implied that he knew who had obtained the victory: therefore sir T. Hanmer reads:
Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent. *Johnson.*

[3] *Where is the great Alcides* —] Old copy—*But* where 's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compositor probably caught the word *But* from the preceding line. *Malone.*

[4] *Great earl of* Washford,] It appears from Camden's Britannia and Holinshed's *Chronicle of Ireland*, that Wexford was anciently

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,[5]
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze[6] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

called *Weysford.* In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, *Washford.* This long list of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Roüen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to ascertain, for it is not in the common historians. The oldest book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, posterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this list is, the epitaph has one more, which, I suppose, was only rejected because it would not easily fall into the verse, "Lord Lovetoft of Worsop." It concludes as here,—"Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marshall to King Henry VI, of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453." *Malone.*

[5] *The Turk,* &c.] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of *Sultan Solyman the Magnificent,* to the Emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Seignor's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *History of the Turks,* 5th edit. p 789. *Grey.*

[6] —— *amaze* ——] i. e. (*as in* other instances) confound, throw into consternation. *So, in Cymbeline:*

"*I am amaz'd with matter* ——," *Steevens.*

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Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em;[7] to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I 'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix[8] that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.[9]
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours now bloody Talbot 's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.....SCENE I.[1]

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—

[7] —— *let him have* 'em;] Old copy—have *him*. So, a little lower,—do with *him*. The first emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[8] *But from their ashes shall be rear'd*
A phœnix &c.] The defect in the metre shews that some word of two syllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to *ashes*. *Malone.*
So, in the Third Part of this play:
"My ashes, as the phœnix, shall bring forth
"A bird that will revenge upon you all."
Sir Thomas Hanmer, with great probability reads:
But from their ashes, Dauphin, &c. *Steevens.*

[9] *So we be rid of them, do* with 'em *what thou wilt.*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, the useless words—*with 'em* should be omitted. *Steevens.*

[1] In the original copy, the transcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by mistake called this scene, Scene II. The editor of the second folio made a very absurd regulation by making the Act begin in the middle of the *preceding* scene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his son,) which was inadvertently followed in subsequent editions. *Malone.*

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[2] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young;[3]
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and Two* Ambassadors, *with* WINCHESTER, *in a Cardinal's Habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree![4]

[2] —— *immanity* —] i. e. barbarity, savageness. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *my years are young;*] His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old. *Malone.*

[4] *What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,*
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!] This, (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his MS. notes,) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first Act Gloster says:

"I 'll canvass thee in thy broad *cardinal's* hat:"

and it is strange that the Duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. *Steevens.*

It should seem from the stage-direction prefixed to this scene, and from the conversation between the Legate and Winchester, that the author meant it to be understood that the bishop had obtained his *cardinal's hat only* just before his present entry. The *inaccuracy, therefore, was in* making Gloster address him

Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been considered and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dowry,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*To the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King* Hen. *and Train;* Glos. Exe. *and* Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth,[5] or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign. *Malone.*

[5] *That neither* in *birth,*] I would read—*for* birth. That is, thou *shalt not* rule me, though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. *Johnson.*

SCENE II.

France. *Plains in* Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts,[6] is now conjoined in one;
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[7]

[6] —— *parts,*] Old copies—*parties. Steevens.*

[7] —— *ye charming spells, and* periapts;] Charms sewed up. *Ezek.* xiii, 18: "*Woe to them* that sow pillows to all arm-holes, *to hunt souls.*" *Pope.*

Periapts were worn about the neck as preservatives from

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[8]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,[9]
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where[1] I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*

ease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of *St. John's* Gospel was deemed the most efficacious.

Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *monarch of the north,*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north. *Johnson.*

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of *Isaiah* is said to be, that he *will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the* north. *Steevens.*

[9] *Out of the powerful* regions *under earth.*] I believe Shakspeare wrote—*legions*. *Warburton.*

The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions. Whence else should the sorceress have selected or summoned her fiends? *Steevens.*

In a former passage, *regions* seems to have been printed instead of *legions;* at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. See p. 89, n. 1. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the *fiends* themselves, but not to their place of residence, show that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in *The Tempest:*

"—— But one *fiend* at a time,
"I 'll fight their *legions* o'er." *Malone.*

[1] *Where —*] i. e. *whereas*. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*
"*Where* now you 're both a father and a son." Steevens.

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,[2]
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fighting hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.[3]
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag![4] enchantress, hold thy tongue.
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

2 —— vail *her lofty-plumed crest,*] i. e. lower it. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"*Vailing* her high top lower than her ribs."
See Vol. IV, p. 312, n. 1. *Steevens.*

3 *As if, with* Circe, *&c.*] So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*
"I think, you have all drank of *Circe's* cup." *Steevens.*

4 *Fell,* banning *hag!*] To *ban* is to curse. So, in *The Jew of Malta, 1633:*
"*I ban their souls* to everlasting pains." *Steevens.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for eternal peace:[5]
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.[6]
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.[7]

[5] *I kiss these fingers for eternal peace:*] In the old copy these lines are thus arranged and pointed:

"For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
"I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
"And lay them gently on thy tender side."

by which Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example. The transposition was made, I think, rightly, by Mr. Capell. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after "hands," which seems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain something like sense, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line.

In confirmation of the transposition here made, let it be remembered that two lines are in like manner misplaced in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I:

"Or like a star dis-orb'd; nay, if we talk of reason,
"And fly like a chidden Mercury from Jove."

Again, in *King Richard III*, Act IV, sc. iv:

"That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
"That excellent grand tyrant of the earth." *Malone.*

[6] ——her *wings.*] Old copy—*his.* This manifest error I only mention, because it supports a note in Vol. V, p. 140, n. 5, and justifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly spelt *hi*; *hence it was often* confounded with *his.* *Malone.*

[7] *My hand would free her,* but my heart says—no.] Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,[8]
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fy, De la Poole! disable not thyself;[9]
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.[1]

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransome must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransome must I pay?

Suf. She 's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.[2] [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.[3]

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

"———— my *heart* accords thereto,
"And yet a thousand times *it answers—no.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,* &c.] This comparison, made between things which seem suffioiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright but gave no pain by its lustre. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *disabled not thyself;*] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *and makes the senses* rough.] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*crouch.* *Malone.*

[2] *She is a woman; therefore to be won.*] This seems to be a proverbial line, and occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585. Steevens.

[3] —— *a cooling card.*] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"*I 'll have a present cooling card* for you." Steevens.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I 'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that 's a wooden thing.[4]
Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy[5] may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause —
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
[*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,

[4] —— *a* wooden *thing*.] Is an aukward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed.

So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden* luck." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *my* fancy —] i. e. my love. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"Fair Helena in *Fancy* following me."

See Vol. II, p. 347, n. 5. *Steevens.*

If thou wilt condescend to be my —[6]
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the Walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.[7]
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*

[6] *If thou wilt condescend to* be my —] I have little doubt that the words—*be my*, are an interpolation, and that the passage originally stood thus:

If thou wilt condescend to —
What?
His love.

Both sense and measure are then complete. *Steevens.*

[7] —— face, *or feign.*] "To *face* (says Dr. Johnson) is to carry a false *appearance; to play the hypocrite.*" Hence the name of *one of the characters in* Ben Jonson's *Alchymist.* Malone.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,[8]
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine,[9] and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewel, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewel, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,

[8] *Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,* &c.] *To woo her little worth*—may mean—*to court her small share of merit.* But perhaps the passage should be pointed thus:

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;

i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince. *Malone.*

[9] —— *the* county *Maine,*] Maine is called a county both by Hall and Holinshed. The old copy erroneously reads—country. Malone

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly[1] directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens[2] to a king.

[*Exeunt* REIG. *and* MAR.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad, natural graces[3] that extinguish art;

[1] —— *modestly* —] Old copy—*modesty*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[2] *To send such* peevish *tokens* —] *Peevish*, for childish. *Warburton.*

See a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I, sc. vii: "He 's strange and peevish." *Steevens.*

[3] Mad, *natural graces* —] So the old copy. The modern editors have been content to read—*her* natural graces. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In the former of these significations he appears to have used it in *Othello*:

"—— he she lov'd prov'd *mad*."

which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*.

In *Marcer's Herball, practysyd by Doctor Linacre; Translated out of Laten into Englyshe* &c. bl. l. no date, the epithet *mad* seems also to be used in an uncommon sense: "The vertue of this herbe [Lactuca leporica] is thus: yf a hare eat of this herbe in sōmer than he is *mad*, he shall be hole."

Mad, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. *Steevens.*

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—

"And catch a grace beyond the reach of art."

In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:

"Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?"

Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "—with many more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before." Malone.

It is possible *that Steevens* may be right in asserting that the word *mad, may have been* used to express *wild*; but I believe it

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, *in* Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and Others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart[3] outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless[4] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser![5] base ignoble wretch!

was never used as descriptive of excellence, or as applicable to grace. The passage is in truth erroneous, as is also the amendment of former editors. That which I should propose is, to read *and*, instead of *mad*, words that might easily have been mistaken for each other:

Bethink thee of her virtues that surmount,
And *natural graces, that extinguish art.*

That is, think of her virtues that surmount art, and of her natural graces that extinguish it. *M. Mason.*

[3] —— kills *thy father's* heart —] This phrase occurs likewise in *King Henry V*, and the *Winter's Tale*. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *timeless* —] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy:*

"Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death." *Steevens.*

[5] *Decrepit* miser!] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in the *Interlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

"But as for these *misers* within my fathers tent —."

Again, in Lord Sterline's tragedy of *Crœsus*, 1604:

"Or think'st thou me of judgement too remiss,
"A *miser* that in miserie remains,
"The bastard child of fortune, barr'd from bliss,
"Whom heaven doth hate, and all the world disdains?"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III: "And so this *miser*, at the same verie point, had like chance and fortune," &c. Again, p. 951, among the last words of Lord Cromwell: "—— for if I should so doo, I were a very *wretch* and a *miser*." Again, *ibid:* "—— and so patiently suffered the stroke of the ax, by a ragged and butcherlie miser, which ill-favouredlie performed the office." *Steevens.*

I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.[6]
Shep. Fy, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![7]
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;[8]
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble[9] to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,

[6] *This argues what her kind of life hath been; Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.*] So, in this play, Part II, Act III, sc. iii:

"So bad a death argues a monstrous life." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *that thou wilt be so* obstacle!] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. *Johnson.*

The same corruption may be met with in Gower, and other writers. Thus, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"An *obstacle* young thing it is." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *a collop of my flesh;*] So, in *The History of Morindos and Miracola*, 1609, quarto, bl. l: "— yet being his second selfe, *a collop of his owne flesh*," &c. *Ritson.*

[9] —— *my noble birth.*

Shep. *'Tis true I gave a* noble —] This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, somewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *King Henry IV*, of the [illegible]

To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have c
Not me[1] begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived![2] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heave
York. Ay, ay;—away with her to executio
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting h
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.[3]
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye w
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been jug
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastar
Especially, since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none

[1] *Not* me—] I believe the author wrote—Not *one*.

[2] *No, misconceived!*] i. e. "No, ye misconceivers, take me and my qualities." *Steevens.*

[3] *That warranteth by law* to be *thy privilege.*] The —*to be*, which spoil the measure, are an evident inte

It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel![4]
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.
York. Why, here 's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It 's sign, she hath been liberal and free.
York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death[5]
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves![6]
[*Exit, guarded.*
York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.

[4] *Alençon! That notorious* Machiavel!] *Machiavel* being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. *Johnson.*

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely spoken of. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caractacus*,

"——— read *Machiavel:*
"Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *darkness and the gloomy shade of death* —] The expression is scriptural: "Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit *in darkness and the shadow of death*." *Malone.*

[6] —— *till mischief, and despair,*
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!] Perhaps Shakspeare intended to remark, in this execration, the frequency of suicide *among the English*, which has been commonly imputed to *the gloominess of their air. Johnson.*

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse[7] of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,[8]
By sight of these our baleful enemies.[9]

[7] —— *remorse* —] i. e. compassion, pity. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"If so your heart were touch'd with that *remorse*
"As mine is to him." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *poison'd voice,*] *Poison'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies*, or with *baleful*, if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read—*prison'd voice. Johnson.*

Prison'd was introduced by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[9] —— baleful *enemies.*] *Baleful* is *sorrowful;* I therefore rather imagine that we should read—*baneful,* hurtful, or mischievous. *Johnson.*

Baleful had anciently the same meaning as *baneful.* It is an epithet very frequently bestowed on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers." *Steevens.*

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;[1]
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I 'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?[2]
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit[3] proceeding from our king,

[1] —— *with a* coronet;] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown.* *Johnson.*

So, in *King Lear:*

"—— —— which to confirm,
"This *coronet* part between you."

These are the words of Lear, when he gives up his *crown* to Cornwall and Albany. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *upon comparison?*] Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? *Johnson.*

[3] —— *accept the title thou usurp'st,*
Of benefit —] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to *live as the beneficiary of* our king. *Johnson.*

And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to* CHAR.
War. How say'st thou, Charles! shall our condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHAR. *and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven,[4] by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

[4] *So am I driven,*] This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest. *Johnson.*

Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph[5] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord,[6] her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

[5] —— *at a triumph* —] That is, at the sports at which a triumph is celebrated. *Johnson.*
A *triumph*, in the age of Shakspeare, signified a public exhibition, such as a *mask*, a *revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II:*
"What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?" *Steevens.*

[6] —— *my good lord,*] *Good*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, in the second folio. Malone.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;[7]
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most[8] of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,[9]
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

[7] —— *by attorneyship;*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretional agency of another. *Johnson.*

This is a phrase of which Shakspeare is peculiarly fond. It occurs twice in *King Richard III:*

"Be the *attorney* of my love to her."

Again:

"I, by *attorney*, bless thee from thy mother." *Steevens.*

[8] It *most*—] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr Rowe. *Malone.*

[9] *Whereas the contrary bringeth* forth *bliss,*] The word—*forth*, which is not in the first folio, was supplied, I think, unnecessarily, by the second. *Contrary* was, I believe, used by the author as a quadrisyllable, as if it were written *conterary*; according to which pronunciation the metre is not defective:

Whereas the conterary bringeth bliss.

In the same manner Shakspeare frequently uses *Henry* as a trisyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as dissyllables. *Malone.*

I have little confidence in this remark. Such a pronunciation *of the word contrary* is, perhaps, without example. Hour and fire *were anciently written* as dissyllables, viz. hower—fier. Steevens.

Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen—)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;[1]
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.[2]
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,[3]
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.[4] [*Exit.*

[1] *Will answer* our *hope in issue of a king;*] The useless word—*our*, which destroys the harmony of this line, I suppose ought to be omitted. *Steevens.*

[2] *As I am sick with* working of my thoughts.] So, in Shakspeare's *King Henry V:*

"*Work, work your thoughts*, and therein see a siege." *Malone.*

[3] *If you do* censure *me* &c.] To *censure* is here simply to *judge*. *If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.* Johnson.

[4] —— *ruminate my grief.*] *Grief* in the first line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness*; in the second specially for sorrow. Johnson.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and

[*Exeunt G*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and th
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the k
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[s] Of this play there is no copy earlier than that
1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant
in quarto. That the second and third parts were p
out the first, may be admitted as no weak proof th
were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printer
gave the publick those plays, not such as the author
such as they could get them. That this play was
the two others is indubitably collected from the se
that it was written and played before *Henry the F*
because in the epilogue there is mention made of
not of the other parts:

" Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crow
" Whose state so many had the managing,
" That they lost France, and made his Eng
" Which oft our stage hath shown."

France is lost in this play. The two following cont
title imports, the contention of the houses of York a

The second and third parts of *Henry VI* were pri
When *Henry V* was written, we know not, but it was
wise in 1600, and therefore before the publication o
second parts. The first part of *Henry VI* had been
the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its p
author been the publisher. *Johnson.*

That the second and third parts (as they are now
printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehens
were not written by the author of the first: and the
Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster, being
two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is
they were a distinct work, commencing where the
but not written at the same time, and that this pl
known by the name of *The First Part of King Henr*
minge and Condell gave it this title in their volume
it from the two subsequent plays; which being *al*
speare, assumed the new titles of *The Second and*
King Henry VI, that they might not be confounded
nal pieces on which they were formed. This first
ceive, originally called *The Historical Play of King*
the Essay at the end of these contested pieces.

KING HENRY VI,

PART II.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

THIS and *The Third Part of King Henry VI* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with King Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]: and closes with the first battle fought at St. Alban's, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]: so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years. *Theobald.*

This play was altered by *Crowne*, and acted in the year 1681. *Steevens.*

In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

The Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprize the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in 1591. See the Dissertation at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *King Henry VI* (or, as it is now called, *The First Part*,) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*. *Malone.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Humphrey, *duke of* Gloster, *his uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *bishop of* Winchester, *great uncle to the king.*
Richard Plantagenet, *duke of* York:
Edward *and* Richard, *his sons.*
Duke of Somerset,
Duke of Suffolk,
Duke of Buckingham,
Lord Clifford,
Young Clifford, his *son*, } *of the king's party.*
Earl of Salisbury,
Earl of Warwick, } *of the* York *faction.*
Lord Scales, *governor of the tower.* *Lord* Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his brother.* *Sir* John Stanley.
A sea-captain, master, and master's mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
A herald. Vaux.
Hume *and* Southwell, *two priests.*
Bolingbroke, *a conjurer.* *A spirit raised by him:*
Thomas Horner, *an armourer.* Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. *Mayor of* St. Alban's.
Simpcox, *an impostor.* *Two murderers.*
Jack Cade, *a rebel:*
George, John, Dick, Smith, *the weaver,* Michael, &c. *his followers.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentish *gentleman.*

Margaret, *queen to king* Henry.
Eleanor, *duchess of* Gloster.
Margery Jourdain, *a witch.* *Wife to* Simpcox.

Lords, ladies, and attendants; petitioners, aldermen, a beadle, sheriff, and officers; citizens, prentices, falconers, guards, soldiers, messengers, &c.

SCENE,

Dispersedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, *King* HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other,* *Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

Suf. As by your high[1] imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,[2]
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—

[1] *As by your high* &c.] Vide Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 66, year 23, init. *Pope.*

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. *Johnson.*

[2] *As procurator to your excellence,* &c.] So, in Holinshed, p. 625: "The marquesse of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of Saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c *Steevens.*

This passage Holinshed transcribed *verbatim* from Hall. *Malone.*

In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are[3] the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
' A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
* If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

' *Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord;
' The mutual conference[4] that my mind hath had—
' By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
' In courtly company, or at my beads,—
' With you mine alder-liefest sovereign,[5]
' Makes me the bolder to salute my king
' With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
' And over-joy of heart doth minister.

' *K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,

[3] —— *that are* —] i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my sovereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands:
" Unto your gracious *excellence* that are" &c. *Malone.*

[4] *The mutual conference* —] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *mine* alder-liefest *sovereign,*] *Alder-lievest* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached: *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief*. So, Hall in his *Chronicle*, Henry VI, folio 12: " Ryght hyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, *levest* lord." *Warburton.*

Alder-liefest is a corruption of the German word *aldre-liebste*, beloved above all things, dearest of all.

The word is used by Chaucer; and is put by Marston into the *mouth of his* Dutch courtesan:
" O mine *alder-liefest* love." Steevens.

'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
'Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys;[6]
'Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
'Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
'For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*——Item,—*That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine,*[7] *shall be released and delivered to the king her father* ——

[6] *Makes me, from wondering, fall to* weeping joys;] This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much Ado about Nothing, King Richard II, Macbeth,* and *King Lear.* This and the preceding speech stands thus in the original play in quarto. I transcribe them, that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypothesis; and shall quote a few other passages for the same purpose. To exhibit all the speeches which Shakspeare has altered, would be almost to print the two plays twice:

"*Queen.* The excessive love I bear unto your grace,
"Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
"Lest I should speake more than beseems a woman.
"Let this suffice; my bliss is in your liking;
"And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable
"Unless the frowne of mightie England's king.
"*Fr. King.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce.
"Lovely queen Margaret, sit down by my side;
"And uncle Gloster, and you lordly peeres,
"With one voice welcome my beloved queene." *Malone.*

[7] —— *and the* county *of Maine.*] So the chronicles; yet when the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he says: "It is further agreed—that the *duchies* of Anjoy and *Maine* shall be released and delivered *over*," &c. But the words in the instrument could not thus vary, whilst it was passing from the hands of the Duke to those *of the Cardinal.* For the inaccuracy Shakspeare must answer, the author of the original play not having been guilty of

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* Suf.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
'To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
'Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
'What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
'His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
'Did he so often lodge in open field,
'In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
'To conquer France, his true inheritance?
'And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
'To keep by policy what Henry got?
'Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
'Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
'Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
'Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,

it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, peculiar to our poet; for I have never met with any thing similar in any other writer. *He has again* fallen into the same impropriety in *All's Well that Ends Well.* *Malone.*

'With all the learned council of the realm,
'Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
'Early and late, debating to and fro
'How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
'And hath his highness in his infancy
'Been crown'd[8] in Paris, in despite of foes?
'And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
'Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
'Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
'O peers of England, shameful is this league!
'Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
'Blotting your names from books of memory;
'Razing the characters of your renown;
'Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
'Undoing all, as all had never been!
'*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
'This peroration with such circumstance?[9]
'For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
'*Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
'But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
'Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
'Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
'Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.[1]
'*Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,
'These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
'*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:
'For, were there hope to conquer them again,
'My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
'Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
'Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
'And are the cities,[2] that I got with wounds,

[8] Been *crown'd*—] The word *Been* was supplied by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[9] *This peroration with such circumstance?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. *Johnson.*

[1] ——— *whose large style*
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.] So, Holinshed: "King Reigner hir father, for all his *long stile*, had too short a *purse* to send his daughter honourably to the king hir spowse." *Malone.*

[2] *And are the cities, &c.*] The indignation of Warwick is natu-

'Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
'Mort Dieu!
* *York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
* France should have torn and rent my very heart,
* Before I would have yielded to this league.
'I never read but England's kings have had
'Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
'And our king Henry gives away his own,
'To match with her that brings no vantages.
* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,
* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
* For cost and charges in transporting her!
* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
* Before ——
* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
'But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
'Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
'I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
'We shall begin our ancient bickerings.[3]—

ral, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. *Johnson.*

In the old play the jingle is more striking. "And must that then which we won with our *swords*, be given away with *words?*" *Malone.*

[3] —— *bickerings.*] To *bicker* is to *skirmish*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. Again, in the genuine ballad of *Chevy Chace:*

"Bomen *bickarte* upon the bent
"With their browd aras cleare."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 9:

"From *bickering* with his folk to keep us Britains back."

Again, in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1589: "—sundry times *bickered* with our men, and gave them the foyle." Again, in Holinshed, p. 537: "At another *bickering* also it chanced that the Englishmen had the upper hand." Again, p. 572: "At first there was a sharp *bickering* betwixt them, but in the end victorie remained with the Englishmen." *Levi pugna congredior*, is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*. *Steevens.*

Bickering, as here used, is quarrelling, contention.—Mr. Steevens misconceives our author—to skirmish, or to fight, is not the

Lordings, farewel; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
* Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
* And heir apparent to the English crown;
* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,[4]
* There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
' What though the common people favour him,
' Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;*
' Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
' *Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*
' With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
' I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
' He will be found a dangerous protector.
* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,
* He being of age to govern of himself?—
' Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
' And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
' We 'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;
* I 'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*
' *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
' And greatness of his place be grief to us,
' Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
' His insolence is more intolerable
' Than all the princes in the land beside;
' If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset will be protector,

meaning intended to be conveyed,—but merely the *war of words*, which Gloster and Winchester waged whenever and wherever they met. *Am. Edit.*

[4] *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,*] Certainly Shakspeare wrote—*east*. *Warburton.*

There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the east, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker. *Johnson.*

* Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* Buck. *and* Som.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.[5]
'While these do labour for their own preferment,
'Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
'I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
'Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
'Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
'More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
'As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
'Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
'Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
'Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
'Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
'Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
'Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
'And, brother York,[6] thy acts in Ireland,
'In bringing them to civil discipline;[7]
'Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
'When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
'Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
'Join we together, for the public good;
'In what we can, to bridle and suppress
'The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,

[5] *Pride went before, ambition follows him.*] Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiality. Thus, in A. of Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. VIII, ch. xxvii, v. 177:

"Awld men in thare prowerbe sayis,
"*Pryde gdys befor*, and schame alwayis
"*Followys*" &c. *Steevens.*

So, in *Proverbs*, xvi, 18: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." *Harris.*

[6] *And, brother York,*] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans [See this play, Part I, Act I, sc. iii,]; and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. *Malone.*

[7] —— *to civil discipline;*] This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449. *Malone.*

‘ With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
‘ And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
‘ While they do tend the profit of the land.[8]
* *War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
* And common profit of his country!
* *York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.[9]
War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
* And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* War. *and* Sal.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
* Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
* Stands on a tickle point,[1] now they are gone:
* Suffolk concluded on the articles;
* The peer's agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
* I cannot blame them all; What is 't to them?
* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
* Still revelling, like lords till all be gone;
* While as the silly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,

[8] —— the *profit of the land.*] I think we might read, more clearly—*to* profit of the land—i. e. to profit themselves by it; unless *'tend* be written for *attend*, as in *King Richard II:*

“ They *tend* the crowne, yet still with me they stay.”
Steevens.

Perhaps *tend* has here the same meaning as *tender* in the subsequent scene:

“ I *tender* so the safety of my liege.”

Or it may have been put for *intend;* while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their *object*. *Malone.*

[9] *Then let 's* &c.] The quarto—without such redundancy—

“ *Come, sonnes,* away, and looke unto the maine.” *Steevens.*

[1] —— *on a* tickle *point,*] *Tickle* is very frequently used for *ticklish* by poets contemporary with Shakspeare. So, Heywood, in *Jeronymo, 1605:*

“ *Now stands our fortune* on a *tickle* point.” Steevens.

*While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[9]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humors fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

9 ——*the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager. *Steevens.*
According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torments.
Malone.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's *House.*

Enter GLOSTER *and the* Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
* As frowning at the favours of the world?
* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
' What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
* Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
* Until thy head be circled with the same.
' Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
' What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine:
* And, having both together heav'd it up,
* We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
* And never more abase our sight so low,
* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
' *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
' Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:[1]
' And may that thought, when I imagine ill
' Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
' Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
' My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
' *Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
' With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
' *Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
' Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
' But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
' And on the pieces of the broken wand
' Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
' And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
' This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
' *Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
' Shall lose his head for his presumption.

[1] Banish *the canker of* ambitious thoughts:] So, in K. Henry *VIII.*:

"*Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition.*" Steevens.

'But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
'And on my head did set the diadem.
'*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor![2]
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
* Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
* Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
* From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
'*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
'With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
'Next time, I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
'And not be check'd.
'*Glo.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.[3]

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
'You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
'Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.[4]
Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
'*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* Glo. *and* Mess.
'Follow I must, I cannot go before,
* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

2 —— ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor!*] *Ill-nurtur'd*, is *ill-educated*. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
"*Ill-nurtur'd*, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice." *Malone.*

3 *Nay, be not angry*, &c.] Instead of this line, we have these two in the old play:

"Nay, Nell, I 'll give no credit to a dream;
"But I would have thee to think on no such things."
Malone.

4 Whereas *the king and queen do mean to hawk.*] *Whereas* is the *same as where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account *of its being* a dissyllable. So, in *The Tryal of Treasure*, 1567:

"*Whereas* she is resident, I must needes be." Steevens.

* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
* And, being a woman, I will not be slack
* To play my part in fortune's pageant.
' Where are you there? Sir John![5] nay, fear not, man,
' We are alone; here 's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!
' *Duch.* What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
' Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
' *Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
' That shall make answer to such questions,
' As by your grace shall be propounded him.
' *Duch.* It is enough;[6] I 'll think upon the questions:
' When from Saint Albans we do make return,
' We 'll see these things effected to the full.
' Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
' With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit* Duch.

[5] —— *Sir John!*] A title frequently bestowed on the clergy. See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III. *Steevens.*

[6] Duch. *It is enough;* &c.] This speech stands thus in the old quarto:

" *Elean.* Thanks, good sir John,
" Some two days hence, I guess, will fit our time;
" Then see that they be here
" For now the king is riding to St. Albans,
" And all the dukes and earls along with him.
" When they be gone, then safely may they come,
" And on the backside of mine orchard here
" There cast their spells in silence of the night,
" And so resolve us of the thing we wish:——
" Till when, drink that for my sake, and so farewell."

Steevens.

Here we have a speech of *ten* lines, with different versification, and different *circumstances, from* those of the *five* which are found *in the folio. What imperfect* transcript (for such the quarto has *been called) ever produced* such a variation? *Malone.*

* *Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;[7]
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery, will be the duchess' wreck;
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will,[8] I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[9]

[7] —— *A crafty knave does need no broker;*] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection*. *Steevens.*

[8] *Sort how it will,*] Let the issue be what it will. *Johnson.*
This whole speech is very different in the original play. Instead of the last couplet we find these lines:
"But whist, Sir John; no more of that I trow,
"For fear you lose your head, before you go." *Malone.*

[9] —— *in* the *quill.*] *In quill* is Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading; the rest have—*in the quill*. *Johnson.*
Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the use of chalk. Steevens.
In the quill may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase

'2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good 'man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET.

'1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with 'him: I 'll be the first, sure.

'2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, 'and not my lord protector.

'*Suf.* How now, fellow? would'st any thing with me?

'1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my 'lord protector.

'*Q. Mar.* [reading the superscription] *To my lord 'protector!* are your supplications to his lordship? Let 'me see them: What is thine?

'1 *Pet.* Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John 'Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, 'and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What 's your's?—What 's here! [*reads*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*presenting his petition*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

'*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York 'say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste. *Tollet.*

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being *in print* was used to express the same circumstance of exactness. "All this," (declares one of the quibbling servants in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I say *in print*, for in print I found it" *Steevens.*

In quill may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and, in some parts of England, nine-pins are still called *cayls*, which word is used in the statute 33 *Henry VIII.* c. 9 *Quelle* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright. *Hawkins.*

'*Peter*. That my master was?[1] No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*enter* Servants]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt* Servants, *with* Peter.

'*Q. Mar*. And as for you, that love to be protected
'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
'Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petition.*

'Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

* *All*. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

* *Q. Mar*. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
* Is this the fashion in the court of England?
* Is this the government of Britain's isle,
* And this the royalty of Albion's king?
* What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
* Under the surly Gloster's governance?
* Am I a queen in title and in style,
* And must be made a subject to a duke?
'I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
'Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
'And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
'I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
'In courage, courtship, and proportion:
'But all his mind is bent to holiness,
* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
* His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
* His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;

1 *That my* master *was?*] The old copy—that my *mistress* was? The present emendation was supplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and has the concurrence of Mr. M. Mason. *Steevens.*

The folio reads—That my *mistress* was; which has been followed in all subsequent editions. But the context shows clearly that it was a misprint for *master*. Peter supposes that the Queen had asked, whether the duke of York had said that his *master* (for so he understands the pronoun *he* in her speech) was rightful heir to the crown. "That my *master* was heir to the crown! (he replies) No, the reverse is the case. My master said, that the duke of York was heir to the crown." In *The Taming of the Shrew*, *mistress* and *master* are frequently confounded. The mistake arose from these words being formerly abbreviated in MSS; and an *M.* stood for either one or the other. Malone.

* His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
* Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
* I would, the college of the cardinals
* Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
* And set the triple crown upon his head;
* That were a state fit for his holiness.
' *Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause
' Your highness came to England, so will I
' In England work your grace's full content.
* *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
* The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
* And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
* But can do more in England than the king.
* *Suf.* And he of these, that can do most of all,
* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
* Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
' *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
' As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
' She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
' More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
* She bears a duke's revenues on her back,[2]
* And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
* Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
* Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
' She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms[3] for his daughter.
' *Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;[4]
* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
* That she will light to listen to the lays,
* And never mount to trouble you again.

[2] *She bears a duke's revenues* &c.] See *King Henry VIII*, Act I, sc. i. *Malone.*

[3] —— *two dukedoms* —] The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry surrendered to Reignier, on his marriage with Margaret. See sc. i. *Malone.*

[4] —— lim'd *a bush for her;*] So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "*Lime* your twigs to catch this weary bird." *Steevens.*
In the original *play in quarto*:
"*I have set lime-twigs* that will entangle them." *Malone.*

* So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
* For I am bold to counsel you in this.
* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
* Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint[5]
* Will make but little for his benefit:
* So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
* And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET, *conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all 's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France
Then let him be denay'd[6] the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son;——and show some reason, Buckingham,
* Why Somerset should be preferr 'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

‹ *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself to give
‹ His censure:[7] these are no women's matters.

[5] —— *this late complaint* —] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *be denay'd* —] Thus the old copy. I have noted the word only to observe, that den*ay* is frequently used instead of *deny*, among the old writers.
So, in *Twelfth Night:*
"My love can give no place, bide no *denay*." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *his censure:*] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion *Johnson.*
So, in *King Richard III:*
"To give your *censures* in this weighty business."

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
' To be protector of his excellence?
' *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;
' And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
' *Suf.* Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
' Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)
' The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
* And all the peers and nobles of the realm
* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.
* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,
* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
* And left thee to the mercy of the law.
* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—
* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLO. *The Queen drops her fan.*
' Give me my fan:[8] What, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the* Duchess *a box on the ear.*
' I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
' *Duch.* Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
' Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'd set my ten commandments in your face.[9]
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
' *Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;
' She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Duchess.[1]

In other plays I have adduced repeated instances to show the word was thus used by all contemporary writers. *Steevens.*

[8] *Give me my* fan:] In the original play the Queen drops not a *fan*, but a *glove*:
"Give me my glove; why minion, can you not see?" *Malone.*

[9] *I 'd set my ten commandments in your face.*] So, in Selimus *Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:
"*I would set a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife' ten commandments.*" *Steevens.*

* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
* She 's tickled now;[2] her fume can need no spurs,
* She 'll gallop fast enough[3] to her destruction.
[*Exit* BUCK.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
* With walking once about the quadrangle,
* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
* As for your spiteful false objections,
* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
* As I in duty love my king and country!
* But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
* I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
* To be your regent in the realm of France.
* *Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave
' To show some reason, of no little force,
' That York is most unmeet of any man.
' *York.* I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
' First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
* Next, if I be appointed for the place,
* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
* Without discharge, money, or furniture,
* Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
* Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
* Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

[1] *Exit Duchess.*] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:

"*King.* Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame.
"I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
"My noble uncle had been here in place.——
"But see, where he comes! I am glad he met her not."
Steevens.

[2] *She's* tickled *now;*] *Tickled* is here used as a trisyllable. The editor of the second folio, not perceiving this, reads—"her fume *can need* no spurs;" in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

Were Mr. Malone's supposition adopted, the verse would still halt most lamentably. I am therefore content with the emendation of the second folio, a book to which we are all indebted for restorations of our author's metre. I am unwilling to publish what no ear, accustomed to harmony, can endure. *Steevens.*

[3] —— fast *enough* —] The folio reads—*farre* enough. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

* *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact
* Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?

' *Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man
' That doth accuse his master of high treason:
' His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
' Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
' And that your majesty was an usurper.

' *K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

' *Pet.* By these ten bones,[4] my lords, [*holding up his* ' *hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret one ' night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

* *York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
* I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
' I do beseech your royal majesty,
' Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

' *Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
' Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

4 *By these ten bones*, &c.] We have just heard a Duchess threaten *to set her ten commandments* in the face of a Queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers.

This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"By these *tenne bones* I will, I have sworne." Steevens.

'Because in York this breeds suspicion:
'And let these have a day appointed them[5]
'For single combat, in convenient place;
'For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
'This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.
K. Hen. Then be it so.[6] My lord of Somerset,

[5] *And let these have a day appointed them* &c.] In the original play, quarto 1600, the corresponding lines stand thus:

"The law, my lord, is this. By case it rests suspicious,
"That a day of combat be appointed,
"And these to try each other's right or wrong,
"Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,
"With ebon staves and sandbags combating,
"In Smithfield, before your royal majesty."

An opinion has prevailed that *The whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect surreptitious copy of Shakspeare's play as exhibited in the folio; but what spurious copy, or imperfect transcript taken in short-hand, ever produced such variations as these? *Malone.*

Such varieties, during several years, were to be found in every MS. copy of Mr. Sheridan's then unprinted *Duenna*, as used in country theatres. The dialogue of it was obtained piece-meal, and connected by frequent interpolations. *Steevens.*

[6] K. Hen. *Then be it so.* &c.] These two lines I have inserted from the old quarto; and, as I think, very necessarily. For, without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion; and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it. *Theobald.*

The plea urged by Theobald for their introduction is, that otherwise Somerset thanks the king before he had declared his appointment; but Shakspeare, I suppose, thought Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. Somerset knew that Humphrey's *doom* was final; as likewise did the Armourer, for he, like Somerset, accepts the combat, without waiting for the king's confirmation of what Gloster had said. Shakspeare therefore not having introduced the following speech, which is found in the first copy, we have no right to insert it. That it was not intended to be preserved, appears from the concluding line of the present scene, in which Henry addresses Somerset; whereas in the quarto, Somerset *goes out*, on his appointment. This is one of those minute circumstances which may be urged to show that these plays, however afterwards worked up by Shakspeare, were *originally* the production of another author, and that the quarto edition of 1600 was printed from the *copy* originally written by that author, whoever he was. *Malone.*

After the lines inserted by Theobald, the king continues his speech thus:

"——— over the French;

We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's sake,
* pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me.
* O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able
* to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

' *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and the day
' Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
* Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloster's *Garden.*

Enter[7] MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,
* expects performance of your promises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
* Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?[8]

" And to defend our rights 'gainst foreign foes,
" And so do good unto the realm of France.
" Make haste, my lord; 'tis time that you were gone:
" The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.
" *Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty,
" And take my leave, to post with speed to France.
[*Exit Somerset.*
" *King.* Come, uncle Gloster; now let 's have our horse,
" For we will to St. Albans presently.
" Madam, your hawk, they say, is swift of flight,
" And we will try how she will fly to-day." [*Exeunt omnes.*
Steevens.

[7] *Enter* &c.] The quarto reads:

Enter Eleanor, Sir John Hum, Roger Bolingbrook a conjurer, and Margery Jourdaine a witch.

" *Eleanor.* Here, Sir John, take this scroll of paper here,
" Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask:
" And I will stand upon this tower here,
" And hear the spirit what it says to you;
" And to my questions write the answers down."
[*She goes up to the tower.*
Steevens.

[8] —— *our* exorcisms?] The word *exorcise*, and its derivatives, are used by *Shakspeare* in an uncommon sense. In all other

* *Hume.* Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman * of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, mas- * ter Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy * below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave * us. [*exit* Hume] 'Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, 'and grovel on the earth:—* John Southwell, read you; * and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, *above.*

* *Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To * this geer; the sooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times: Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,[9]

writers it means to lay spirits, but in these plays it invariably means to raise them. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Ligarius says—

"Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up
"My mortified spirit." *M. Mason.*

[9] *Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,*] *The silent of the night* is a classical expression, and means an interlunar night.—*Amica silentia lunæ.* So, Pliny, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utilissimè in coitu ejus sterni, quem diem alii* interlunii, *alii* silentis *lunæ appellant.* Lib. XVI, cap. 39. In imitation of this language, Milton says:

"The sun to me is dark,
"And *silent* as the moon,
"When she deserts the night,
"Hid in her vacant *interlunar* cave." *Warburton.*

I believe this display of learning might have been spared. *Silent*, though an adjective, is used by Shakspeare as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the *vast* of night is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads, *the silence of the night.* The variation between the copies is worth notice:

"*Bolingbrooke makes a circle.*
"*Bol.* Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night,
"Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
"Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
"The spirit Ascalon to come to me;
"To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,
"And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
"Ascalon, ascend, ascend!"

In a speech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor says, they have—

"——— cast their spells in *silence of the night.*"

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, is the *same expression*:

"*Who* taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besyly
"*Her* strange entunes in *sylence of the nyght?*"

'The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
'The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,[1]
'And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
'That time best fits the work we have in hand.
'Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
'We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;* Bolingbroke, *or* Southwell, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.*

* *Spir.* Adsum.
* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,
* By the eternal God, whose name and power
* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.
* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done![2]

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher:

"Through still *silence of the night,*
"Guided by the glow-worm's light." *Steevens.*

Steevens's explanation of this passage is evidently right; and Warburton's observations on it, though long, learned, and laborious, are nothing to the purpose. Bolingbroke does not talk of the silence of the *moon,* but of the silence of the *night;* nor is he describing the time of the month, but the hour of the night. *M. Mason.*

[1] ——— ban-dogs *howl,*] I was unacquainted with the etymology of this word, till it was pointed out to me by an ingenious correspondent in the Supplement to *The Gentleman's Magazine,* for 1789, who signs himself D. T. "Shakspeare's *ban-dog* (says he) is simply a *village-dog,* or *mastiff,* which was formerly called a *band-dog,* per syncopen, *bandog.*" In support of this opinion he quotes *Caius de canibus Britannicis:* "Hoc genus canis, etiam catenarium, à catena vel ligamento, qua ad januas interdiu detinetur, ne lædat, et tamen latratu terreat, appellatur —Rusticos, *shepherds' dogs, mastives,* and *bandogs,* nominavimus." *Steevens.*

Ban-dog is surely a corruption of *band-dog;* or rather the first *d* is suppressed here, as in other compound words. Cole, in his *Dict.* 1679, renders *ban-dog, canis catenatus.* *Malone.*

[2] ——— *That I had said and done!*] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground, and answered questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. *Steevens.*

So the Apparition says in *Macbeth:*

"*Dismiss me.*—Enough!"

The words "That I had said and done!" are not in the old play. *Malone.*

Boling. *First, of the king. What shall of him become?*[3]
[Reading out of a paper.

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *speaks,* SOUTH. *writes the answer.*

Boling. *What fate awaits the duke of* Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. *What shall befall the duke of* Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.[4]
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid![5]
[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

[3] ——— *What shall of him become?*] Here is another proof of what has been already suggested. In the quarto 1600, it is concerted between Mother Jourdain and Bolingbroke that *he* should frame a circle, &c. and that she should "fall prostrate to the ground," to "whisper with the devils below." (Southwell is not introduced in that piece.) Accordingly, as soon as the incantations begin, *Bolingbroke* reads the questions out of a paper, as here. But our poet has expressly said in the preceding part of this scene that Southwell was to read them. Here, however, he inadvertently follows his original as it lay before him, forgetting that consistently with what he had already written, he should have deviated from it. He has fallen into the same kind of inconsistency in *Romeo and Juliet*, by sometimes adhering to and sometimes deserting the poem on which he formed that tragedy. *Malone.*

[4] *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in some old Chronicle, where, I think, it ran thus:

"Safer shall he be on sand,
"Than where castles mounted stand:"

at present I do not recollect where. *Steevens.*

[5] *False fiend, avoid!*] Instead of this short speech at the dismission of the spirit, the old quarto gives us the following:

"Then down, I say, unto the damned pool
"Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,
"Riding amidst the sing'd and parched smoaks,
"The road of *Dytas*, by the river Styx;
"There howle and burn for ever in those flames:
"Rise, Jordane, rise, and stay thy charming spells:—
"'Zounds! we are betray'd!"

Dytas is written by mistake for Ditis, the genitive case of Dis, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one ancient author.

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards, and Others.*

'*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
'Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
'What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
'Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
'My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
'See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
**Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
* Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.
**Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*
'Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
'And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
'Stafford, take her to thee.— [*Exit.* Duch. *from above.*
'We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
'All.—Away! [*Exeunt Guards, with* South. Boling. *&c.*
**York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks,[6] you watch'd her well:
* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
* Why, this is just,
* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me,[7] *what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

So, in Thomas Drant's translation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567:

"And by that meanes made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall to seeke." *Steevens.*

Here again we have such a variation as never could have arisen from an imperfect transcript. *Malone.*

[6] *Lord Buckingham, methinks,* &c.] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. *Pope.*

They are not, it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the king. This also is a *variation* that only could proceed from *various* authors. *Malone.*

[7] *Tell me, &c.*] Yet these two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are

By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
* Come, come, my lords;
* These oracles are hardily attain'd,
* And hardly understood.[8]
' The king is now in progress towards saint Albans,
' With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
' Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
' A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
' *Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
' To be the post, in hope of his reward.
' *York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who 's with-
' in there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

' Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
' To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

they in the original play. Here we have a species of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakspeare, of which he has been guilty in other places. See p. 129-30, where Gloster and Winchester read the same paper differently. *Malone.*

[8] *These oracles are* hardily *attain'd,*
And hardly understood.] The folio reads—*hardly*. *Malone.*
Not only the lameness of the versification, but the imperfection of the sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, siezing the parties and their papers, says, he 'll see the devil's writ; and finding the wizard's answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon such sort of intelligence, as I have restored the text:

These oracles are hardily *attain'd,*
And hardly understood.

i. e. A great risque and hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after these *hardy* steps taken, the informations are so perplexed that they are *hardly* to be understood. *Theobald.*
The correction made by Mr. Theobald has been adopted by the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

'*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[9]
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.[1]
'*K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest![2]—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
'Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.[3]

[9] ——*for flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. *Johnson.*

[1] ——*the wind was very high;*
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman, better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. *Johnson.*

——*old Joan had not gone out.*] i. e. the wind being high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. *Percy.*

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck* and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Haukinge*, &c. bl. l. no date. This work was written by dame Julyana Bernes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, (where Shakspeare has fixed the present scene) and one of the editions of it was *prynted at Westmestre by Wynkin de Worde*, 1496, together with an additional treatise on fishing. *Steevens.*

[2] *But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,*
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!] The variation between these lines and those in the original play on which this is founded, is worth notice:

"Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,
"*And on a sudden souc'd the partridge down.*" *Malone.*

[3] ——*are* fain *of climbing high*] *Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*. So, in Heywood's *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

"Fayre words make fooles *faine*." *Steevens.*

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,[4]
* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
' *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
' That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
' *Car.* I thought as much; he 'd be above the clouds.
' *Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
* *K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!
' *Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
' Beat on a crown,[5] the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
' *Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremtory?
* *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*
' Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
' With such holiness can you do it?[6]

[4] —— *to be aloft,*] Perhaps alluding to the adage:
"High-flying hawks are fit for princes."
See Ray's *Collection*. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *thine eyes and thoughts*
Beat on *a crown,*] To *bait* or *beat,* (*bathe*) is a term in falconry. *Johnson.*

To *bathe,* and to *beat,* or *bate,* are distinct terms in this diversion. To *bathe* a hawk was to wash his plumage. To *beat,* or *bate,* was to flutter with his wings. To *beat on a crown,* however, is equivalent to an expression which is still used—*to hammer,* i. e. to work in the mind. Shakspeare has employed a term somewhat similar in a preceding scene of the play before us:
"Wilt thou still be *hammering* treachery?"
But the very same phrase occurs in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis,* 1600:
"With him whose restless thoughts do *beat* on thee."
Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll,* 1600:
"Since my mind *beats on it* mightily." *Steevens.*

[6] *With such holiness can you do it?*] Do what? The verse wants a foot; we should read:
With such holiness can you not *do it?*
Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy: and says, have you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice? *Warburton.*

The verse is lame enough after the emendation, nor does the negative particle improve the sense. When words are omitted it is not often easy to say what they were if there is a perfect sense without them. I read, but somewhat at random:
A churchman, with such holiness can you do it?

'*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
'So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.[7]
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!
[*Aside to the* Cardinal.
'*Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*
'*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
'In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*
'*Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
'This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*
'*K. Hen.* How now, my lords?
'*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,
'Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
'We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* Glo.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.[8] [*Aside.*

The transcriber saw *churchman* just above, and therefore omitted it in the second line. *Johnson.*

—— *can you* do it?] The old play, quarto 1600, reads more intelligibly,—"Good uncle, can you *dote?*" *Malone.*

[7] —— *blessed are the peacemakers on earth.*] See *St. Matthew*, ch. v, ver. 9. *Reed.*

[8] —— *Come with thy two-hand sword.*
Glo. *True, uncle, are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove?*
Cardinal, I am with you.] Thus is the whole speech placed to Gloster, in all the editions: but, surely, with great inadvertence. It is the cardinal who first appoints the east side of the grove for the place of *duel:* and how finely does it express his rancour and impetuosity, for fear Gloster should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right! *Theobald.*

The *two-hand sword* is mentioned by Holinshed, Vol. III, p. 833: "—*And he that* touched the tawnie shield, should cast a

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

' *Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,

* Or all my fence shall fail.[8] [*Aside.*

* Car. *Medice teipsum;*

' Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself. } [*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.[9]*

spear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a *two-hand sword.*" *Steevens.*

In the original play the cardinal desires Gloster to bring "his sword and buckler." The *two-hand sword* was sometimes called the *long sword*, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument.—See Vol. III. *Malone.*

[8] ——— *my* fence *shall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" Despight his nice *fence*, and his active practice." *Steevens.*

[9] *The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.*] This line Shakspeare hath injudiciously adopted from the old play, changing only the word *color* [choler] to *stomachs*. In the old play the altercation appears not to be concealed from Henry. Here Shakspeare certainly intended that it should pass between the Cardinal and Gloster *aside;* and yet he has inadvertently adopted a line, and added others, that imply that Henry has heard the appointment they have made. *Malone.*

* I do not perceive any *inadvertence* in the adoption of the line, or in the additions alluded to by Mr. Malone:—The *altercation* and appointment between Gloster and the Cardinal was certainly intended to be *aside;* nor do I perceive where the fault complained of exists. It appears that the king was perfectly acquainted with the rooted enmity between Gloster and the Cardinal, and his suspicion must have been excited by the very circumstance of their holding conversation *apart*. Their mutual anger is represented as working so powerfully on their feelings as to deprive them of the consciousness of being liable to observation, until they are awakened to a sense of their imprudence by the abrupt question of the king, whose suspicions they mutually endeavour to divert: but again thrown off their guard, every sense absorbed in their unappeasable fury, they burst out afresh, which draws from the king a mild and touching reprimand, perfectly in character.

This scene, so beautifully descriptive of the triumph of the angry passions, over prudence and reason, is not only misunderstood, but abused and mutilated by Mr. Malone, while the indefatigable Steevens passes it over as if unworthy of notice, and the gigantic Johnson himself abandons his favorite to the merciless knife of a clumsy operator. *Amer.* Editor.

w irksome is this musick to my heart!
hen such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
ray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

r an Inhabitant *of Saint* Albans, *crying*, A Miracle![1]

o. What means this noise?
ow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
hab. A miracle! a miracle!
f. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
hab. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,
ıin this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
an, that ne'er saw in his life before.
. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
es light in darkness, comfort in despair!

r the Mayor *of Saint* Albans, *and his Brethren; and* MPCOX, *borne between two persons in a Chair; his fe and a great Multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
present your highness with the man.
K. *Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
hough by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
s highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. *Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
at we for thee may glorify the Lord.
ıt, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
mp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.
ife. Ay, indeed, was he.
f. What woman is this?
ife. His wife, an 't like your worship.
o. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
len. Where wert thou born?
mp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.
. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

[1] — *crying, A* Miracle!] This scene is founded on a story Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was com- ıated *to him by his father.* The impostor's name is not ıned, *but he was* detected by Humphrey Duke of Gloster *the manner here* represented. See his works, p. 134, edit. *Malone.*

'But still remember what the Lord hath done.
* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
' *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
' A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep.
' By good saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox*,[2] *come;*
' *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*
* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
* *Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.
' *Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
' And made me climb, with danger of my life.
* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
' Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—
' In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.
' *Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why that's well said: What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

[2] —— *who said—Simpcox*, &c.] The former copies:
—— *who said*, Simon, *come;*
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.
Why *Simon?* The chronicles, that take notice of Gloster's detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impostor, who asserted himself to be cured of blindness, was called *Saunder Simpcox—Simon* was therefore a corruption. Theobald.
It would seem better to read *Simpcox*; for which Sim. has in all probability been put by contraction in the player's MS. Ritson.

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What 's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What 's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there,[3] the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names,[4] as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, 's impossible.[5]—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning[6] to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?[7]
Simp. O, master that you could!
Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[*Exit an* Attendant
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap over this stool, and run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

[3] —— *sit* thou *there,*] I have supplied the pronoun—*thou,* for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[4] —— our *names,*] Old copy, redundantly—*all* our names. *Steevens.*

[5] *To nominate them all, 's impossible.*] Old copy:
—— *it is impossible. Steevens.*

[6] —— that *cunning*—] Folio—*it* cunning. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *That* was probably contracted in the MS. yt. Malone.

[7] —— *to his legs?*] *Old* copies, redundantly—to his legs again? *Steevens.*

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry,* A Miracle!

* *K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.

' *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

' *Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

' *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;

' You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.[8]

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

' *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

' *Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.[9]

' A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,[1]—

[8] —— *whole towns to fly.*] Here in the old play the King adds:

"Have done, I say; and let me hear no more of that."

Steevens.

[9] *Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.* &c.] In the original play the corresponding speech stands thus; and the variation is worth noting:

"Ill news for some, my lord, and this it is,
"That proud dame Elinor, our protector's wife,
"Hath plotted treasons 'gainst the king and peers,
"By witchcrafts, sorceries, and conjurings:
"Who by such means did raise a spirit up,
"To tell her what hap should betide the state;
"But ere they had finish'd their devilish drift,
"By York and myself they were all surpriz'd,
"And here's the answer the devil makes to them." *Malone.*

[1] *A* sort —— lewdly *bent,*] *Lewdly,* in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly,* but *wickedly. Steevens.*

The word is so used in old acts of parliament. *A sort* is a *company. Malone.*

'Under the countenance and confederacy
'Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
'The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
'Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
'Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
'Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
'Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
'Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
'And other of your highness' privy council,
'As more at large your grace shall understand.
'*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means
'Your lady is forthcoming[2] yet at London.
'This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
''Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* Glo.
'*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
* Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
* And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
* Or to the meanest groom.
* *K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
* *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
'*Glo.* Madam, for myself,[3] to heaven I do appeal,
'How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:
'And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
'Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
'Noble she is; but if she have forgot
'Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
'As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
'I banish her, my bed, and company;
'And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
'That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

[2] *Your lady is forthcoming* —] That is, your lady is in custody. *Johnson.*

[3] *Madam, for myself,* &c.] Thus in the original play:
"And pardon me, my gracious sovereign,
"For here I swear unto your majesty,
"That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes,
"Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done:
"And for she would betray her sovereign lord,
"I here renounce her from my bed and board;
"And leave her open for the law to judge,
"Unless she clear herself of this foul deed." *Malone.*

'*K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
'To-morrow, toward London, back again,
'To look into this business thoroughly,
'And call these foul offenders to their answers;
'And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
'Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.[4] [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

'*York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
'Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
'In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
'In craving your opinion of my title,
'Which is infallible,[5] to England's crown.
'*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
'Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
'The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
'The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
'Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
'Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
'The fifth, was Edmond Langley,[6] duke of York;
'The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
'William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.

[4] *And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,*
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.] The sense will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood:
——*justice' equal scale,*
Whose beam stand *sure, whose rightful cause* prevail!
Johnson.

[5] *Which is infallible,*] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. *Johnson.*
Surely he means his *title. Malone.*

[6] *The fifth, was Edmond Langley,* &c.] The author of the original play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of *March, as* Edward's fifth son; and represented the Duke of York *as Edward's second* son. *Malone.*

'Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
'And left behind him Richard, his only son,
'Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
'The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
'Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
'Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
'Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
'And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,[7]
'Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;
* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
* *York.* Which now they hold by force and not by right;
* For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
* The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
* *Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
* *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
* I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
* Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
* Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
' *Sal.* This Edmund,[8] in the reign of Bolingbroke,
'As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
'And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
'Who kept him in captivity, till he died.[9]

[7] —— *as* all *you know,*] In the original play the words are, "— as you *both* know." This mode of phraseology, when the speaker addresses only two persons, is peculiar to Shakspeare. In *King Henry IV,* P. II, Act III, sc. i, the King addressing Warwick and Surrey, says—

"Why then good morrow to you *all,* my lords." *Malone.*

[8] *This Edmund,* &c.] In Act II, sc. v, of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter, in *The First Part of King Henry IV. Ritson.*

[9] *Who kept him in captivity, till he died.*] The historians as well as the dramatick poets have been strangely mistaken concerning this Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was so far from being "kept in captivity till he died," that he appears to have been at liberty *during* the whole reign of King Henry V, *and to have been trusted* and employed by him; and there is no

* But, to the rest.
' *York.* His eldest sister, Anne.

proof that he ever was confined, as a *state-prisoner*, by King Henry IV Being only six years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his son Henry Prince of Wales; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the King. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower; and they being routed, he was taken prisoner by Owen, and is said by Walsingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewsbury; but I believe the story of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a mistake, and that the historian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Grey of Ruthvin, who was likewise taken prisoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury he was probably brought there against his will, to grace the cause of the rebels. The Percies, in the manifesto which they published a little before that battle, speak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the King for political reasons would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the King, he and his brother in the seventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already said respecting the trust reposed in him during the whole reign of King Henry V, I may add, that in the sixth year of that King, this Earl of March was with the Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Fresnes; and soon afterwards with the King himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was constituted Lieutenant of Normandy. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the Queen when she returned from France in 1422, with the corpse of her husband.

One of the sources of the mistakes in our old histories concerning this Earl, I believe was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinsmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at last was executed in 1424. That person, however, could not have been his uncle, for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was *Edmond*. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps cousin german to the last Edmond Earl of March, the illegitimate son of *his uncle* Edmond.

Lionel duke of Clarence was affianced to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in his tender years; and consequently

'My mother, being heir unto the crown,
'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
'To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
'By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
'To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
'Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
'Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
'So, if the issue of the elder son
'Succeed before the younger, I am king.
'*War.* What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
'Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
'The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
'It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
'And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
'Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
'And, in this private plot,[1] be we the first,
'That shall salute our rightful sovereign
'With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
'*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
'With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
'And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd;
'But with advice, and silent secrecy.
'Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
'Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
'At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
'At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
'That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:

Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of sixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, who was himself born in 1351. Their son Roger was born in 1371, and must have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389, for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmond Mortimer, Roger's eldest son, (the Mortimer of Shakspeare's *King Henry IV*) was born in the latter end of the year 1392; and consequently when he died in his castle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5, he was *thirty-two years old.* *Malone.*

[1] ——*private plot,*] Sequestered spot of ground. Malone.

* 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
* Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
* *Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
' *War.* My heart assures me,[2] that the earl of Warwick
' Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
' *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
' Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
' The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

' *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
' In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
' Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
' Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
* You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To* Jourd. &c.
* From thence, unto the place of execution:
* The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
* And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
' You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
' Despoiled of your honour in your life,
' Shall, after three days' open penance[3] done,
' Live in your country here, in banishment,
' With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.
' *Duch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

[2] *My heart assures me,*] Instead of this couplet, we find in the old play no less than *ten lines*; so that if we suppose that piece to be an imperfect transcript of this, we must acknowledge the transcriber had a good *sprag* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or seen. *Malone.*

[3] —— *after* three *days' open penance* —] In the original play the *King* particularly specifies the mode of penance: "Thou shalt two *days do* penance barefoot, in the streets, with a white sheet," &c. *Malone.*

* *Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* Duchess, *and the other prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.[4]
* *K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;[5]
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and king Henry govern England's helm:[6]
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
* *Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*
* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

[4] *Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.*] That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires, solace, and age requires ease. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *lantern to my feet;*] This image, I think, is from our Liturgy: "—— a *lantern to my feet*, and a light to my paths." *Steevens.*

[6] *God and King Henry govern England's* helm:] Old copy—*realm*. *Steevens.*

The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm*. *Johnson.*

So, in a preceding scene of this play:

"And you yourself shall steer the happy *helm*." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson's emendation undoubtedly should be received into the text. *So, in Coriolanus:*

"—— *and you slander*
"*The helms of the state*." *Malone.*

* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
* That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
* His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
* This staff of honour raught:[7]—' There let it stand,
' Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
* *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.[8]
' *York.* Lords, let him go.[9]—Please it your majesty,
' This is the day appointed for the combat;
' And ready are the appellant and defendant,
' The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
' So please your highness to behold the fight.
* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
' *K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
' Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
* *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,[1]
* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
* The servant of this armourer, my lords.

[7] *This staff of honour* raught:] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser; as in the following instance:

"He trained was till riper years he *raught*." *Steevens.*

Rather *raft*, or *reft*, the preterite of *reave*; unless *reached* were ever used with the sense of *arracher*, Fr. that is, to snatch, take or pull violently away. So, in Peele's *Arraygnement of Paris*, 1584:

"How Pluto *raught* queene Ceres daughter thence."
Ritson.

[8] *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in* her *youngest days.*] This expression has no meaning, if we suppose that the word *her* refers to Eleanor, who certainly was not a young woman. We must therefore suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and stands for *its*;—a license frequently practised by Shakspeare. *M. Mason.*

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's youngest days *of power*. But the assertion, which ever way understood, is untrue. *Malone.*

Suffolk's meaning may be:—*The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity* It is by no means unnatural to suppose, that had the designs of a proud woman on a crown succeeded, she might have been prouder than she was before. *Steevens.*

[9] *Lords, let him go*] i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. *Duke Humphrey* had already left the stage. Steevens.

[1] —— *worse bested,*] In a worse plight. Johnson.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, *and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;*[2] *a drum before him; at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.[3]

3 *Neigh.* And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for me, I * pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught * in this world.[4*]—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O

[2] —— *with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines:

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
"As men with *sand-bags* did of old." *Warburton.*

[3] —— *a cup of charneco.*] A common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet, intitled *The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate,* printed 1612: "Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco,* maligo, nor amber-colour'd Candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat Aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor." And as *charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it. *Warburton.*

[4] *I have taken my last draught in this world.*] Gay has borrowed this idea in his *What d'ye call it,* where *Peascod* says:

"Stay let me pledge—*'tis my last earthly liquor.*"

Peascod's *subsequent bequest is likewise copied from Peter's division of his moveables.* *Steevens.*

Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: * and touching the duke of York,—will * take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: * And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart. [5]

* *York.* Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double. [6]

[5] —— *as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.*] I have added this from the old quarto. *Warburton.*

Ascapart—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

"Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw
"Charing-cross for a bar," &c. *Johnson.*

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. *Steevens.*

Shakspeare not having adopted these words, according to the hypothesis already stated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as to oppose it to so many preceding editors, in a matter of so little importance. *Malone.*

[6] —— *this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason:

"In the same yeare also, certeine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For proofe whereof a daie was giuen them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was ouercome and slaine; but yet by misgouerning of himself. For on the morrow, when he should haue come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gaue him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt: as for the false seruant, he liued not long," &c.

By favor of Craven Ord, Esq. I have now before me the *original Exchequer* record of expences attending this memorable combat. *From* hence it appears that William Catour, the Armourer,

* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* Peter *strikes down his master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

* *York.* Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, * and the good wine in thy master's way.

'*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in 'this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:[7]
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

was not killed by his opponent John Davy, but worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged. The following is the last article in the account; and was struck off by the Barons of Exchequer, because it contained charges unauthorised by the Sheriffs.

	s.	d.
"Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte after yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officeres at ye execucion doying, and for ye hangman's labor, xj^{s}. vid.	Sum xij.	vii.
"Also paid for ye cloth yat lay upon ye ded man in Smyth felde, viijd.		
"Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis, and for settyng up of ye said mannys hed on london Brigge, v. d."		

The sum total of expence incurred on this occasion was - - - - - - - - - - £.10 18 9

I know not why Shakspeare has called the Armourer *Horner*. The name of one of the Sheriffs indeed was *Horne*, as appears from the record before me, which will be printed at full length by Mr. Nichols in one of his valuable collections. *Steevens.*

[7] *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:*] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hannesly, Militem, et Robertum Katlenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus.* From whence, says the historian, "*magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur.*" A. Murimuth, ad ann. 1380, p. 149. *Bowle.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
* And, after summer, evermore succeeds
* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:[8]
* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.[9]
Sirs, what 's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.[1]
' *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
' To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
' Uneath[2] may she endure the flinty streets,
' To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious[3] looks still laughing at thy shame;[4]

[8] *Barren* winter, *with his* wrathful *nipping cold:*] So, in Sackville's *Induction:*

"The *wrathful winter* 'proaching on apace." *Reed.*

I would read—*Bare* winter—for the sake of the metre, which is uncommonly harsh, if the word *barren* be retained. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *as seasons* fleet.] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— now the *fleeting* moon
"No planet is of mine." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary supposes to *fleet* (as here used) to be the same as to *flit;* that is, to be in a flux or transient state, to pass away. *Malone.*

[1] *Ten, my lord.*] For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose this hemistich, as originally written, stood—

"'*Tis* ten *o'clock*, my lord." *Steevens.*

[2] *Uneath* —] i. e. Scarcely. *Pope.*

So, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"*Uneathes* we came from him certain,
"That he ne had us all slain."

Eath is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV, C. vi:

"More *eath* was new impression to receive."

Uneath is commonly used by the same author for *not easily.* *Steevens.*

[3] —— *envious* —] i. e. malicious. Thus Ophelia in *Hamlet* is said to "spurn *enviously* at straws." See note on this passage. Steevens.

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
* But, soft! I think, she comes; and I 'll prepare
* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* John Stanley, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

' *Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by[5]

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
' See, how the giddy multitude do point,
' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
' Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
' And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
' Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame,[6] with papers on my back;
* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet[7] groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
* Trow'st thou, that e'er I 'll look upon the world;
* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
* No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

[4] *With envious looks* still *laughing at thy shame;*] *Still,* which is not in the elder copies, was added in the second folio. *Malone.*

[5] *No, stir not,* &c.] In the original play thus:
"I charge you for your lives, stir not a foot;
"Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
"But let them do their office as they should." *Malone.*

[6] *Mail'd up in shame,*] Wrapped up; bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the *sheet of* penance. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *deep-fet* —] i. e. *deep-fetched.* So, in *King Henry V*:
"*Whose blood is fet* from fathers of war-proof." *Steevens*

* To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:
* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
* I must offend, before I be attainted:
* And had I twenty times so many foes,
* And each of them had twenty times their power,
* All these could not procure me any scathe,[8]
* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
' Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
' Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
' But I in danger for the breach of law.
' Thy greatest help is quiet,[9] gentle Nell:
' I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
' These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit* Her.

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

[8] —— *any* scathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or mischief. Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word. *Steevens.*

[9] *Thy greatest help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the Duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. *Johnson.*

'*Sher.* An 't please your grace, here my commission stays:
'And sir John Stanley is appointed now
'To take her with him to the isle of Man.
'*Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?
'*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.
Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh[1] again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewel.
Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewel?
'*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* Glo. *and* Servants.
'*Duch.* Art thou gone too? *All comfort go with thee!
* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
* Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
'Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
'I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
'Only convey me where thou art commanded.
* *Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
* There to be used according to your state.
* *Duch.* That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
* And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
* *Stan.* Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
* According to that state you shall be used.
'*Duch.* Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
'Although thou hast been conduct of my shame![2]
'*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
'*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is discharg'd.—
'Come, Stanley, shall we go?
'*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
'And go we to attire you for our journey.
'*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

[1] —— *the world may laugh again;*] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. *Johnson.*

[2] —— conduct *of my shame!*] i. e. conductor. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"*Come, bitter conduct,* come, unsavoury guide."
Again:
"*And fire-ey'd fury* be my *conduct* now." Steevens.

* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
* And show itself, attire me how I can.
* Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.[3] [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others.*

'*K. Hen.* I muse,[4] my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
'Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
'*Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe
'The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
'With what a majesty he bears himself;
'How insolent of late he is become,
'How proud, perémptory,[5] and unlike himself?
'We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
'And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
'Immediately he was upon his knee,
'That all the court admir'd him for submission:
'But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
'When every one will give the time of day,
'He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
'And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
'Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
'Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
'But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
'And Humphrey is no little man in England.

[3] —— *I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. *Johnson.*

This is one of those touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakspeare; for these words are not in the old play. *Malone.*

[4] *I muse,*] i. e. I wonder. So, in *Macbeth:*

"*Do* not *muse* at me, my most worthy friends." *Steevens.*

[5] ——*perémptory,*] Old copy, redundantly:

——*how* peremptory——. Steevens.

'First, note, that he is near you in descent;
'And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
'Me seemeth[6] then, it is no policy,—
'Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
'And his advantage following your decease,—
'That he should come about your royal person,
'Or be admitted to your highness' council.
'By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
'And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
'Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
'Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
'And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
'The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
'Made me collect[7] these dangers in the duke.
'If it be fond,[8] call it a woman's fear;
'Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
'I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
'My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
'† Reprove my allegation, if you can;
'Or else conclude my words effectual.
'*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
'And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.[9]
* The duchess, by his subornation,
* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
* Or if he were not privy to those faults,
* Yet, by reputing of his high descent,[1]
* (As next the king, he was successive heir,)

[6] *Me seemeth* —] That is, it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *collect* —] i. e. assemble by observation. *Steevens.*

[8] *If it be* fond,] i. e. weak, foolish. So, in *Coriolanus:*
"'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes." *Steevens.*

† *Reprove my allegation,*] Confute, *disprove.* *Am. Ed.*

[9] —— *your grace's tale.*] Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the Queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of King James the First. *Johnson.*

[1] *Yet, by* reputing *of his high descent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating. Reputing of his* high descent, is *valuing himself upon it.* The same word occurs in the 5th Act:
"*And in my* conscience do *repute* his grace," &c. Steevens.

* And such high vaunts of his nobility,
* Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
* By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
* And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
* Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
* Levy great sums of money through the realm,
* For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
* *Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
* Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.
* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
* Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
* From meaning treason to our royal person,
* As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
* For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.
* Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
* For he 's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
* Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
* Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
* Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* *Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?
[1] *Som.* That all your interest in those territories
[1] Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!
York. Cold news for me;[2] for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
* Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
* And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
* But I will remedy this gear[3] ere long,
* Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
' Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet[4] thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
* The purest spring is not so free from mud,
* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they, that think it?
' I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
' Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
' So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—

[2] *Cold news for me;* &c.] These two lines York had spoken before in the first Act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *this* gear —] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. *Johnson.*
So, in the story of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:
" Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,
" Nor your sinful acts corrected?" *Steevens.*

[4] *Well, Suffolk,* yet —] *Yet* was added in the second folio.
The first folio has—Well, Suffolk, *thou* —. The defect of the metre shows that the word was omitted, which I have supplied from the old play. *Malone.*
Mr. Malone reads—
" *Well, Suffolk's* duke," &c.
But this is, perhaps, too respectful an address from an adversary. The reading of the second folio is, in my opinion, preferable, though the authority on which it is founded cannot be ascertained. *Steevens.*

'Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England
'That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
'Or any groat I horded to my use,
'Be brought against me at my trial day!
'No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
'Because I would not tax the needy commons,
'Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
'And never ask'd for restitution.

* *Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much

* *Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
* For I should melt at an offender's tears,
* And lowly words were ransome for their fault.
'Unless it were a bloody murderer,
'Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passenger
'I never gave them condign punishment:
'Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
'Above the felon, or what trespass else.

'*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy,[5] quickly answer'd
'But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
'Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
'I do arrest you in his highness' name;
'And here commit you to my lord cardinal
'To keep, until your further time of trial.

'*K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
'That you will clear yourself from all suspects;[6]
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous

* Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
* Foul subornation is predominant,
* And equity exil'd your highness' land.
* I know, their complot is to have my life;
' And, if my death might make this island happy,
' And prove the period of their tyranny,
' I would expend it with all willingness:
' But mine is made the prologue to their play;
' For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
' Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
' Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
' And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
' Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
' The envious load that lies upon his heart;
' And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
' Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
' By false accuse[7] doth level at my life:—
' And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
' Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
* And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
* My liefest[8] liege to be mine enemy:—
* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
* Myself had notice of your conventicles,
* And all to make away my guiltless life:
' I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
' Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
' The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
* If those, that care to keep your royal person
* From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
* And the offender granted scope of speech,
* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
' With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
' As if she had suborn'd some to swear

7 —— *accuse* —] i. e. accusation. *Steevens.*

8 —— *liefest* —] Is *dearest*. *Johnson.*
So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. i:
" —— Madam, my *lief*,
" For God's dear love," &c. *Steevens.*

'False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—
'Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!—
*And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
'Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
'*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
'Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
'And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
'Ah, that my fear were false![9] ah, that it were!
'For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* GLO.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret;[1] my heart is drown'd with grief,
*Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
*My body round engirt with misery;
*For what 's more miserable than discontent?—
*Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
*The map of honour,[2] truth, and loyalty;

[9] *Ah! that my fear were false!* &c.] The variation is here worth noting In the original play, instead of these two lines, we have the following:

"Farewel my sovereign; long may'st thou enjoy
"Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!" *Malone.*

[1] *Ay, Margaret;* &c.] Of this speech the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. In the King's speech a line seems to be lost:

"*Queen.* What, will your highness leave the parliament?
"*King.* Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with grief;
* * * * * * *
"Where I may sit, and sigh in endless moan,
"For who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none."

If, therefore, according to the conjecture already suggested, these plays were originally the composition of another author, the speech before us belongs to Shakspeare. It is observable that one of the expressions in it is found in his *Richard II*, and in *The Rape of Lucrece;* and in perusing the subsequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed. *Malone.*

* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
* That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
* What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
* That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,[3]
* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
* Looking the way her harmless young one went,
* And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
* Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
* With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
' His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
' Say—*Who's a traitor*, Gloster *he is none.* [*Exit.*
* Q. *Mar.* Free lords,[4] cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

2 *The* map *of honour,*] In *King Richard II,* if I remember right, we have the same words. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
"Showing life's triumph in the *map* of death." *Malone.*

3 *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,] But how can it *stray* when it is *bound?* The poet certainly intended when it *strives;* i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And so he elsewhere employs this word. *Thirlby.*

This emendation is admitted by the succeeding editors, and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to believe that in this passage, as in many, there is a confusion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was suggested by one image, and part by another, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right. *Johnson.*

There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The Duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. *Tollet.*

4 Free *lords,* &c.] By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of re-

* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
* Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
* With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
* Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,[5]
* With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
* Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
* This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
* To rid us from the fear we have of him.
* *Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy;
* But yet we want a colour for his death:
* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
* *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
* The king will labour still to save his life,
* The commons haply rise to save his life;
* And we yet have but trivial argument,
* More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
* *York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.
* *Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.[6]—
* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
* Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
* Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set

ligion as is the King; but are men of the world, and know how to live. *Warburton.*

So, in *Twelfth Night:*

" And the *free* maids that weave" &c. *Steevens.*

5 —— in *a flowering bank,*] i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unnecessarily—*on* a flowering bank. *Malone.*

6 *'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.*] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. *Johnson.*

York had more reason, because Duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So, Act III, sc. v:

" For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
" And Henry put apart, the next for me." *Steevens.*

See Sir John Fenn's Observations on the duke of Suffolk's *death, in* the collection of *The* Paston Letters, Vol. I, p. 48.

Henley.

* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
' *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer 't not madness then,
' To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
' Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
' His guilt should be but idly posted over,
' Because his purpose is not executed.
' No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
' By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
' Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
' As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.[7]

[7] *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,*
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.] The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being prov'd by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to show that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. *Johnson.*

This passage, as Johnson justly observes, is perplexed, but the perplexity arises from an error that ought to be corrected, which it may be by the change of a single letter. What is it that Humphrey proved by reasons to the king?—This line, as it stands, is absolutely nonsense:—But if we read Humphrey's, instead of Humphrey, and reason instead of reasons, the letter *s* having been transferred through inadvertency from one word to the other, the meaning of Suffolk will be clearly expressed; and if we enclose also the third line in a parenthesis, the passage will scarcely require either explanation or comment:

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
(*Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood*)
As Humphrey's prov'd by reason to my liege.

Suffolk's argument is this:—As Humphrey is the next heir to the crown, it is as imprudent to make him protector to the king, as it would be to make the fox surveyor of the fold; and as we kill a fox before he has actually worried any of the sheep, because we know that by nature he is an enemy to the flock, so we should *get rid of Humphrey*, because we know that he must be *by reason* an enemy to the King. *M. Mason.*

As seems to be here used for *like*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *like*.

' And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
' Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
' Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
' So he be dead; for that is good deceit
' Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.[8]
* *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
* *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done;
* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
* Seeing the deed is meritorious,
* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
' Say but the word, and I will be his priest.[9]
* *Cur.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
* Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,[1]
* And I 'll provide his executioner,
* I tender so the safety of my liege.
* *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

some probability, As Humphrey's prov'd &c. In the original play, instead of these lines, we have the following speech:

" *Suf.* And so think I, madam; for as you know,
" If our king Henry had shook hands with death,
" Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king.
" And it may be, by policy he works,
" To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt.
" The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb;
" But if we take him ere he doth the deed,
" We should not question if that he should live.
" No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
" Lest that in living he offend us more." *Malone.*

[8] ——*for that is good deceit*
Which mates *him first, that first intends deceit.*] *Mates* him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the King is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. *Percy.*

Mates him, means *confounds* him; from *amatir* or *mater*, Fr. To *mate* is no term in chess. *Check mate*, the term alluded to, is a corruption of the Persian *schah mat;* the king is killed. *Ritson.*

To mate, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or destroy; from *matar*, Span. to kill. *Malone.*

[9] —— *I will be his priest.*] I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the last man whom he will see. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *and censure well the* deed,] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. *Johnson.*

See Vol. VII, p. 212, n. 2.

* *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
* *York.* And I: and now we three[2] have spoke it,
* It skills not[3] greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* Great lords,[4] from Ireland am I come amain,
' To signify—that rebels there are up,
' And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
* Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
* Before the wound do grow uncurable;
* For, being green, there is great hope of help.
* *Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop![5]
' What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
' *York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
' 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
' Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
' *Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,
' Had been the regent there instead of me,
' He never would have staid in France so long.
' *York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
' I rather would have lost my life betimes,
* Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

[2] —— *we* three —] Surely, the word *three* should be omitted. The verse is complete without it:

And so say I.
And I: and now we have spoke it, —.

But the metre of these plays scarce deserves the reformation which it too frequently requires. *Steevens.*

[3] *It skills not* —] It is of no importance. *Johnson.*

[4] *Great lords,* &c.] I shall subjoin this speech as it stands in the quarto:

"Madam I bring you news from Ireland;
"The wild Onele, my lord, is up in arms,
"With troops of Irish kernes, that uncontroll'd
"Doth plant themselves within the English pale,
"And burn and spoil the country, as they go."

Surely here is not an imperfect exhibition of the lines in the folio, hastily taken down in the theatre by the ear or in short-hand as I once concurred with others in thinking to be the case. We have here an original and distinct draught; so that we must be obliged to maintain that Shakspeare wrote two plays on the present subject, a hasty sketch, and a more finished performance; or else must acknowledge, that he formed the piece before us on a foundation laid by another writer. *Malone.*

[5] —— *expedient stop!*] i. e. expeditious. So, in King John:
"*His marches are expedient* to this town." Steevens.

* By staying there so long, till all were lost.
* Show me one scar charácter'd on thy skin:
* Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
  * *Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
* If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
* No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
* Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
* Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
  York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!
  ' *Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
  ' *Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
' The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
' And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
' To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
' Collected choicely, from each county some,
' And try your hap against the Irishmen?
  * *York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
  * *Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent;
* And, what we do establish, he confirms:
* Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
  ' *York.* I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
' Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
  ' *Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.[6]
' But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
  ' *Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,
' That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
' And so break off; the day is almost spent:
' Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
  ' *York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

[6] ——*that I will see perform'd.*] In the old play this office is given to Buckingham:

" *Queen.* —— my lord of Buckingham,
" Let it be your charge to muster up such soldiers,
" As shall suffice him in these needful wars.
" *Buck.* Madam, I will; and levy such a band
" As soon shall overcome those Irish rebels:
" But York, where shall those soldiers stay for thee?
" *York.* At Bristol I 'll expect them ten days hence.
" *Buck.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewel."
[*Exit* Buck.

Here again we have a very remarkable variation. *Malone.*

'At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
'For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* YORK.
'*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
'And change misdoubt to resolution:
* Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
* Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
* Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
* And find no harbour in a royal heart.
* Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
* My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
* Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
* Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
* To send me packing with an host of men:
* I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
* Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
'I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
'You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
'Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
* I will stir up in England some black storm,
* Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
* And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
* Until the golden circuit on my head,[7]
* Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw,[8]
'And, for a minister of my intent,
'I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
'John Cade of Ashford,
'To make commotion, as full well he can,

[7] *Until the* golden circuit *on my head,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
" All that impedes thee from the *golden round,*
" Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
" To have thee *crown'd* withall."
Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
" ——— a sleep
" That from this *golden rigol* hath divorc'd
" So many English kings." *Malone.*

[8] —— *mad-bred* flaw,] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind. *Johnson.*

‘ Under the title of John Mortimer.
* In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
* Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;[9]
* And fought so long,[1] till that his thighs with darts
* Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
* And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
* Caper upright like a wild Mórisco,[2]
* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,[3]
* Hath he conversed with the enemy;
* And undiscover'd come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villainies.

[9] ——*a troop of* Kernes;] *Kernes* were light-armed Irish foot-soldiers. *Steevens.*

[1] *And* fought *so long,*] Read—And *fight* so long. *Ritson.*

[2] ——*a wild* Mórisco,] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. *Johnson.*

In *Albion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of *mimicks* or *Moriscos.*

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

"Your wit skips a *Morisco.*"

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius describes it thus: "——faciem plerumque inficiunt fulgine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse."

In the churchwardens' accompts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of Queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—"For two dossin of *Morres* bells." As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their public festivals. *Steevens.*

The editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 255, mentions seeing a company of morrice-dancers from Abington, at Richmond in Surrey, so late as the summer of 1783. They appeared to be making a kind of annual circuit. *Reed.*

Morrice-dancing, with bells on the legs, is common at this day in Oxfordshire and the adjacent counties, on May-day,—Holy-Thursday, and Whitsun-ales, attended by the fool, or, as he is generally called, the 'Squird, and also a lord and lady; nor is the hobby-horse forgot." *Harris.*

[3] ——*like a* shag-hair'd *crafty* Kerne,] See Vol. VII, p. 188, n. 3; *and p.* 16. n. 5. *Malone.*

* This devil here shall be my substitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
' By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the house and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
' I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
' Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
' And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me.[4] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.[5]

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

* 1. *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
* We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
* 2. *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

' 1. *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

[4] *For, Humphrey being dead,* &c.] Instead of this couplet we find in the old play these lines:

"And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
"None then can stop the light to England's crown,
"But York can tame, and headlong pull them down."

Malone.

[5] *Scene II.*] This scene, and the directions concerning it, stand thus in the quarto edition:

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.

"*Suff.* How now, sirs! what, have you dispatcht him?
"*One.* I, my lord; hee 's dead, I warrant you.
"*Suff.* Then see the cloathes, laid smoothe about him still,
"That when the king comes, he may perceive
"No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
2. "All things is handsome now, my lord.
"*Suff. Then draw* the curtaines againe, and get you gon,
"*And you shall have* your firme reward anon."

[*Exit Murtherers.* Steevens.

'*Suf.* Now, sirs, have you
'Despatch'd this thing?
'1. *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
'*Suf.* Why that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
'I will reward you for this venturous deed.
'The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
'Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
'According as I gave directions?
'1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
'*Suf.* Away, be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and Others.*

'*K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
'Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
'If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
'*Suf.* I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
'*K. Hen.* Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
'Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
'Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
'He be approv'd in practice culpable.
'*Q. Mar.* God forbid, any malice should prevail,
'That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
'Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
'*K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.[6]—

[6] *I thank thee,* Margaret; &c.] In former editions:
I thank thee, Nell, *these words content me much.*
This is King Henry's reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reason why he should forget his own wife's name, and call her Nell instead of Margaret. As the change of a single letter sets all right, I am willing to suppose it came from his pen thus:
I thank thee. Well, *these words content me much. Theobald.*

It has been observed by two or three commentators, that it is no way extraordinary the King should forget his wife's name, as it appears in no less than three places that she forgets it herself, calling herself Eleanor. It has also been said, that, if any contraction of the real name is used, it should be *Meg.* All this is very true; but as an alteration must be made, Theobald's is just as good, and as probable, as any other. I have therefore retained it, and wish it could have been done with propriety without a *note. Reed.*

Though the King could not well forget his wife's name, either *Shakspeare* or the transcriber might. That Nell is not a mistake

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

* How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
‘ Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
* *Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!
* *Car.* God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*
‘ *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.[7]
* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!
* *Suf.* He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.
* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!
* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[8] to sing a raven's note,
* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
‘ By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
‘ Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
‘ Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

of the press for *Well*, is clear from a subsequent speech of the *Queen's* in this scene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Duchess of Gloster, is again *three times* printed instead of *Margaret*. No reason can be assigned why the proper correction should be made in all those places, and not here. *Malone.*

I have admitted Mr. Malone's correction; and yet must remark, that while it is favourable to sense it is injurious to metre. *Steevens.*

[7] Som. *Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.*] As nothing further is spoken either by *Somerset* or the *Cardinal*, or by any one else to show that they continue in the presence, it is to be presumed that they take advantage of the confusion occasioned by the King's swooning, and slip out unperceived. The next news we hear of the *Cardinal*, he is *at the point of* death. Ritson.

[8] ——*right now*—] Just now, even now. Johnson.

'Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
'Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
'Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
'And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:[9]
* For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
* Although the duke was enemy to him,
* Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,[1]
* And all to have the noble duke alive.
'What know I how the world may deem of me?
'For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
'It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
* So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
* To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
'*K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me,[2] more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?[3]

[9] —— *Come, basilisk,*
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:] So, in *Albion's England*, B. I, c. iii:
"——— As Æsculap an herdsman did espie,
"That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,
"Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."
Reed.
So, Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time:
"Natus in ardentis Libyæ basiliscus arena,
"Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque nocet." *Malone.*

[1] —— blood-drinking *sighs,*] So, in the Third Part of this Play, Act IV, sc. iv:
"And stop the rising of *blood-sucking* sighs." *Steevens.*
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"—— dry sorrow drinks our blood." *Malone.*

[2] *Be woe for me,*] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. *Johnson.*

* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
* Erect his statue then, and worship it,
* And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
' And twice by aukward wind[4] from England's bank
' Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,[5]
* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
* And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

3 *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This allusion, which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Psalm* lviii, may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I, fol. x:

" A serpent, whiche that aspidis
" Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
" That he the stone noblest of all
" The whiche that men carbuncle call,
" Bereth in his heed above on hight;
" For whiche whan that a man by slight
" (The stone to wynne, and him to dante)
" With his carecte him wolde enchante,
" Anone as he perceiveth that,
" *He leyeth downe his one eare all plat*
" *Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:*
" *And eke that other eare als faste*
" *He stoppeth with his taille so sore*
" *That he the wordes, lasse nor more,*
" *Of his enchantement ne hereth:*
" And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,
" So that he hath the wordes wayved,
" And thus his eare is nought deceived."

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" Have ears more *deaf* than *adders*, to the voice
" Of any true decision." *Steevens.*

4 —— *aukward wind* —] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. *Steevens.*

The same uncommon epithet is applied to the same subject by Marlowe in his *King Edward II:*

" With *aukward* winds, and with sore tempests driven
" To fall on shore —." *Malone.*

5 *What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,*] I believe we should read—*but curse the gentle gusts.* *M. Mason.*

* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
* But left that hateful office unto thee:
* The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
* Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,
* With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
* The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands,[6]
* And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
* Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
* Might in thy palace perish Margaret.[7]
* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
* When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
* I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
* And when the dusky sky began to rob
* My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
* I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
* And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
* And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
* And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
* And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
* For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
* (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
* To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
* When he to madding Dido, would unfold
* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?[8]

[6] *The splitting rocks* &c.] The sense seems to be this—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. *Steevens.*

That is, the rocks whose property it is to split, shrunk into the sands, and would not dash me, &c. *M. Mason.*

[7] *Might in thy palace* perish *Margaret.*] The verb *perish* is here used actively. Thus, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, Cap. CCClvi:

"Syr Johan Arundell their capitayne was there *peryshed.*"

Again, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— let not my sins
"*Perish* your noble youth." *Steevens.*

[8] *To sit and* witch *me, as Ascanius did,*
When he to madding Dido, would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy? Old copy—To *sit* and *watch* me, &c. *Steevens.*

* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?[9]
* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
* For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

' *War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,
' That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
' By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
' The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
' That want their leader, scatter up and down,
' And care not who they sting in his revenge.
' Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
' Until they hear the order† of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:[1]

The poet here is unquestionably alluding to Virgil (*Æneid I.*) but he strangely blends fact with fiction. In the first place, it was Cupid in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the process of Troy's destruction; but it was Æneas himself who related this history. Again, how did the supposed Ascanius sit and *watch* her? Cupid was ordered, while Dido mistakenly caressed him, to bewitch and infect her with love. To this circumstance the poet certainly alludes; and, unless he had wrote, as I have restored to the text—

To sit and witch *me,* ——

why should the Queen immediately draw this inference—

Am I not witch'd *like her? Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's emendation is supported by a line in *King Henry IV,* P. I, where the same verb is used:

"To *witch* the world with noble horsemanship."

It may be remarked, that this mistake was certainly the mistake of Shakspeare, whoever may have been the original author of the first sketch of this play; for this long speech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, consisting only of seven lines, in which there is no allusion to Virgil. *Malone.*

9 *Am I not witch'd like her?* or *thou* not *false like him?*] This line, as it stands, is nonsense. We should surely read it thus:

Am I not witch'd like her? Art thou not false like him?
M. Mason.

The superfluity of syllables in this line induces me to suppose it stood originally thus:

Am I not witch'd like her? thou false like him? Steevens.

1 —— *not Henry:*] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. *Johnson.*

† —— *order of his death.*] i. e. *manner.* *Am. Ed.*

'Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
'And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WAR. *goes into an inner Room, and* SAL. *retires.*

* *K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
* For judgment only doth belong to thee!
* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain[2]
* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
* But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
* And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
* What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his Bed:* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*[3]

[2] —— *and to drain*

Upon —] This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *distilling*. *Malone.*

Surely our author wrote *rain*, not *drain*. The discharge of a single letter furnishes what seems to me a necessary emendation, confirmed by two passages, one in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

"To *rain* a shower of commanded tears."

And another, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"To *rain upon* remembrance with mine eyes." *Steevens.*

[3] This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is—"Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed." In the folio: "A bed with Gloster's body put forth." These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction in the folio, "to *put forth* a bed," was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed *forwards* behind those curtains previous to their being drawn open. *Malone.*

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made:
* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
* For seeing him, I see my life in death.[4]†
' *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
' With that dread King that took our state upon him
' To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
' I do believe that violent hands were laid
' Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
' What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
' *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[5]

[4] *For seeing him, I see my life in death.*] Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus:

For seeing him, I see my death *in life.*

That is, Seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line:

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. *That is to see how deep my grave is made.* *Johnson.*

Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand.—*I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* *Percy.*

I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death; I see my *life expiring*, or rather *expired*. The conceit is much in our author's manner. So, in *Macbeth:*

"——the *death* of each day's *life.*"

Our poet in *King Richard III*, has a similar play of words, though the sentiment is reversed:

"—— even through the hollow eyes of death
"I spy life peering." *Malone.*

† This is an exquisite figure which in few words conveys to the mind at once the king's idea of the magnitude of his loss; and is more fully expressed in the following quotation, for which I am indebted to memory: "he was my strength, my guardian; death has robbed me of my protector, of the arm on which I could lean with confidence; he was my life, whom now I see in death."

Am. Ed.

[5] *Oft have I seen a* timely-*parted* ghost, &c.] All that is true of the body of a dead man is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read:

Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.

But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet *timely-parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in Hamlet *there is mention of peace-parted souls*, so here timely-parted must *have the same substantive.* He removed one imaginary difficulty,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

'*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* Car. Som. *and Others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

'*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood;
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
* Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,
* And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt* Suf. *and* War.

**K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;[1]
* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A Noise within.*

Q. *Mar.* What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

' *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
' Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
' Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a croud within. Re-enter Salisbury.

**Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.— [*Speaking to those within.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
' They will by violence tear him from your palace,
* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
' They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
' And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
' Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
' As being thought to contradict your liking,—
' Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
* They say, in care of your most royal person,
* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
* And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
* Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

[1] *Thrice is he arm'd,* &c.] So, in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion:
"*Come, moor; I 'm arm'd* with more than complete steel,
"*The justice of my quarrel.*" *Malone.*

* That slily glided towards your majesty,
* It were but necessary, you were wak'd;
* Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
* The mortal worm[2] might make the sleep eternal:
* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
* That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
* With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*within*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator[3] you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort[4] of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*within*] An answer from the king, or we 'll all break in.

' *K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
' I thank them for their tender loving care:
' And had I not been 'cited so by them,
' Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
' For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophecy
' Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
' And therefore,—by his majesty I swear,
' Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
' He shall not breathe infection in this air[5]

[2] *The* mortal worm ——] i. e. the *fatal*, the *deadly* worm. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"This news is *mortal* to the queen."

Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in *The Devil's charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says, when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes:

"How now, proud *worms?* how tastes you princes' blood?" *Steevens.*

[3] —— *how* quaint *an orator* —] *Quaint* for *dextrous, artificial*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* "— a ladder quaintly made of cords." *Malone.*

[4] —— *a sort* —] is a *company*. *Johnson.*

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"—— russet-pated choughs, many in sort." *Steevens.*

'But three days longer, on the pain of death. [*Exit* SAL.
'*Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!
'*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
'No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
'Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
'Had I but said, I would have kept my word
'But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
* If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
* On any ground that I am ruler of,
* The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
'Come, Warwick, come good Warwick, go with me;
'I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt K.* HEN. WAR. *Lords*, &c.
'*Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you![6]
'Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
'Be playfellows to keep you company!
'There 's two of you; the devil make a third!
'And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
* *Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
'*Q. Mar.* Fy, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
'Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[7]

[5] *He shall not breathe infection in this air* —] That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. *Malone.*

[6] *Mischance, and sorrow,* &c.] In the original play the queen is still more violent:
"Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you!" *Malone.*

[7] *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. *Johnson.*

The same allusion occurs in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, by Randolph:
"This is the *mandrake's voice* that *undoes me.*" *Steevens.*

Bulleine in his Bulwarke of Defence against Sicknesse, &c. fol. *1579, p. 41, speaking of* Mandragora says—"They doe affyrme *that this herbe* commeth of the seede of some convicted dead

'I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
'With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink![8]
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees![9]
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks![1]
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings![1]
Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
* And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
* Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
* And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?[2]

men: and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terreble shriek and cry of this *Mandrack*. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast whych pulleth it out of the earth. *Reed.*

[8] —— *Poison be their drink!*] Most of these execrations are used, in the very words of Shakspeare, by Lee, in his *Cæsar Borgia*, Act IV. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *of* cypress *trees!*] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *murdering* basilisks! —— lizards' *stings!*] It has been said of the *basilisk* that it has the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. *Steevens.*

[2] *You bade me ban, and will* you bid *me* leave?] This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience,

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,[3]
* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
* To wash away my woful monuments.
' O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;
[*Kisses his hand.*
* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
' Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee![4]
' So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
' 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
' I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
' Adventure to be banished myself:
* And banished I am, if but from thee.
* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
* O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves, but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. *Johnson.*

[3] *O, let me entreat thee,* &c.] Instead of the first four lines of this speech, we find in the old play these, which Shakspeare has availed himself of elsewhere:

"No more, sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France;
"Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,
"I 'll have an Irish [Iris] that shall find thee out."

Malone.

[4] *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,*
Through whom a thousand sighs &c.] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou might'st think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. *Johnson.*

See the song introduced in *Measure for Measure*:

"But my *kisses* bring again,
"*Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old play. *Malone.*

* Lother a hundred times to part than die.
* Yet now farewel; and farewel life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
* A wilderness is populous enough,
* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
* For where thou art, there is the world itself,[5]
* With every several pleasure in the world;
* And where thou art not, desolation.
* I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

' *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news. I pr'ythee?
' *Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
' For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
' That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
' Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
' Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
' Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
* The secrets of his over-charged soul:[6]
' And I am sent to tell his majesty,
' That even now he cries aloud for him.
' *Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit* VAUX.

[5] *For where thou art,* &c.] So, Lucretius:
"Nec sine te pulchrum dias in luminis auras
"Exoritur, neque sit lætum nec amabile quicquam."
Still more elegantly Milton, in a passage of his *Comus,* (afterwards omitted) v. 214, &c:
"—— while I see you,
"This dusky hollow is a paradise,
"And heaven gates o'er my head." *Steevens.*

[6] *And whispers to his pillow, as to him,*
The secrets &c.] The first of these lines is in the old play. The second is unquestionably our author's. The thought appears to have struck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth:*
"—— Infected minds
"To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets."
Malone.

'Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?[7]
'But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,[8]
'Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
'Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
'And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
'Theirs for the earth's increase,[9] mine for my sorrows?
'Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming;
'If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
'*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
'And in thy sight to die what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
'As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight,[1] I should be raging mad,
'And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
'To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
'So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,[2]

[7] *Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?*] Instead of this line, the quarto reads:

"Oh! what is worldly pomp? all men must die,
"And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *at an hour's poor loss,*] She means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes. *Johnson.*

I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time,* who, being an old man could not have had a long time to live? *Steevens.*

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to say, "Why do I lament a circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?" *Malone.*

[9] ——*for the earth's* increase,] See Vol. II, p. 279, n. 1. *Malone.*

[1] Where, *from thy sight,*] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *whereas.* It is so used here. *Malone.*

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"*And where I thought* the remnant of mine age" &c.

See Vol. II, p. 189, n. 4. Steevens.

'Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.
'*Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,[3]
'It is applied to a deathful wound.
'To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
'For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris[4] that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.[5]
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me.
[*Exeunt, severally.*

[2] —— *turn my flying soul,*] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:

"See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
"Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul." *Steevens.*

[3] *Away! though parting be a fretful* corrosive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced *corsive;* and the metre shows that it ought to be so printed here. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"His son distrest, a *corsive* to his heart."

Again, in *The Alchymist*, by Ben Jonson, 1610:

"Now do you see that something's to be done
"Beside your beech-coal and your *corsive* waters."

Again, in an *Ode* by the same:

"I send not balms nor *corsives* to your wound." *Malone.*

Thus also, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 600: "a *corsive* to all content, a frenzie," &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *I 'll have an Iris* —] Iris was the messenger of Juno. *Johnson.*

So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"—— this distemper'd messenger of wet,
"The many-colour'd *Iris* —." *Steevens.*

[5] *And take my heart* with *thee.*] I suppose, to complete the verse, we should read:

——— along *with* thee. Steevens.

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal* Beaufort's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY,[6] SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Others. The* Cardinal *in bed; Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord?[7] speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

' *Car.* If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,[8]

[6] *Enter King Henry,* &c.] The quarto offers the following stage directions. *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad. Steevens.*

This description did not escape our author, for he has availed himself of it elsewhere. See the speech of Vaux in page 210. *Malone.*

[7] *How fares my lord?* &c.] This scene, and that in which the dead body of the duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired. Having already submitted to the reader the lines on which the former scene is founded, I shall now subjoin those which gave rise to that before us:

"*Car.* O death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,
"I 'll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island.
"*King.* O see, my lord of Salisbury how he is troubled.
"Lord Cardinal, remember, Christ must have thy soul.
"*Car.* Why, dy'd he not in his bed?
"What would you have me to do then?
"Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
"Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison, which
"The 'pothecary sent me.
"O, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand?
"And stares me in the face! Look; look; comb down his hair.
"So now, he 's gone again. Oh, oh, oh.
"*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.
"*King.* Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly bliss,
"Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to me.
[*The Cardinal dies.*
"O see, he dies, and makes no sign at all.
"O God, forgive his soul!
"*Sal.* So bad an end did never none behold;
"But *as his death,* so was his life in all.
"*King. Forbear* to judge, good Salisbury forbear;
"*For God will judge* us all. Go take him hence,
"*And see his funerals* be perform'd." [Exeunt. Malone.

'Enough to purchase such another island,
'So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
* When death's approach is seen so terrible!
* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
'Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?[9]—
* O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
'Alive again? then show me where he is;
'I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.[1]—
'Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
'Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
'Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
'Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

[8] *If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,* &c.] The following passage in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI, fol. 70, b. suggested the corresponding lines to the author of the old play: "During these doynges, Henry Beaufford, byshop of Winchester, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.—This man was—haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal; disdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous insaciable and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his pryvie counsailer and his chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed, he said these words: 'Why should I dye, having so muche riches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye will not death be hyred, nor will money do nothynge? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought my selfe able to be equal with kinges, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worne a trypple croune. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me." *Malone.*

[9] *Can I make men live? whe'r they will or no?*] So, in *King John*:
"We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
"Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
"Have I commandment on the pulse of life?" *Malone.*

[1] *He hath no eyes,* &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
"Which thou dost glare with." *Malone.*

* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
* And from his bosom purge this black despair!
' *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
' Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
' Hold up thy hand,[2] make signal of thy hope.—
' He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
' *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
' *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge,[3] for we are sinners all.—
' Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
' And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*[4]

[2] *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus, in the spurious play of *K. John*, 1591, Pandulph sees the King dying, and says:

"Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
"*Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive."

Again:

"*Lift up thy hand*, that we may witness here,
"Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ:—
"Now joy betide thy soul!" *Steevens.*

When a dying person is incapable of speech, it is usual (in the church of Rome) previous to the administration of the sacraments, to obtain some *sign* that he is desirous of having them administered. The passage may have an allusion to this practice. C.

[3] *Forbear to judge,* &c.]

"Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,
"Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est."
Johnson.

[4] *Exeunt.*] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the criticks, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. *Johnson.*

ACT IV.....SCENE I.

Kent. *The Sea-shore near* Dover.[5]

Firing heard at Sea.[6] *Then enter from a Boat, a* Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and Others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day[7]
* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

[5] The circumstance on which this scene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his *Chronicle*:—"But fortuue would not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years,] shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, entendynge to be transported into France, he was encountered with a shippe of warre apperteinyng to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called *The Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the head upon the sandes of Dover; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfielde college in Suffolke, and there buried." *Malone.*

See the *Paston Letters*, published by Sir John Fenn, second edit. Vol. I, p. 38, Letter X, in which this event is more circumstantially related. *Steevens.*

[6] *Firing heard at Sea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in *The Silent Woman*: "Nay, I would sit out a play that were nothing but *fights at sea*, drum, trumpet, and target." *Steevens.*

[7] *The gaudy,* blabbing, *and* remorseful *day*—] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. *Johnson.*

So, Milton, in his *Comus*, v. 138:

"Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout—." *Todd.*

Again, in Spenser, *Brit. Ida.* c. ii, st. 3:

"For Venus hated his all-*blabbing* light." *Steevens.*

Remorseful is pitiful. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"———— a gentleman,
"Valiant, wise, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd."

The same idea occurs in *Macbeth*:

"Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day." Steevens.

* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
* That drag the tragick melancholy night;
* Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
* Clip dead men's graves,[8] and from their misty jaws
* Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
* Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
* Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,
* Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
' Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
' And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
' The other, [*pointing to* Suf.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
' 1 *Gent.* What is my ransome, master? let me know.
' *Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
' *Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
* *Capt.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;

This speech is an amplification of the following one in the first part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600:

"Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yield;
"Unlade their goods with speed, and *sink their ship*.
"Here master, this prisoner I give to you,
"This other the master's mate shall have;
"And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt have this man;
"And let them pay their ransome ere they pass.
"*Suff.* Walter!" [*He starteth.*

Had Shakspeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwise obtained, his lines might have been mutilated, or imperfectly represented; but would a new circumstance (like that of *sinking* Suffolk's *ship*) not found in the original, have been *added* by the copyist?—On the other hand, if Shakspeare new modelled the work of another, such a circumstance might well be *omitted*. *Malone.*

[8] ——— *the jades*
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves,] The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakspeare, to be drawn by dragons. *Johnson.*

See Vol. II, p. 330, n. 8. *Malone.*

See also, Cymbeline, Act II, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

* The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
* Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.[9]
* 1 *Gent.* I 'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
* 2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
' *Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
' And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To* SUF.
' And so should these, if I might have my will.
* *Capt.* Be not so rash; take ransome, let him live.
' *Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;[1]
' Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

[9] *The lives of those* &c.] The old copy (from which some deviation, for the sake of obtaining sense, was necessary,) has—

"The lives *of those* which we have lost in fight,
"Be counter-poys'd with such a pettie sum."

Mr. Malone reads:

"The lives *of those* which we have lost in fight
"*Cannot* be counterpois'd with such a petty sum."

But every reader will observe, that the last of these lines is incumbered with a superfluous foot. I conceive, that the passage originally stood as follows:

"The lives of those we have lost in fight, cannot
"Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum." *Steevens.*

I suspect that a line has been lost, preceding—"The lives of those," &c. and that this speech belongs to *Whitmore;* for it is inconsistent with what the captain says afterwards. The word *cannot* is not in the folio. The old play affords no assistance. The word now added is necessary to the sense, and is a less innovation on the text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can those lives,* &c.

The emendation made in this passage, (which was written by Shakspeare, there being no trace of it in the old play,) is supported by another in *Coriolanus,* in which we have again the same expression, and nearly the same sentiments:

"The man I speak of *cannot* in the world
"*Be* singly *counterpois'd.*" *Malone.*

The difference between the Captain's present and succeeding sentiments may be thus accounted for. Here, he is only striving to intimidate his prisoners into a ready payment of their ransome. Afterwards his natural disposition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraidings of Suffolk. *Steevens.*

[1] *Look on my* George,] In the first edition it is *my ring.* *Warburton.*

Here we have another proof of what has been already so often observed. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded *either by* the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ransome of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but *here* a thousand crowns. *Malone.*

'*Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
'How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
'*Suf.* Thy name affrights me,[2] in whose sound is death.
'A cunning man did calculate my birth,
'And told me—that by *Water*[3] I should die:
'Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
'Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
'Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
'Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,[4]
'But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
'Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
'Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
'And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUF.

[2] *Thy name affrights me,*] But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to "*Walter Whickmore,*" Suffolk *immediately* exclaims, *Walter!* Whickmore asks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name affrights me." Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. *Malone.*

[3] —— *by* Water —] So, in queen Margaret's letter to this duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton:

"I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,
"Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,
"And one foretold, by *water* thou should'st die," &c.

A note on these lines says, "The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water.*" See the fourth scene of the first act of this play. *Steevens.*

[4] *Ne'er yet did base dishonour* &c.] This and the following lines are founded on these two in the old play:

"And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,
"Then *cast me headlong down into the sea.*"

The new image which Shakspeare has introduced into this speech, "——— my arms torn and defac'd,"—is found also in *King Richard II:*

"From my own windows *torn my household coat,*
"Raz'd out my impress; leaving me no sign,—
"Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
"To show *the world* I am a gentleman."

See the notes on that passage. Vol. VIII, p. 70, n. 3 and 4. Malone.

' *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
' *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?[5]
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain,[6] king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
' Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.[7]
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
' Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
' And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
' How often hast thou waited at my cup,
' Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
' When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:[8]
* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
* And duly waited for my coming forth?
' This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

[5] *Jove sometime went disguis'd* &c] This verse is omitted in all but the first old edition, [quarto 1600,] without which what follows is not sense. The next line also:

Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,

was falsely put in the Captain's mouth. *Pope.*

[6] —— lowly *swain,*] The folio reads—*lowsy swain. Steevens.*

The quarto *lowly.* In a subsequent passage the folio has the word right:

By such a lowly *vassal as thyself.*

Lowsy was undoubtedly an error of the press. *Malone.*

[7] —— *a* jaded *groom.*] I suppose he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horses; which in our author's time were frequently termed *jades.* The original play has *jady,* which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words seem to afford) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivoque. *Jaded* groom, however, may mean a groom whom all men treat with contempt; as worthless as the most paltry kind of horse.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— if we live thus tamely,
" To be thus *jaded* by a piece of scarlet —." *Malone.*

A *jaded* groom may signify a groom who has hitherto been treated with no greater ceremony than a horse. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *abortive pride:*] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride *issuing* before its time. *Johnson.*

'And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.[8]

* *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

* *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

* *Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

'*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
'Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.[9]

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?[1]

'Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
'Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
'Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
'For swallowing[2] the treasure of the realm:
'Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
'And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,[3]

[8] —— charm thy *riotous* tongue.] i. e. restrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be silent. See Vol. VI, p. 109, n. 6, and Mr. Steeven's note in *Othello*, Act V, sc. ult. where Iago uses the same expression. It occurs frequently in the books of our author's age. *Malone.*

Again, in the Third Part of this Play, Act V, sc. iii:

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue.*" *Steevens*

[9] *Thou dar'st not* &c.] In the quarto edition the passage stands thus:

"*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.
"*Cap.* Yes, Pole?
"*Suf.* Pole?
"*Cap.* Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, sink and dirt,
"I 'll stop that yawning mouth of thine."

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the text, to introduce the Captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c. *Steevens.*

It is clear from what follows that these speeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakspeare, but accidentally omitted at the press. I have therefore restored them. *Malone.*

[1] *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole, kennel, puddle.* *Johnson.*

[2] For *swallowing* —] He means, perhaps, so as to prevent thy swallowing, &c. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "— he is now in huckster's handling *for* running away." I have met with many other instances of this kind of phraseology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true one. *Malone.*

'Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,[4]
* Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:[5]
* And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
* For daring to affy[6] a mighty lord
* Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
* Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
* By devilish policy art thou grown great,
* And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
* With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
* By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
* The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
* Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
* Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
* And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
* The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
* Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
* As hating thee, are rising[7] up in arms:
* And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
* By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
* And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
* Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

[3] *And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,* &c.] This enumeration of Suffolk's crimes seems to have been suggested by *The Mirrour of Magistrates,* 1575, *Legend of William de la Pole:*

"And led me back again to Dover road,
"Where *unto me recounting all my faults,*—
"As murthering of duke Humphrey in his bed,
"And how I had brought all the realm to nought,
"Causing the king unlawfully to wed,
"There was no grace but I must lose my head." *Malone.*

[4] —— *shalt grin in vain,*] From hence to the end of this speech is undoubtedly the original composition of Shakspeare, no traces of it being found in the elder play. *Malone.*

[5] —— *the senseless* winds ——
Who, in contempt, *shall* hiss *at thee again:*] The same worthless image occurs also in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"—— —— the *winds*
"Who, nothing hurt withal, *hiss'd* him in scorn." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *to* affy —] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveston:*
"In bands of wedlock did to me *affy*
"A lady," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] —— are *rising* —] Old copy—and rising. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

* Advance our half-fac'd sun,[8] striving to shine,
* Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
* The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
* Is crept into the palace of our king,
* And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
* *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
* Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
* Small things make base men proud: 'this villain here,
' Being captain of a pinnace,[9] threatens more
' Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.[1]
' Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
' It is impossible, that I should die
' By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
' Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:[2]

[8] —— *whose hopeful colours*
Advance our half-fac'd sun,] "Edward III, bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud." Camden's *Remaines*. *Malone.*

[9] *Being captain of a* pinnance,] A *pinnance* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in Winwood's *Memorials*, Vol. III, p. 118: "The king (James I,) naming the great ship, Trade's Increase; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her) Peppercorn." *Steevens.*

The complement of men on board a pinnace (or *spyner*) was about twenty five. See *Paston Letters*, Vol. I, p. 159. *Henley.*

[1] *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] Mr. Theobald says, "This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him." And yet he is to be met with in *Tully's Offices*; and the legend is the famous *Theopompus's History*: "*Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*" Lib. II, cap. xi.
Warburton.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him "Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry;" and Nicholas Grimoald, about twenty-three years afterwards, "Bargulus, the Illyrian robber."

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto; but we have another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk,

"Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
"The great Macedonian pirate."

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601:

"*Abradas* the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." Steevens.

'I go of message from the queen to France;
'I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
'*Cap.* Walter,——
'*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
* Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*[3]—'tis thee I fear.
'*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
'What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
'1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
'*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
'Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
'Far be it, we should honour such as these
'With humble suit: no, rather let my head
'Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
'Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
'And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
'Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
* True nobility is exempt from fear:—

[2] *Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:*] This line Shakspeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk; for what *remorse*, that is *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to show to his *assailant*; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his *captive*,—thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my *compassion*. *Malone.*

Perhaps our author meant (however imperfectly he may have expressed himself) to make Suffolk say—"Your words excite my anger, instead of prompting me to solicit pity." *Stevens.*

[3] *Gelidus timor occupat artus:*] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c. a corruption, I suppose, of [*pene*] the word that I have substituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the second folio, and all the modern editors, have escaped the difficulty by suppressing the word. The measure is of little consequence, for no such line, I believe, exists in any classick author. Dr. Grey refers us to "Ovid de *Trist.* 313, and *Metamorph.* 247:" a very wide field to range in; however with some trouble I found out what he meant. The line is *not* in Ovid; (nor I believe in any other poet;) but in his *De Tristibus*, Lib. I, El. iii, 113, we find

"Navita, confessus *gelido* pallore *timorem*,"—

and in his *Metamorph.* Lib. IV, 247, we meet with these lines:

"Ille quidem *gelidos* radiorum viribus *artus*,
"Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem." *Malone.*

In the eleventh Book of Virgil, Turnus (addressing Drances) says

"—— cur ante tubam *tremor* occupat artus?"

* More can I bear, than you dare execute,[4]
' *Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
' *Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,[5]
' That this my death may never be forgot!—
' Great men oft die by vile bezonians:[6]
' A Roman sworder[7] and banditto slave,
' Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand[8]
' Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

This is as near, I conceive, to Suffolk's quotation, as either of the passages already produced. Yet, somewhere, in the wide expanse of Latin Poetry, ancient and modern, the very words in question may hereafter be detected.

Penè, the gem which appears to have illuminated the dreary mine of collation, is beheld to so little advantage above-ground, that I am content to leave it where it was discovered. *Steevens.*

[4] *More can I bear, than you dare execute.*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
" To endure more miseries, and greater far,
" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *Othello:*

" Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
" As I have to be hurt." *Malone.*

[5] *Come soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,*] In the folio this line is given to the Captain by the carelessness of the printer or transcriber. The present regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followed by Dr. Warburton. *Malone.*

Surely (as has been suggested) this line belongs to the next speech. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of Suffolk's reply to the Captain. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *bezonians:*] See a note on the 2d part of *K. Henry IV*, Act V, sc. iii, Vol. IX, p. 176, n. 5:

" *Bisognoso*, is a mean low man."

So, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

" —— if he come to me like your *Bisognio*, or your boor."

Again, in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 4:

" The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France peasants, in Spain *besonyans*, and generally the cloutshoe." *Steevens.*

[7] *A Roman sworder* &c.] i. e. Hercnnius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Brutus' bastard hand*—] Brutus was the son of Servilia, *a Roman lady, who had* been concubine to Julius Cæsar. Steevens.

'Pompey the great:[9] and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit* SUF. *with* Whit. *and others.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gent.

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *Body.*

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,
'Until the queen his mistress bury it.[1] [*Exit.*

'1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
'His body will I bear unto the king:
'If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
'So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

[9] *Pompey the great:*] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. *Johnson.*

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Pompey, however, is not in the quarto. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable. *Steevens.*

Pompey being killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat in which they were, reached the coast, and his head being thrown into the sea, (a circumstance which Shakspeare found in North's translation of Plutarch) his mistake does not appear more extraordinary than some others which have been remarked in his works.

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakspeare's additions to the old play: This may account for the classical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines stand thus:

"A sworder, and banditto slave
"Murdered sweet Tully;
"Brutus' bastard hand stabb'd Julius Cæsar,
"And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas." *Malone.*

[1] *There let his head* &c.] Instead of this speech, the quarto gives us the following:

"*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the queen,
"And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,
"To see it safe deliver'd unto her." *Steevens.*

See p. 223, n. 1, and the notes there referred to. *Malone.*

See Sir John Fenn's Collection of *The Paston Letters*, Vol. I, *p. 40. Henley.*

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

'*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword,[2] though made of
'a lath; they have been up these two days†.

'*John.* They have the more need to sleep now then.

'*Geo.* I tell thee,[3] Jack Cade the clothier means to
'dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new
'nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England,[4] since gentlemen came up.[5]

* *Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
* handycrafts-men.

'*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

* *Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no good
* workmen.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vo-
* cation: which is as much to say, as,—let the magis-
* trates be labouring men; and therefore should we be
* magistrates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there 's no better sign of
* a brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son,
* the tanner of Wingham;——

[2] —— *get thee a sword,*] The quarto reads—Come away, *Nick*, and *put a long staff in thy pike*, &c. *Steevens*

So afterwards, instead of "Cade the *Clothier*," we have in the quarto "Cade the *dyer* of *Ashford*." See the notes above referred to. *Malone.*

[3] *I tell thee,*] In the original play this speech is introduced more naturally. *Nick* asks George "Sirra George, what 's the matter?" to which George replies, "Why marry, Jack Cade, the *dyer* of Ashford here," &c. *Malone.*

† —— they have been up *these two days.*] The country had *risen* in arms. *Am. Ed.*

[4] *Well, I say,* it was never merry world in England, *&c.*] The same phrase was used by the Duke of Suffolk in the time of Henry VIII: "Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these words: It was *never merry in England* (quoth hee) while we had any Cardinals *among us*," *&c.* Stowe's *Chronicle*, Fo. 1631, p. 546. Reed.

[5] —— *since gentlemen* came up.] Thus we familiarly say—*a fashion comes up. Steevens.*

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies, to
* make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,[6] ——

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and ini-
* quity's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver: ——

* Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and Others in great number.*

' *Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed
' father, ——

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[7]
[*Aside.*

' *Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before us,[8] in-

[6] *And Dick the butcher,*] In the first copy thus:
Why there 's Dick the butcher, and *Robin the sadler*, and *Will that come a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should have your parnell, and a great sort more, is come from Rochester and from Maidstone, and Canterbury, and all the towns hereabouts, and we must all be lords, or squires, as soon as Jack Cade is king.* See p. 139, n. 6; p. 145, n. 8; p. 218, n. 1. and p. 223, n. 1. *Malone.*

[7] —— *a* cade *of herrings.*] That is, A barrel of herrings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted. *Johnson.*

A cade is less than a barrel. The quantity it should contain is ascertained by the accounts of the Celeress of the Abbey of Berking. "Memorandum that a *barrel* of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth." Mon. Ang. I, 83. *Malone.*

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against *a cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. *Cade*, however, is derived from *Cadus*, Lat. a cask or barrel. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *our enemies shall fall before us,*] He alludes to his name. *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. He has too much learning for his character. *Johnson.*

We John Cade, &c.] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus:

"*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father, for *our* enemies shall fall before us; ——

"*Dick.* Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

"*Cade.* Inspired with the spirit," &c. Tyrwhitt.

In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

'spired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,
'—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet, —

'*Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

'*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her 'furr'd pack,[9] she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;[1] and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.[2] [*Aside.*

"*Cade.* I John Cade, so named *for* my valiancy,—
"*Dick.* Or rather *for* stealing of a cade of sprats."

The transposition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick's quibbling on the word *of* (which is used by Cade, according to the phraseology of our author's time, for *by*, and as employed by Dick, signifies—*on account of*,) is so much in Shakspeare's manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words "Or rather of stealing," &c. be postponed to—"For our enemies shall fall before us," Dick then, as at present, would assert—that Cade is not so called on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correspond sufficiently with the old play; but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakspeare, would be destroyed. Cade, as the speeches stand in the folio, proceeds to assign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what Dick has said.

Of is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense which it bears in Cade's speech:—"We have been called so *of* many." i. e. by many. *Malone.*

9 ——*furred pack,*] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. *Johnson.*

In the original play the words are—"and now being not able to *occupy* her furred pack,"—under which, perhaps "more was meant than meets the ear." *Malone.*

1 ——*the* field *is honourable;*] Perhaps a quibble between *field* in its heraldick, and in its common acceptation, was designed. *Steevens.*

2 —— *but the cage.*] A cage was formerly a term for a prison. *See Minsheu, in v.* We yet talk of jail-*birds*. *Malone.*

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith,* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.[3] [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops;[4] and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

'*Cade.* I thank you, good people:—there shall be no 'money;[5] all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will

There is scarce a village in England which has not a temporary place of confinement, still called *The Cage*. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*for his coat is of proof.*] A quibble between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well-tried*, that is, long worn. *Heath.*

[4] —— *the* three-hoop'd *pot shall have ten* hoops;] In *The Gul's Horn-Booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Deckar, 1609, *hoops* are mentioned among other drinking measures: "—— his *hoops*, cans, half-cans," &c. And Nash, in his *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, says: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

It appears from a passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, that "burning of cans" was one of the offices of a city magistrate. I suppose he means burning such as were not of statutable measure. *Steevens.*

An anonymous commentator supposed, perhaps with more truth, that "the burning of cans" was, marking them with a red-hot iron, which is still practised by the magistrate in many country boroughs, in proof of *their being* statutable measure.—These *cans* it should be observed, were of wood. *Henley.*

[5] —— *there shall be no money;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the

'apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree 'like brothers, and worship me their lord.

'*Dick.* The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing,[6] that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who 's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.[7]

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.[8]

Cade. Here 's a villian!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations,[9] and write court-hand.

'*Cade.* I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, on 'mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—

sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, cease immediately from riches themselves, and could never come to an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life. *Johnson.*

[6] *Is not this a lamentable thing,* &c.] This speech was transposed by Shakspeare, it being found in the old play in a subsequent scene. *Malone.*

[7] ——*the clerk of Chatham.*] The person whom Shakspeare makes clerk of Chatham should seem to have been one *Thomas Bayly,* a reputed necromancer, or fortune-teller, at Whitechapel. He had formerly been a bosom friend of Cade's, and of the same profession. *W. Wyrcester,* p. 471. *Ritson.*

[8] *We took him* &c.] We must suppose that Smith had taken the Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who now bring him in. In the old play *Will* the *weaver* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been conversing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith should go out after his speech—ending, "for his coat is of proof:" but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little consequence.—It is, I think, most probable that *Will* was the true name of this character, as in the old play, (so Dick, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith, the name of some* low actor, has crept into the folio *by mistake. Malone.*

'Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is 'thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;[1]—'Twill go hard with you.

'*Cade.* Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy 'name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest 'plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

'*All.* He hath confess'd: away with him; he 's a vil-'lain, and a traitor.

'*Cade.* Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen 'and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

'*Mich.* Where 's our general?

'*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

'*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his 'brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

'*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down: He 'shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: 'He is but a knight, is 'a?

'*Mich.* No.

'*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight 'presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at 'him.[3]

[9] —— *obligations,*] That is, *bonds. Malone.*

[1] *They use to write it on the top of letters;*] i. e. Of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata. Warburton.*

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V, containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt,* I find the same circumstance. The Archbishop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the speaker, and addresses himself to King Henry:

"I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe
"Conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel.*"

The King in answer says:

"—— deliver him safe conduct
"Under our broad seal *Emanuel.*" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *have at him.*] After this speech the old play has the following words:

"— Is there any more of them that be knights?

Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, *and* William *his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

* *Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
* Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
* The king is merciful, if you revolt:—
* *W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.
Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;[3]
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.
' *Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
' And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?
Cade. And Adam was a gardener.
' *W. Staf.* And what of that?
Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?
' *Staf.* Ay, sir.
Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.
W. Staf. That 's false.
' *Cade.* Ay, there 's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:
' The elder of them, being put to nurse,
' Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
' And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
' Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
' His son am I; deny it, if you can.
Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.
Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.
* *Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,
* That speaks he knows not what?
* *All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

" *Tom.* Yea, his brother.
" *Cade.* Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; rise up sir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum."
See p. 223, n. 1, and p. 228, n. 6. *Malone.*

[3] —— *I pass not;*] I pay them no regard. *Johnson.*
So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia:*
" Transform me to what shape you can,
" I *pass not* what it be." *Steevens.*

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* *Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*aside*]—Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

' *Dick.* And, furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's ' head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

' *Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England ' maimed,[4] and fain to go with a staff, but that my puis- ' sance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord ' Say hath gelded the commonwealth,[5] and made it an eu- ' nuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and ' therefore he is a traitor.

' *Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

' *Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are ' our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he, that ' speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good coun- ' sellor, or no?

* *All.* No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

* *W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, * Assail them with the army of the king.

' *Staf.* Herald, away: and throughout every town, ' Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; ' That those, which fly before the battle ends, ' May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

[4] —— *is England* maimed,] The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; *Civil Wars*, 1595:

" Anjou and *Maine*, the *maim* that foul appears —."

Malone.

[5] —— *hath* gelded *the commonwealth*,] Shakspeare has here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*: " Nolo morte dici Africani *castratam* esse rempublicam." The character of the speaker, however, may countenance such indelicacy. In other places our author, less excuseably, talks of *gelding* purses, patrimonies, and continents *Steevens.*

This peculiar expression is Shakspeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *King Richard II*, Ross says that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

" Bereft and *gelded of* his patrimony."

So Cade here says, that the commonwealth is bereft of what it *before* possessed, namely, certain provinces in France. *Malone.*

'Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
'And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and Forces.*
* *Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
* Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
* For they are thrifty honest men, and such
* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
* *Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.
* *Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most
* out of order. Come, march forward.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

'*Cade.* Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
'*Dick.* Here, sir.
'*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
'and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in
'thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I re-
'ward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is;[7]
'and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lack-
'ing one.
'*Dick.* I desire no more.
* *Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.
* This monument of the victory will I bear;[8] and the

[6] —— *Come, march forward.*] In the first copy, instead of this speech, we have only—Come, Sirs, *St. George for us, and Kent.* See p. 168 n. 2; p. 218, n. 1; and p. 223, n. 1. *Malone.*

[7] —— *as long* again *as it is;*] The word *again*, which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was restored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson. *Malone.*

[8] *This monument of the victory will I bear;*] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:
"Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London." Steevens.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, who was killed at Sevenoke in Cade's rebellion, is buried at *Bromsgrove* in *Staffordshire*. Vaillant.

* bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do
* come to London, where we will have the mayor's
* sword borne before us.
* *Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good,[9] break
* open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.
* *Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
* march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a Supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK's *head.*

* *Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the
mind,
* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
* But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
* But where 's the body that I should embrace?
* *Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels'
* supplication?[1]
* *K. Hen.* I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat:[2]

9 *If we mean to thrive and do good,* &c.] I think it should be read thus: *If we mean to thrive, do good; break open the gaols,* &c. *Johnson.*

The speaker designs to say—"If we *ourselves* mean to thrive, and do good *to others*" &c. The old reading is the true one. *Steevens.*

1 —— *to the rebels' supplication?*] "And to the entent that the cause of this glorious capitaynes comyng thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsayll, he sent to him an humble *supplication*,—affirmyng his commyng not to be against him, but against divers of his counsayl," &c. Hall, Henry VI, fol. 77. *Malone.*

2 *I'll send some* holy bishop *to entreat:*] Here, as in some other places, our author has fallen into an inconsistency, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. In the old play, the king says not a word of sending any *bishop* to the rebels; but says, he will himself come and parley with them, and inthe mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go *to them*. Shakspeare, in new modelling this scene, found in *Holinshed's* Chronicle the following words: "—to whome [Cade] were sent from the king, the *Archbishop of Canterburie* and Hum-

'For God forbid, so many simple souls
'Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
'Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
'Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
'But stay, I 'll read it over once again.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
* Rul'd, like a wandering planet,[3] over me;
* And could it not enforce them to relent,
* That were unworthy to behold the same?
'*K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
'*Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.
K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love,[4] if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

* *K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?
'*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
'Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
'Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
'And calls your grace usurper, openly,
'And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
'His army is a ragged multitude
'Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
'Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

phrey duke of Buckingham, to common with him of his griefs and requests." This gave birth to the line before us; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in scene viii, only Buckingham and Clifford, *conformably to the old play.* *Malone.*

[3] *Rul'd like a wandering planet,*] Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. *Johnson.*

The old play led Shakspeare into this strange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in the presence of her husband! *Malone.*

[4] *I fear,* my *love,*] The folio has here—I fear *me,* love, which is certainly sense; but as we find "*my* love" in the old play, and these lines were adopted without retouching, I suppose the transcriber's ear deceived him. *Malone.*

'Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
'All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
'They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.
* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what they do.[5]
'*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,[6]
'Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.
'*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
'Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.
'*Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;
'The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
'And therefore in this city will I stay,
'And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

* 2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
* Fly and forsake their houses:
* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
* To spoil the city, and your royal court.
* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.
* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.
* *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
* *K. Hen.* Farewel, my lord; [*to Lord* SAY] trust not the Kentish rebels.
* *Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.[7]

[5] —— *what they do.*] Instead of this line, in the old copy we have—

"Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
"An army up, and meet with the rebels." *Malone.*

[6] —— *retire to* Kenelworth,] The old copy—*Killingworth*, which (as Sir William Blackstone observes) is still the modern pronunciation. *Steevens.*

In the letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at this place, we find, "the castle hath name of *Kyllelingwoorth*; but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, *Kenelwoorth*." *Farmer.*

[7] —— be *betray'd*,] *Be*, which was accidentally omitted in the *old copy*, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

'*Say*. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
'And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

The same. The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, *and Others, on the Walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now? Is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit*. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewel, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-Street.

Enter JACK CADE, *and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret[8] wine this first year of our reign. And now,

[8] —— *the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret* —] This *pissing conduit*, I suppose, was the *Standarde* in Cheape, which, as Stowe relates, "John Wels grocer, maior 1430, caused to be made with a small cesterne for fresh water, *hauing one cocke continually running*." —"I have wept so immoderately and lauishly, (says Jacke Wilton) that I thought verily my palat had bin turned to the *pissing conduit* in London." *Life*, 1594. *Ritson*.

Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, it appears to have been borrowed from the French, to whose entertainments, as well as our streets, it was sufficiently familiar, as I learn from a very curious and entertaining work entitled *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*, par M. le Grand D'Aussi, 3 Vols. 8vo. 1782. At a feast given by Phillippe-le-Bon there was exhibited "une statue de femme, dont les mam-

henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.[9] [*They kill him.*

* *Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call you * Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let 's go fight with them: But, first go and set London-bridge on fire;[1] and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by* Matthew Gough. *They fight; the citizens are routed, and* Matthew Gough[2] *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy;[3] others to the inns of court; down with them all.

melles fournissaient de l'hippocras;" and the Roman de Tirant-le-Blanc affords such another circumstance: "Outre une statue de femme, des mammelles de laquelle jaillissoit une liqueur, il y avait encore une jeune fille &c. Elle etoit nue, et tenoit ses mains baissées et serrées contre son corps, comme pour s'en couvrir. *De dessous ses mains, il sortoit une fontaine de vin delicieux,*" &c. Again in another feast made by the Philippe aforesaid, in 1453, there was "une statue d'enfant nu, posé sur une roche, *et qui, de sa broquette, pissait eau-rose.*" *Steevens.*

[9] *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinshed, p. 634: "He also put to execution in Southwark diverse persons, some for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base linage, disparaging him for his usurped surname of Mortimer." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *set* London-bridge *on fire;*] At that time *London-bridge* was made of wood. "After that, (says Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw*-bridge." The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished. *Malone.*

[2] —— *Matthew Gough* —] "A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father." Holinshed, *p. 635.*

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

'*Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out 'of your mouth.[4]

'*John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law then;[5] for he was 'thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

'*Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his 'breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, 'burn all the records of the realm;[6] my mouth shall 'be the parliament of England.

* *John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, un- * less his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

In *W. of Worcestre*, p. 357, is the following notice of Matthew Gough:

"Memorandum quod Ewenus Gough, pater Matthei Gough armigeri, fuit ballivus manerii de Hangmer juxta Whyte-church in North Wales; et mater Matthei Gough vocatur Hawys; et pater ejus, id est avus Matthei Gough ex parte matris, vocatur Davy Handmere; et mater Matthei Gough fuit nutrix Johannis domini Talbot, comitis de Shrewysbery, et aliorum fratrum et sororum suorum:

"Morte Matthei Goghe Cambria clamitat oghe!"

See also the *Paston Letters*, 2d edit. Vol. I, 42. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *go some and* pull down the Savoy;] This trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never re-edifyed, till *Henry VII* founded the hospital. *Ritson.*

[4] —— *that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432: "It was reported, indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies *all the laws of England should come foorth of his mouth.*" *Tyrwhitt.*

[5] —— *'twill be* sore *law then;*] This poor jest has already occurred in *The Tempest*, scene the last:

"You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?—

"I should have been a *sore* one then." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Away, burn all the records of the realm;*] Little more than half a century had elapsed from the time of writing this play, before a similar proposal was actually made in parliament. Bishop Burnet in his life of Sir Matthew Hale, says: "Among the other extravagant motions made in this parliament (i. e. one of Oliver Cromwell's) one was to destroy all the records in the Tower, and to settle the nation on a new foundation; so he (Sir M. Hale) took this province to himself, to show the madness of *this proposition, the injustice of it, and the mischiefs that would follow on it; and did it* with such clearness and strength of rea-

* *Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in com-
* mon.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mes.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say,
' which sold the towns in France; * he that made us
* pay one and twenty fifteens,[7] and one shilling to the
* pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY.

' *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—
' Ah, thou say, thou serge,[8] nay, thou buckram lord!
' now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction re-
' gal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giv-
' ing up of Normandy unto mounsieur Basimecu,[9] the
' dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these

son as not only satisfied all sober persons (for it may be supposed that was soon done) but stopt even the mouths of the frantic people themselves." *Reed.*

[7] —— *one and twenty* fifteens,] "This capteine (Cade) assured them—if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad councellours, that neither *fifteens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of." Holinshed, Vol. II, p 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject. *Malone.*

[8] —— *thou* say, *thou serge,*] *Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge to buckram*. *Johnson.*

This word occurs in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. iv:

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd *say*
"He clothed was."

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay:*

"And in a kirtle of green *say*."

It appears, however, from the following passage in *The Fairy Queen*, B. III, c. ii, that *say* was not *silk:*

"His garment neither was of *silk* nor *say*." *Steevens.*

It appears from Minsheu's DICT. 1617, that *say* was a kind of serge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of *say* at Sudbury near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons. *Malone.*

[9] —— *mounsieur* Basimecu,] Shakspeare probably wrote *Baisermycu*, or, by a designed corruption, *Basemycu*, in imitation of his original, where also we find a word half French, half English, —"Monsier *Bussminecu*." *Malone.*

'presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I
'am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such
'filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted
'the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school:
'and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other
'books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused
'printing to be used;[1] and, contrary to the king, his
'crown, and dignity,[2] thou hast built a paper-mill. It
'will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about
'thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such
'abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to
'hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call
'poor men before them about matters they were not
'able to answer.[3] Moreover, thou hast put them in

1 —— *printing to be used;*] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the sixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

"Let there be found two fatal instruments,
"The one to publish, th' other to defend
"Impious contention, and proud discontents;
"Make that *instamped characters* may send
"Abroad to thousands thousand men's intents;
"And, in a moment, may despatch much more
"Than could a world of pens perform before."

Shakspeare's absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage:

"Though *cannons* roar, yet you must not be deaf."

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period "with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*." Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has observed) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. *Steevens.*

Mr. Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, hath availed himself of this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederic Corsellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. *Blackstone.*

2 —— *contrary to the king, his crown,* &c.] "Against the peace of the said lord the now king, his crown, and dignity," is the regular language of indictments. *Malone.*

'prison; and, because they could not read, thou hast 'hanged them;[4] when, indeed, only for that cause they 'have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a 'foot-cloth,[5] dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak,[6] when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* *Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for * example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

'*Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*[7]

'*Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks 'Latin.

* *Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

'Cent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,

[3] —— *to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer.*] The old play reads, with more humour,—"to hang honest men that *steal for their living.*" *Malone.*

[4] —— *because they could not read thou hast hanged them:*] That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *Thou dost ride on a* foot-cloth,] A *foot-cloth* was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. So, in the tragedy of *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

"I have seen, since my coming to Florence, the son of a pedlar mounted on a *footcloth.*" *Steevens.*

A *foot-cloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. *Malone.*

[6] —— *to let thy horse wear a cloak,*] This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind, as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds thus:

"*Cade. Bonum terrum*, what 's that?

"*Dick.* He speaks French.

"*Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.

"*Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough."

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677: "The *Kentish-men*, in this season (whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came," &c. *Steevens.*

'Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:[8]
'Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
'The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
'Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
'I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
'Yet, to recover them,[9] would lose my life.
'Justice with favour have I always done;
'Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
'When have I aught exacted at your hands,
'Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
'Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
'Because my book preferr'd me to the king:[1]

[8] *Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:*] So, in Cæsar's *Comment.* B. V: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt." The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentishfolke." *Steevens.*

So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580, a book which the author of *The Whole Contention*, &c. probably, and Shakspeare certainly, had read: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the *Kentish-men* are the *civilest*." *Malone.*

[9] Yet, *to recover them*, &c.] I suspect that here as in a passage in *King Henry V*, (See a note on *King Henry V*, Act IV, sc. iii, Vol. IX,) *Yet* was misprinted for *Yea*. *Malone.*

[1] *When have I aught exacted at your hands,*
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:] This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] so as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the King. This is not very clear; and, besides, he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But *to maintain the king, the realm, and you?* *Johnson.*

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands in the folio, not only declares he had preferred men of learning *to maintain Kent, the king, the realm*, but adds tautologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost, to* &c.

Steevens.

The *punctuation* to which Dr. Johnson alludes, is that of the *folio:*

* And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
* For your behoof,—
* *Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
* *Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
* *Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?
* *Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching[2] for your good.
* *Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make * 'em red again.
* *Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
* Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
* *Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then and the * pap of a hatchet.[3]

"When have I aught exacted at your hands?
"Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
"Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks," &c.

I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption. *Malone.*

[2] —— for *watching* —] That is, in consequence of watching. So, Sir John Davies:

"And shuns it still, although *for* thirst she die."

The second folio and all the modern editions read—*with* watching. *Malone.*

[3] —— *the* pap *of a hatchet.*] Old copy—the *help* of a hatchet. But we have here, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, a strange corruption. *The help of* a hatchet is little better than nonsense, and it is almost certain our author originally wrote *pap with* a hatchet; alluding to Lyly's pamphlet with the same title, which made its appearance about the time when this play is supposed to have been written. *Steevens.*

We should certainly read—*the* pap *of a hatchet;* and are much indebted to Dr. Farmer for so just and happy an emendation. There is no need, however, to suppose any allusion to the title of a pamphlet: It has doubtless been a cant phrase. So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie:* "—— they giue us pap with a spoone before we can speake, and when wee speake for that we loue, pap *with a hatchet.*" *Ritson.*

'*Dick*. Why dost thou quiver, man?[4]†

'*Say*. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

'*Cade*. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I 'll be 'even with you. I 'll see if his head will stand steadier 'on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

* *Say*. Tell me, wherein I have offended most?
* Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
* Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
* Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,[5]
* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
* O, let me live!

* *Cade*. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but * I 'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so * well for his life.[6] Away with him! he has a familiar

—— *and the* help *of* a *hatchet*.] I suppose, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a* hatchet) was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[4] *Why dost thou quiver, man?* &c.] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved:*

"*Spinosa*. You are trembling, sir.
"*Renault*. 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,
"Full of decay and natural infirmities."

Peck, in his *Memoirs of Milton*, p. 250, gravely assures us that Lord Say's account of himself originates from the following ancient charm for an *ague*: "— Pilate said unto Jesus, why shakest thou? And Jesus answered, the *ague* and not *fear* provoketh me. *Steevens.*

† Mr. Steevens, no doubt, satisfied *himself* that Otway borrowed the *thought* "*you are trembling sir*," from this passage;—but a man of his education and indefatigable research, ought not to have rested here.—He might have traced this wonderful *thought*, or something very like it, to him who first observed the trembling produced by cold, fear, ague, or palsy! *Am. Ed.*

[5] *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding*,] I formerly imagined that the word *guiltless* was misplaced, and that the poet wrote—

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

But change is unnecessary. *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guiltless* or *innocent* blood. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"For then my *guiltless blood* must cry against them."
Malone.

[6] —— *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of

* under his tongue;[7] he speaks not o' God's name. ' Go,
' take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently;
' and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James
' Cromer,[8] and strike off his head, and bring them both
' upon two poles hither.

' *All.* It shall be done.

* *Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
* How would it fare with your departed souls?
* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.

' The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head
' on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall
' not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her
' maidenhead[9] ere they have it: Men shall hold of me

cious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *a* familiar *under his tongue;*] A *familiar* is a dæmon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"Love is a *familiar;* there is no angel but love." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *sir James Cromer,*] It was *William Crowmer,* sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason, at Cade's mock commission of oyer and terminer at Guildhall. See *W. Wyrcester,* p. 470. *Ritson.*

[9] —— *shall pay to me her maidenhead* &c.] Alluding to an ancient usage on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play called *The Custom of the Country.* See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. See also Cowell's *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet,* &c. &c. &c. *Steevens.*

Cowell's account of this custom has received the sanction of several eminent antiquaries; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland.* Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries,* is of opinion it never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. *Reed.*

See Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHIA, 8vo. 1681, in v. *Marcheta.* Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in *Scotland till* the time of Malcolm the Third, A. D. 1057.

Malone.

'*in capite*;[1] and we charge and command, that their 'wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.[2]

'*Dick*. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and 'take up commodities upon our bills?[3]

'*Cade*. Marry, presently.

'*All*. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of Lord* SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

'*Cade*. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one 'another,[4] for they loved well, when they were alive. 'Now part them again, lest they consult about the giv-

[1] —— *in capite*;] This equivoque, for which the author of the old play is answerable, is too learned for Cade. *Malone.*

[2] —— *or tongue can tell.*] After this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire, and Dick enters with a serjeant; i. e. a bailiff; and there is a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines, of which Shakspeare has made no use whatsoever. *Malone.*

[3] —— *take up commodities upon our* bills;] Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. *Percy.*

Thus, in the original play:

"*Nick*. But when shall we take up those commodities which "you told us of?

"*Cade*. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take up "these commodities following, Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petti-"coat, and a smocke."

If *The Whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect transcript of Shakspeare's Second and Third Part of *King Henry VI*, (as it has hitherto been supposed to be) we have here another extraordinary proof of the *inventive* faculty of the transcriber.—It is observable that the equivoque which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is *not* found in the old play, but *is* found in Shakspeare's *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Ber*. We are likely to prove a *good* commodity, being taken up of these men's *bills*.

"*Con*. A *Commodity* in question, I warrant you."

See Vol. IV, p. 244, n. 4. *Malone.*

[4] *Let them kiss one another,*] This is from *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade:*

"With these two heads I made a pretty play,

"For pight on poles I bore them through the strete,

"And for my sport made *each kisse other* swete." *Farmer.*

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634: "and as it were in a spite caused them in every street *to kisse* together." Steevens.

So also in Hall, Henry VI, folio 78. *Malone.*

'ing up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer
'the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne
'before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the
'streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his rabblement.*

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus' corner!
* kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—
* [*a parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this
* I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or par-
* ley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and old* CLIFFORD, *with forces.*

'*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
'Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
'Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
'That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.
'*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen?[5] will ye relent?
'And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
'Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
'Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
'Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!

[5] Clif. *What say ye, countrymen?* &c.] The variation in the original play is worth nothing:

"Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,
"What means this mutinous rebellion,
"That you in troops do muster thus yourselves,
"Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade?
"To rise against your sovereign lord and king,
"Who mildly hath this pardon sent to you,
"If you forsake this monstrous rebel here.
"If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
"Then haste to France, that our forefathers won,
"And win again that thing which now is lost,
"And leave to seek your country's overthrow.
"*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford." [*They forsake* Cade.

Here we have precisely the same versification which we find in all the tragedies and historical dramas that were written before the time of Shakspeare. *Malone.*

'Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
'Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
'Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.
'*All.* God save the king! God save the king!
'*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so
'brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him?
'will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your
'necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through Lon-
'don Gates, that you should leave me at the White
'Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have
'given out these arms, till you had recovered your an-
'cient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards;
'and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them
'break your backs with burdens, take your houses over
'your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before
'your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and
'so—God's curse 'light upon you all!
'*All.* 'We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade.
'*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim—you 'll go with him
'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
'Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
'Wer 't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
'I see them lording it in London streets,
'Crying—*Villageois!*[6] unto all they meet.
'Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
'Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
'To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
'Spare England, for it is your native coast:
'Henry hath money,[7] you are strong and manly;

6 —— *Villageois!*] Old copy—*Villiago.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

7 *Henry hath* money,] Dr. Warburton reads—*Henry hath mercy;* but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which *is to lure them from* their present design by the hope of *French plunder. He bids* them spare England, and go to F[illegible]

'God on our side, doubt not of victory.

'*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king,
'and Clifford.

'*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
'as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales
'them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave
'me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to
'surprize me: my sword make way for me,[8] for here is
'no staying.—In despight of the devils and hell, have
'through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour
'be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only
'my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes
'me betake mè to my heels. [*Exit.*

'*Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
'And he, that brings his head unto the king,
'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
'Follow me, soldiers; we 'll devise a mean
'To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth *Castle.*

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the Terrace of the Castle.*

* *K. Hen.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
* And could command no more content than I?
* No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
* But I was made a king, at nine months old:[9]
* Was never subject long'd to be a king,
* As I do long and wish to be a subject.[1]

and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *my sword make away for me,*] In the original play Cade employs a more vulgar weapon: "My *staff* shall make way through the midst of you, and so a pox take you all!" *Malone.*

[9] —— *I was made a king, at nine months old:*] So all the historians agree. And yet in Part I, Act III, sc. iv, King Henry is made to say—

"I do remember how my father said."

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the *same hand* as this. *Blackstone.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
* *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?
* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S *Followers with Halters about their necks.*

' *Clif.* He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
' And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
' Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.
' *K. Hen.* Then, heaven,[2] set ope thy everlasting gates,
' To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
' Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
' And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
' Continue still in this so good a mind,
' And Henry, though he be infortunate,
' Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
' And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
' I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mess.* Please it your grace to be advértised,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
* And with a puissant and a mighty power,

[1] —— *to be a subject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buckingham and Clifford, we have the following short dialogue, of which Shakspeare has here made no use:

" *King.* Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?
" *Som.* This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is
" done to death, and the city is almost sack'd.
" *King.* God's will be done; for as he hath decreed,
" So it must be; and be it as he please,
" To stop the pride of these rebellious men.
" *Queen.* Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,
" The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this,
" And all the rest that do take part with him."

This sentiment he has attributed to the Queen in sc. iv. *Malone.*

[2] *Then, heaven,* &c.] Thus, in the original play:

" *King.* Stand up, you simple men, and give God praise,
" For you did take in hand you know not what;
" And go in peace, obedient to your king,
" And live as subjects; and you shall not want,
" *Whilst Henry lives* and wears the English crown.
" *All. God save* the king, God save the king." *Malone.*

* Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,[3]
* Is marching hitherward in proud array;
* And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
* His arms are only to remove from thee
* The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
* *K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
* Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
* Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
* But now[4] is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
* And now is York in arms, to second him.—
* I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
* And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.
* Tell him, I 'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
* And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
* Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
* *Som.* My lord,
* I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
* Or unto death, to do my country good.
* *K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms;
* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
* *Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
* As all things shall redound unto your good.
* *K. Hen.* Come, wife, let 's in,[5] and learn to govern better;
* For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Of* Gallowglasses, *and stout* Kernes,] These were two orders of foot-soldiers among the Irish. See Dr Warburton's note on the second scene of the first Act of *Macbeth*, Vol. VII, p. 16, n. 5. *Steevens.*

"The *galloglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne [Kigheyren] signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde." Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, ch. viii, f. 28. *Bowle.*

[4] But *now* —] *But* is here not adversative.—It was only *just now*, says Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed. *Malone.*

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's *Garden.*[6]

Enter CADE.

* *Cade.* Fy on ambition! fy on myself; that have a
* sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days
* have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out,
* for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so
* hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a
* thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore,
* on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see
* if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which
* is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.
* And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good:
* for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan[7] had
* been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when
* I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served

[5] *Come, wife let 's in,* &c.] In the old play the King concludes the scene thus:

"Come, let us haste to London now with speed,
"That solemn processions may be sung,
"In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
"And triumphs of this happy victory." *Malone.*

[6] Kent. *Iden's Garden.*] Holinshed, p. 635, says: "—a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Sussex*, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield," &c.

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage direction. *Enter Jacke Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men; and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.* *Steevens.*

This Iden was, in fact, the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from Rochester. *W. Wyrcester*, p. 472. *Ritson.*

[7] —— *but for a* sallet, *my* brain-pan &c.] A *sallet* by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet, (says Skinner) *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt.* *Pope.*

I do not see by what rules of etymology, *sallet* can be formed from *cælata.* Is it not rather a corruption from the French *salut*, taken, I suppose, from the scriptural phrase, the *helmet of salvation? Brain-pan*, for skull, occurs, I think, in Wiclift's translation of *Judges* xix, 53. *Whalley.*

In Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "—One of the *company seeing* Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for *water, and brought it in his sallet.*" *Steevens.*

* me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the
* word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

'*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
'And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
'This small inheritance, my father left me,
'Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
'I seek not to wax great by others' waining;[8]
'Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;[9]
'Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state.
'And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

'*Cade.* Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me
'for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
'Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
'crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but
'I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my
'sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

'*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
'I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
'Is 't not enough, to break into my garden,
'And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
'Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
'But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too.[1] Look on me well: I

[8] —— *by others'* waining;] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Is* in the preceding line was supplied by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[9] *Or gather wealth, I care not with what* envy;] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquisition, however great that odium may be. *Envy* is often used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This speech in the old play stands thus:

"Good lord, how pleasant is this country life!
"This little land my father left me here,
"With my contented mind, serves me as well,
"As all the pleasures in the court can yield,
"Nor would I change this pleasure for the court."

Here surely we have not a hasty transcript of our author's lines, but the distinct composition of a preceding writer. The versification must at once strike the ear of every person who has perused any of our old dramas. *Malone.*

[1] —— *and* beard *thee too.*] See Vol. VIII, p. 291, n. 6. *Steevens.*

have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail,[3] I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

'*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
'Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,[4]
'See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
'Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
'Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
'Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
'My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
'And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
'Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
'As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
'Let this my sword report what speech forbears.[5]

[3] —— *as dead as a door-nail,*] See *King Henry IV,* P. II, Act V, sc. iii, Vol. IX. *Steevens.*

[4] *Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,* &c.] This and the following nine lines are an amplification by Shakspeare on these three of the old play:

"Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
"And every way as big: then hand to hand
"I 'll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
"And stand you all aside." *Malone.*

[5] *As for* more *words, whose greatness answers words,*
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and, after him, Dr Warburton, read:

As for more words, let this my sword report
(*Whose greatness answers words*) *what speech forbears.*

It seems to be a poor praise of a sword, that *its greatness answers words,* whatever be the meaning of the expression. The old reading, though somewhat obscure, seems to me more capable of explanation. *For more words,* whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, *and refer the rest to my sword. Johnson.*

So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI:*

"I will not bandy with thee, word for word,
"But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one."

More (As for *more* words) was an arbitrary and unnecessary addition made by Mr Rowe. *Malone.*

How an *unnecessary* addition? The measure is incomplete without it. *Steevens.*

The introduction of the monosyllable *more,* in my opinion, injures the sense though it improves the metre. Were I to in-

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion
* that ever I heard.—' Steel, if thou turn the edge, or
' cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef
' ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God[6] on my
' knees, thou may'st be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight.*
' Cade *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other,
' hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against
' me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost and I 'd
' defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a
' burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, be-
' cause the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

' *Iden.* Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
' Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
' And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:[7]

duce any word for that purpose, I should choose to read—As for *mere* words, instead of *more* words. *M. Mason.*

[6] —— *I beseech* God —] The folio reads—I beseech *Jove.* This heathen deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I, ch 21. In the old play, 1600, he says, "I beseech *God* thou might'st fall into some *smith's hand,* and be turned to hobnails." This the editor of the *second* edition of the quarto play, no date, but printed in 1619, changed (from the same apprehension) to "I *would* thou might'st fall," &c These alterations fully confirm my note on *King Henry V,* Act IV, sc. iii, [where the King swears "by *Jove.*"] —Contrary to the general rule which I have observed in printing this play, I have not adhered in the present instance to the reading of the folio; because I am confident that it proceeded not from Shakspeare, but his editor, who, for the reason already given, makes Falstaff say to Prince Henry—"I knew ye as well as he that made ye," instead of—"*By the Lord,* I knew ye," &c. *Malone.*

[7] —— *when I am dead:* &c.] How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain. The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

"Oh, sword, I 'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
"Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
"For this great service thou hast done to me." *Steevens.*

Here again we have a single thought considerably amplified. Shakspeare in new moulding this speech, has used the same mode of expression that he has employed in *The Winter's Tale:* "If thou 'lt see a thing to *talk on,* when *thou art dead* and rotten, come *hither.*" i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a subsequent scene of the play before us:

"And *dead men's* cries do fill the empty air:"

* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

'*Cade.* Iden, farewel; and be proud of thy victory: 'Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and 'exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never 'fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.*

* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me,[8] heaven be my judge.
* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.[9]

Which of our author's plays does not exhibit expressions equally bold as "I will hang thee," to express "I will have thee hung?"

I must just observe, that most of our author's *additions* are strongly characteristick of his manner. The making Iden's sword wear the stains of Cade's blood on its point, and comparing those stains to a herald's coat, declare at once the pen of Shakspeare. *Malone.*

So, in the mock play perform'd in *Hamlet:*

"——— *smear'd*
"With *heraldry* more dismal —." *Steevens.*

[8] *How much thou wrong'st me,*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. *Johnson.*

An anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson] suggests that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his prowess, and declaring that he was subdued by famine, not by the valour of his adversary.—I think Dr. Johnson's is the true interpretation. *Malone.*

[9] *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.* &c.] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. *Johnson.*

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add after the lines I have just quoted:

"I 'll drag him hence, and with my sword
"Cut off his head, and bear it to the king."

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification. *Steevens.*

By headlong the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By saying, "the dunghill shall be thy grave,"

'Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
'Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
'And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

The same. Fields between Dartford *and* Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK *attended, with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.*

'*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
'And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
'King, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
'To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!*[1] who would not buy thee dear?
'Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
'This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
'I cannot give due action to my words,
'Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.[2]
'A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;[3]

Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy *dead body shall be laid:* the dunghill shall be the *only* grave which thou shalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— our monuments
" Shall be the maws of kites."

After what has been already stated, I fear it must be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's desire to expand a scanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgment in the player editors. *Malone.*

[1] *Ah,* sancta majestas!] Thus the old copy; instead of which the modern editors read, *Ah, majesty! Steevens.*

[2] —— *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. *Johnson.*

[3] *A sceptre shall it have, have I a* soul;] I read:
A sceptre shall it have, have *I* a sword.
York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or sceptre; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that, if he has a sword, he will have a sceptre. *Johnson.*

'On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
'The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
'*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
'*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
'Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
'*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
'To know the reason of these arms in peace;
'Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,[4]—
'Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
'Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
'Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
'*York.* Scarce can I speak,[5] my choler is so great. [*Aside.*

I rather think York means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a sceptre. *Steevens.*

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, York threatens to "toss the flower-de-luce of France on his *sceptre*," which sounds but oddly. To toss it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes."

However, in the licentious phraseology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his sceptre*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.—The following line also in *King Henry VIII*, adds support to the old copy:

"Sir, *as I have a soul*, she is an angel." *Malone.*

[4] ——*being a subject as I am,*] Here again in the old play we have the style and versification of our author's immediate predecessors:

"Or that thou, being a subject as I am,
"*Should'st thus approach so near with colours spread,*
"*Whereas the person of the king doth keepe.*" *Malone.*

[5] *Scarce can I speak*, &c.] The first nine lines of this speech are founded on the following in the old play:

"A subject as he is!
"O, how I hate these spiteful abject terms!
"*But York dissemble, till thou meet thy comes,*
"*Who now in arms expect their father's sight,*
"*And not far hence I know they cannot be.*" *Malone.*

'O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
'I am so angry at these abject terms;
'And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
'On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
'I am far better born than is the king;
'More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
'But I must make fair weather yet a while,
'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.— *Aside.*
'O Buckingham,[6] I pr'ythee, pardon me,
'That I have given no answer all this while;
'My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
'The cause why I have brought this army hither,
'Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
'Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
'*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:
'But if thy arms be to no other end,
'The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
'The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
'*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
'Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
'Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
'You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—
* And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
* Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
* As pledges of my fealty and love,
* I 'll send them all as willing as I live;
* Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
* Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
'*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:
'We twain will go into his highness' tent.[7]

[6] O *Buckingham,*] *O,* which is not in the authentic copy, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] *We twain will go into his highness' tent.*] Shakspeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, instead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines stand thus:

"*Buck.* Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king;
"*But see, his grace* is coming to meet with us." Malone.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

' *K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
' That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
* *York.* In all submission and humility,
* York doth present himself unto your highness.
* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
' *York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;[8]
' And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
' Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *Head.*

' *Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
' May pass into the presence of a king,
' Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
' The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
' *K. Hen.* The head of Cade?[9]—Great God, how just art thou!—
' O, let me view his visage being dead,
' That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
' Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
' *Iden.* I was, an 't like your majesty.
' *K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
' *Iden.* Alexander Iden, that 's my name;

[8] York. *To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;*] The corresponding speech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, and acquaints the King with the plea that York had before made to him for his rising: "To heave the duke of Somerset," &c. This variation could never have arisen from copyists, short-hand writers, or printers. *Malone.*

[9] *The head of Cade?*] The speech corresponding to this in the first part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. 1600, is alone sufficient to prove that piece the work of another poet:

"*King.* First, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my friend,
"That hast subdu'd that wicked traitor thus.
"O, let me see that head, that in his life
"Did work me and my land such cruel spight.
"*A visage stern; coal-black his curled locks;*
"*Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,*
"*Presageth warlike humours in his life.*
"Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward
"*Shalt be immediately created knight:*
"*Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what 's thy name.*"
Malone.

'A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
* *Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
* He were created knight for his good service.
'*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels*] Rise up a knight.
'We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
'*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
'And never live but true unto his liege?[1]
'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

'*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
'But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
'*York.* How now![2] Is Somerset at liberty?
'Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
'False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
'That head of thine doth not become a crown;
'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
'And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
'Is able with the change to kill and cure.[3]

[1] *May Iden* &c.] Iden has said before:
"Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
"And may enjoy," &c.
Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. *Anonymous.*
In Iden's eulogium on the happiness of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours bestowed by his majesty, Shakspeare has merely followed the old play. *Malone.*

[2] *How now!* &c.] This speech is greatly amplified, and in other respects very different from the original, which consists of but ten lines. *Malone.*

' Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
' And with the same to act controlling laws.
' Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
' O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
' *Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
' Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
* *York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
* Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail; [4] [*Exit an* Attend.
* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
* They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
' *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
[*Exit* BUCK.

3 ——— *like to Achilles' spear,*
Is able with the change to kill and cure.]
" Mysus et Æmonia juvenis qua cuspide vulnus
" Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem."
PROPERT. Lib. II, El. I.
Greene, in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1599, has the same allusion:
" Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself;
" As those that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
" Fetch'd help at self-same pointed speare." *Malone.*

4 *Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;] As these lines stand, I think the sense perplexed and obscure. I have ventured to transpose them. *Warburton.*

I believe these lines should be replaced in the order in which they stood till Dr. Warburton transposed them. By *these* York means *his knees*. He speaks, as Mr. Upton would have said, δεικτικως: laying his hand upon, or at least pointing to, his knees. *Tyrwhitt.*

By *these* York evidently means his sons, whom he had just called for. Tyrwhitt's supposition, that he meant to ask his *knees*, whether he should bow his *knees* to any man, is not imagined with his usual sagacity. *M. Mason.*

I have no doubt that York means either his sons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be supposed to point. Dr. Warburton transposed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line of the speech at the beginning of it. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unnecessary. The folio reads—of *thee*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was substituted for *son* by the editor of the second folio. The correction is justified both by the context and the old play: "*For* my enfranchisement," instead of —*of my*, &c. was likewise his correction. *Malone.*

* To say, if that the bastard boys of York
* Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
* *York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
* Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
' The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
' Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those[5]
' That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old* CLIFFORD *and his Son.*

* See, where they come; I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.
* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
' *Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*
' *York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
' Nay do not fright us with an angry look:
' We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
' For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
' *Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
' But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
' To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
' *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour[6]

[5] *Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those*—] Considering how our author loves to play on words similar in their sound, but opposite in their signification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale* (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) signifies detriment, ruin, misfortune, &c. *Theobald.*
Bale, signifies sorrow. Either word may serve. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *a* bedlam *and ambitious humour*—] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunaticks till the reign of King Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. *Grey.*
Shakspeare was led into this anachronism by the author of the elder play. *Malone.*
It is no anachronism, and Dr. Grey was mistaken. "Next unto the parish of St. Buttolph," says Stow, "is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers: then an *Hospitall* of *S. Mary of Bethelem*, founded by Simon Fitz Mary, one of the Sheriffes of London, in the yeare 1246. He founded it to haue beene a priorie of *Canons* with brethren and sisters, and king Edward the third *granted* a protection, which I have seene, for the brethren *Militiæ beatæ Mariæ de Bethlem*, within the citie of London, the

‘ Makes him oppose himself against his king.
‘ *Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
‘ And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
‘ His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
‘ *York.* Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
‘ *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
‘ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
* That, with the very shaking of their chains,
* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;[7]
* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come[8] to me.[9]

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALSIBURY, *with Forces.*

‘ *Clif.* Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
‘ And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
‘ If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
* *Rich.* Oft have I seen[1] a hot o'erweening cur
* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

14 yeare of his raigne. *It was an hospitall for distracted people.*" Survay of London, 1598, p 127 *Ritson.*

7 ——— fell lurking *curs;*" Mr Roderick would read " fell *barking;*" Mr. Heath " fell *lurching;*" but, perhaps, by *fell lurking* is meant curs who are at once a compound of *cruelty* and *treachery.* *Steevens.*

8 *Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,—*
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come —] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged staff* for their cognizance. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

9 *Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.*] Here in the old play the following lines are found:

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast;
Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakspeare, we see, has not introduced him in the present scene, but has availed himself of those lines below. *Malone.*

1 *Oft have I seen* &c.] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stowe's account of Queen Elizabeth's Amusements of this kind; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle. Percy.*

The one of them has adopted his description from the other. Henley.

* Who, being suffer'd[2] with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
* And such a piece of service will you do,
* If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
* *Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.[3]
* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
* Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!—
* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
* And shame thine honourable age with blood?
* Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
* For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
* *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself
* The title of this most renowned duke;
* And in my conscience do repute his grace
* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me!
* *Sal.* I have.
* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;[4]

2 —— *being* suffer'd —] Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however sure but the poet meant, being in a state of *sufferance* or pain. *Malone*

3 *Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"*Heat* not a furnace for yourself so hot,
"That it do *singe yourself.*" *Steevens.*

4 *It is great sin, to swear unto a sin; &c.*] We have the same sentiment in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"It is religion, to be thus forsworn."

* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
* Who can be bound by any solemn vow
* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
* To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
* And have no other reason for this wrong,
* But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
* *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
‘ *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
‘ *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
‘ I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.[5]
‘ *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
‘ *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,[6]
Might I but know thee by thy houshold badge.[7]
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
‘ Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.
‘ *Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,
‘ To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Again, in *King John:*

" It is religion that doth make vows kept;
" But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
" And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear."
Malone.

[5] —— *for death, or dignity.*] The folio reads—*and* dignity. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[6] —— *burgonet,*] Is a *helmet. Johnson.*
So, in *The Martyr'd Soldier,* 1638:

" —————— now tye
" Strong charms upon my full-plum'd *burgonet.*" *Steevens.*

[7] —— *thy* houshold *badge,*] The folio has *housed* badge, owing probably to the transcriber's ear deceiving him. The true reading is found in the old play. *Malone.*

Rich. Fy! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

'*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatick,[8] that 's more than thou canst tell.

'*Rich.* If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.[9]

Enter YORK.

'How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

'*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
'But match to match I have encounter'd him,
'And made a prey for carrion kites and crows[1]
'Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.[2]

Enter CLIFFORD.

'*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself[3] must hunt this deer to death.

[8] *Foul* stigmatick,] A *stigmatick* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. *Steevens.*

This certainly is the meaning here A *stigmatick* originally and properly signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. See Bullokar's *English Expositor,* 1616. *Malone.*

[9] *Warwick is* hoarse *with calling thee to arms.*] See *Macbeth,* Vol. VII, p. 53, n. 7. *Steevens.*

[1] *And made a prey for carrion* kites *and crows* —] So, in *Hamlet:*
" I should have fatted all the region *kites*
" With this slave's offal." *Steevens.*

[2] *Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.*] In the old play:
" The bonniest gray, that e'er was bred in North."
Malone.

[3] *For I myself* &c.] This passage will remind the classical reader of Achilles' conduct in the 22d *Iliad,* v. 205, where he

'*War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
'As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit* WAR.
'*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York?[4] why dost thou pause?
'*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
'But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
'*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
'But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.
'*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,
'As I in justice and true right express it!
'*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—
'*York.* A dreadful lay![5]—address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and* CLIF. *falls.*
'Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*[6] [*Dies.*[7]

expresses his determination that Hector should fall by no other hand than his own. *Steevens.*

[4] *What seest thou in me, York?* &c.] Instead of this and the ten following lines, we find these in the old play, and the variation is worth noting:

"*York.* Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
"Be this the day of doom to one of us;
"For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate
"To thee and all the house of Lancaster.
"*Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
"Vowing ne'er to stir till thou or I be slain;
"For never shall my heart be safe at rest,
"Till I have spoil'd the hateful house of York.
[*Alarums, and they fight, and* York *kills* Clifford.
"*York.* Now Lancaster, sit sure; thy sinews shrink,
"Come, fearful Henry, groveling on thy face,
"Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. [*Exit* York.
Malone.

[5] *A dreadful lay!*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.
Johnson.

[6] *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*] The players read:
La fin corrone les eumenes. Steevens.
Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] *Dies.*] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history; a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

' *York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
' Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;[8]
* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
* Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
* Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance![9]—Let no soldier fly:
* He, that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
* Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead Father.*
* And the premised flames[1] of the last day

"Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast
"Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,
"Were by the swords of common soldiers slain." *Percy.*

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, &c. on which, as I conceive, *The Third Part of King Henry VI* was founded. *Malone*

[8] *Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;* &c.] Instead of this long speech, we have the following lines in the old play:

"*Y. Clifford.* Father of Cumberland!
"Where may I seek my aged father forth?
"O dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
"All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
"Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house!
"Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear
"Immortal hate unto the house of York;
"Nor never shall I sleep secure one night,
"Till I have furiously reveng'd thy death,
"And left not one of them to breathe on earth.
[*He takes him up on his back.*
"And thus as old Anchises' son did bear
"His aged father on his manly back,
"*And fought with him against the bloody Greeks,*
"Even so will I;—but stay, here's one of them,
"To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate." *Malone.*

[9] Hot coals *of vengeance!*] This phrase is scriptural. So, in the 140th *Psalm:* "Let *hot* burning *coals* fall upon them." *Steevens.*

[1] *And the premised flames*—] *Premised*, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. *Warburton.*

* Knit earth and heaven together!
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
* Particularities and petty sounds
* To cease![2]—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
* To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve[3]
* The silver livery of advised age;[4]
* And, in thy reverence,[5] and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
* My heart is turn'd to stone:[6] and, while 'tis mine,
* It shall be stony.[7] York not our old men spares;
* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.[8]
* Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
* Meet I an infant of the house of York,
* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:[9]

[2] *To* cease!] Is to *stop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"—— be not *ceas'd*
"With slight denial ——." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *to achieve* —] Is, to obtain. *Johnson.*

[4] *The silver livery of* advised *age;*] *Advised* is *wise, experienced.* *Malone.*
Advised is *cautious, considerate.* So before in this play:
"And bid me be *advised* how I tread." *Steevens.*

[5] *And, in thy* reverence,] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has used the word in the same manner in *As you Like it*, where the younger brother says to the elder, (speaking of their father) "thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*." *Malone.*

[6] *My heart is turn'd to stone:*] So, in *Othello*: "— my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand." *Malone.*

[7] *It shall be stony.*] So again, in *Othello*:
"Thou dost *stone* my heart."
And, in *King Richard III*, we have "stone-hard heart." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
"And melt in her own fire." *Steevens.*

[9] *As wild Medea* &c.] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. See Ovid, Trist. Lib. III, El. 9.

* In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
' Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the Body.*
' As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
' So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;[1]
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
' For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[2]—

" ——divellit, divulsaque membra per agros
" Dissipat, in multis invenienda locis:—
" Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus
" Dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter." *Malone.*

[1] The quarto copy has these lines:
" Even so will I.—But stay, here 's one of them,
" To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate."
Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away again.
" Out, crook-back'd villain! get thee from my sight!
" But I will after thee, and once again
" (When I have borne my father to his tent)
" I 'll try my fortune better with thee yet."
[*Exit young Clifford with his father.*
Steevens.

This is to be added to all the other circumstances which have been urged to show that the quarto play was the production of an elder writer than Shakspeare. The former's description of Æneas is different. See p. 272, n. 8. *Malone.*

[2] *So, lie thou there;——*
For, *underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,*
The castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.] The particle *for* in the second line seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read:
Fall'n *underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,* &c.
Yet the alteration is not necessary; for the old reading is sense, though obscure. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson justly observes that the particle *for* seems to be used here without any apparent inference. The corresponding passage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:
" *Behold, the prophecy* is come to pass;
" For, underneath —" &c.

* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
* Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and Others, retreating.*

' *Q. Mar.* Away, my lord![3] you are slow; for shame, away!

* *K. Hen.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

* *Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you 'll nor fight, nor fly:

* Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,[4]

We have had already two similar omissions in this play. *Malone.*

Thus the passage stands in the quarto:

" *Rich.* So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!
" What 's here? the sign of the Castle?
" Then the prophecy is come to pass;
" For Somerset was forewarned of castles,
" The which he always did observe; and now,
" Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,
" The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
" Hath made the wizard famous by his death."

I suppose, however, that the third line was originally written:

" *Why*, then the prophecy is come to pass." *Steevens.*

The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we met with at the close of the first act in this play:

" Let him shun *castles:*
" Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
" Than where *castles, mounted* stand."

i. e. the representation of a *castle*, mounted for a *sign*. *Theobald.*

[3] *Away, my lord!* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

" *Queen.* Away, my lord, and fly to London straight;
" Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them;
" Come, stand not to expostulate: let 's go.
" *King.* Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,
" And summon a parliament with speed,
" To stop the fury of these dire events."
[*Exeunt* King *and* Queen.

Previous to the entry of the King and Queen, there is the following stage-direction:

" *Alarums again, and then enter three or four bearing* the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent. *Alarums still, and then enter the king and queen.*" See p. 145, n. 8, and p. 152, n. 5. *Malone.*

[4] *Now* is it *manhood*, wisdom, &c.] This passage will serve to countenance an emendation proposed in *Macbeth*. See Vol. VII, *p. 192, n. 9. Steevens.*

* To give the enemy way; and to secure us
* By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
* If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
* Of all our fortunes:[5] but if we haply scape,
* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
* May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.[6]

[5] *If you be ta'en, we then should* see the bottom
Of all our fortunes:] Of this expression, which is undoubtedly Shakspeare's, he appears to have been fond. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"—— for therein should we read
"The very *bottom* and the soul of hope,
"The very list, the very utmost bound
"*Of all our fortunes.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Which *sees into the bottom* of my grief."

Again, in *Measure for Measure:*

"To *look* into *the bottom* of my place." *Malone.*

[6] —— *all our present* parts.] Should we not read?—*party*. *Tyrwhitt.*

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:

"Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*
"Hot coals of vengeance."

I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time.

So, in the Proclamation for the apprehension of John Cade, Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 646, edit. 1605: "—the which John Cade also, after this, was sworne to the French *parts*, and dwelled with them," &c.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle, King Henry VI*, fol. 101: "—in conclusion King Edward so corageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary, and helping the wounded, that the other *part* [i. e. the adverse army] was discomforted and overcome." Again, in the same Chronicle, EDWARD IV, fol. xxii: "—to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguish both the *faccions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI, and of Kyng Edward the fourth."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— if I cannot persuade thee,
"Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
"Than seek the end of one," —

* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To see their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

' *York.* Of Salisbury,[7] who can report of him;
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contusions and all brush of time;[8]
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[9]

In Plutarch the corresponding passage runs thus: "For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both *parties*," &c. *Malone.*

A hundred instances might be brought in proof that *part* and *party* were synonymously used. But that is not the present question. Mr. Tyrwhitt's ear (like every other accustomed to harmony of versification) must naturally have been shocked by the leonine gingle of *hearts* and *parts*, which is not found in any one of the passages produced by Mr. Malone in defence of the present reading. *Steevens.*

[7] *Of Salisbury*, &c.] The corresponding speeches to this and the following, are these, in the original play:

"*York.* How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,
" I hope to us and ours, for England's good,
" And our great honour, that so long we lost,
" Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights.
" But did you see old Salisbury, since we
" With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
" I would not for the loss of this right hand
" That aught but well betide that good old man.
" *Rich.* My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
" Charging his launce with his old weary arms;
" And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
" And thrice this hand did set him up again;
" And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes;
" The boldest-spirited man that e'er mine eyes beheld." *Malone.*

[8] —— brush *of time;*] Read *bruise* of time. *Warburton.*

The *brush of time*, is the gradual detrition of time. The old reading I suppose to be the true one. So, in *Timon:*

"———— one winter's *brush* —." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *gallant in the* brow *of youth,*] The *brow* of youth is an

* Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
* If Salisbury be lost.
' *Rich.* My noble father,
' Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
' Three times bestrid him,[1] thrice I led him off,
' Persuaded him from any further act:
' But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
* And like rich hangings in a homely house,
* So was his will in his old feeble body.
* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

' *Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;[2]
' By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
' God knows, how long it is I have to live;
' And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
' You have defended me from imminent death.—
* Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:[3]

expression not very easily explained. I read *the blow of youth;* the blossom, the spring. *Johnson.*

The *brow* of *youth* is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its summit. So, in *Othello:*

" ——— the head and *front* of my offending."

Again, in *King John:*

" Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night." *Steevens.*

[1] *Three times bestrid him,*] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. *Johnson.*

See Vol. VIII, p. 316, n. 6. Of this act of friendship, which Shakspeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find on the opposite page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. *Malone.*

[2] *Well hast thou fought* &c.] The variation between this speech and that in the original play deserves to be noticed:

" *Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke;
" And thou brave bud of York's increasing house,
" The small remainder of my weary life,
" I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm
" Three times this day thou hast preserv'd my life."

Malone

[3] *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;*] i. e. we have not secured, we are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly

* 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
* Being opposites of such repairing nature.[4]
' *York.* I know, our safety is to follow them;
[4] For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
[5] To call a present court of parliament.[5]
[4] Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
' What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith,[6] lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

contemporary with the present piece, we meet with a similar expression:

"That oft they have not that which they possess." *Malone.*

[4] *Being* opposites *of such* repairing *nature.*] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.

To *repair* in our author's language is, *to renovate.* So, in *Cymbeline:*

"O, disloyal thing!
"That should'st *repair* my youth, —."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"—— It much *repairs* me,
"To talk of your good father." *Malone.*

[5] *To call a present court of parliament*] The King and queen left the stage only just as York entered, and have not said a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this?—The fact is, as we have seen, that in the old play the king does say, "he will call a parliament," but our author has omitted the an impropriety, by sometimes following and at others deserting lines. He has, therefore, here as in some other places, fallen into his original. *Malone.*

[6] *Now by my* faith,] The first folio reads—Now by my *hand.* This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I, c. 21, See p. 258, n. 6. The true reading I have restored from the old play. *Malone.*

KING HENRY VI, PART III.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

THE action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster,*) opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of King Henry VI, and the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. *Theobald.*

I have never seen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of THE WHOLE CONTENTION, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me; and it is not precisely the same with that described by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619,) correspond with their description. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole Contention between the Two Houses Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundry Times acted by the Right Honourable* the Earle of Pembrooke his Servants. *Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his Shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall,* 1600. On this piece Shakspeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. See p. 125, and the Essay at the end of this play. *Malone.*

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War.* Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne, in his Prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:

"For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,
"The divine Shakspeare *did not lay one stone.*"

whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from *The Second Part of King Henry VI,* and several others from this third part, with as little variation. *Steevens.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the sixth:*
Edward, *prince of* Wales, *his son.*
Lewis XI, *king of* France.
Duke of Somerset. *Duke of* Exeter. *Earl of* Oxford. *Earl of* Northumberland. *Earl of* Westmoreland. *Lord* Clifford. — *lords on king* Henry's *side.*
Richard Plantagenet, *duke of* York.
Edward, *earl of* March, *afterwards king* Edward IV, Edmund, *earl of* Rutland, George, *afterwards duke of* Clarence, Richard, *afterwards duke of* Gloucester, — *his sons.*
Duke of Norfolk, *Marquis of* Montague, *Earl of* Warwick, *Earl of* Pembroke, *Lord* Hastings, *Lord* Stafford, — *of the duke of* York's *party.*
Sir John Mortimer, *Sir* Hugh Mortimer, — *uncles to the duke of* York.
Henry, *earl of* Richmond, *a youth.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to lady* Grey. *Sir* William Stanley. *Sir* John Montgomery. *Sir* John Somerville. *Tutor to* Rutland. *Mayor of* York. *Lieutenant of the* Tower. *A nobleman. Two keepers. A huntsman. A son that has killed his father. A father that has killed his son.*

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards queen to* Edward IV.
Bona, *sister to the* French *queen.*

Soldiers, and other attendants on king Henry *and king* Edward, *messengers, watchmen,* &c.

SCENE,

During part of the third act, in France; *during all the rest of the play, in* England.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.[1]

ACT I.....SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Others, with white Roses in their Hats.*

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
'Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
'Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
'Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
'Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.[2]

[1] *Third Part of King Henry VI.*] This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. *Johnson.*

[2] *Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.*] See the Second Part of this Play, p. 271, n. 7. *Reed.*

This is an inadvertency in our author. The elder Clifford was slain by York, and his son lives to revenge his death. *M. Mason.*

Dr. Percy in a note on the preceding play, [See p. 272] has pointed out the inconsistency between this account, and the representation there, Clifford being killed on the stage by the Duke of York, the present speaker. Shakspeare was led into this inconsistency by the author of the original plays: if indeed there was but one author, for this circumstance might lead us to suspect that the *first* and *second* part of *The Contention*, &c. were not written by the same hand.—However, this is not decisive; for the author, whoever he was, might have been inadvertent, as we find Shakspeare undoubtedly was. *Malone.*

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
'Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
'That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody Sword.*
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* YORK, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.[3]
[*Throwing down the Duke of* SOMERSET's *Head.*
* *York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
What, is your grace[4] dead, my lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.
War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
'And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
'For hither we have broken in by force.

[3] Rich. *Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.*] Here, as Mr. Elderton of Salisbury has observed to me, is a gross anachronism. At the time of the first battle of Saint Albans, at which Richard is represented in the last scene of the preceding play to have fought, he was, according to that gentleman's calculation, not one year old, having (as he conceives) been born at Fotheringay-Castle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the first Act of this play is referred, he was, according to the same gentleman's computation, but six years old; and in the fifth Act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not more than sixteen and eight months.

For this anachronism the author or authors of the old plays on which our poet founded these two parts of King Henry the Sixth are answerable. *Malone.*

[4] What, *is your grace* —] The folio reads—*But* is your grace, &c. It was evidently a mistake of the transcriber, the word in the old play being *What*, which suits sufficiently with York's exultation; whereas *But* affords no sense whatsoever. *Malone.*

I do not, however, perceive the inefficiency of—*but*. This conjunction is sometimes indeterminately used; and is also unskilfully employed in *Twelfth Night*: "But, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?" Steevens.

Norf. We 'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—
' And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
' Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*They retire.*
* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
* But little thinks we shall be of her council:
* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
' *York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
' The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.[5]
' I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WAR. *leads* YORK *to the Throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and Others, with red Roses in their Hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
' *North.* If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:

[5] —— *if Warwick shake his bells.*] The allusion is to falconry. *The hawks had sometimes* little bells hung upon them, perhaps *to dare the birds; that is,* to fright them from rising. Johnson.

'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:[6]
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.[7]
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceiv'd,[8] I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.[9]
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

[6] —— and *such as he:*] Thus the second folio. The first folio and the quartos omit—*and*. *Steevens.*

[7] Exe. *But, when* &c.] This line is by the mistake of the compositor given to Westmoreland. The king's answer shows that it belongs to Exeter, to whom it is assigned in the old play. *Malone.*

[8] *Thou art deceiv'd,*] These words, which are not in the folio, were restored from the old play. The defect of the metre in the folio, makes it probable that they were accidentally omitted. The measure is, however, still faulty. *Malone.*

[9] —— *as the* earldom was.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1600, and that without date, read—as the *kingdom is*. *Steevens.*

York means, I suppose, that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother, Anne Mortimer, the wife of the Earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly asserts his right to the crown; for his title to the crown was not as Duke *of York*, but Earl of March.

In the original play the line stands [as quoted by Mr. Steevens], and why Shakspeare altered it, it is not easy to say; for the new line only exhibits the same meaning more obscurely. Malone.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard,[1] duke of York.
' *K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
' *York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmorcland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
' *North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
' *West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
' *Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.
' *War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
' If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;[2]
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,[3]
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith[4] thou hast lost it all.

[1] —— and *that 's Richard,*] The word *and*, which was accidentally omitted in the first folio, is found in the old play. *Malone.*

[2] *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;*] This is a mistake, into which Shakspeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard Duke of York was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother Edward Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the press, reads— *My* father. The true reading was furnished by the old play. *Malone.*

[3] *I am the son of Henry the fifth,*] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of *Henry the Fifth* dispersed the followers of Cade. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *sith* —] i. e. since. So, in *Measure for Measure*:
" *Sith* 'twas my fault to give the people scope." *Steevens.*

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*to York*] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
'*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,[5]
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
'Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
'My title 's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.[6]
K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
'*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:

[5] *Think'st thou*, &c.] The old play here exhibits four lines that are not in the folio. They could not have proceeded from the *imagination* of the transcriber, and therefore they must be added to the many other circumstances that have been already urged, to show that these plays were not *originally* the production of Shakspeare:

"Ah Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?
"Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
"And from two brothers lineally discent?
"Suppose by right and equity thou be king,
"Think'st thou," &c. *Malone.*

[6] But *prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the necessary word—But. Steevens.

'For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?[7]
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
* *York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
' *War.* Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
'Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,[8]
'Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
' *K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

[7] *Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his* crown?] The phrase *prejudicial to the crown*, if it be right, must mean, detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty; but I rather think that the transcriber's eye caught *crown* from the line below, and that we should read—*prejudicial to his* son, *to his* next heir. *Johnson.*

Dr. Percy observes on Dr. Johnson's note, that *son* could not have been the right word, as Richard the Second had no issue; and our author would hardly have used it simply for *heir general*. *Prejudicial to the crown*, is right, i. e. to the prerogative of the crown. *Steevens.*

[8] *May that* ground gape, *and swallow me alive,*] So, in Phaer's translation of the fourth *Æneid*:

"*But rather would I wish the ground to gape for me below.*"
Steevens.

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
'*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear me but one
word;[8]—
'Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.[8]
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
'*Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us?
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
* *West.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
* In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTH. CLIF. *and* WEST.
* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge,[9] and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord!
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
'The crown to thee, and to thine heirs forever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

[8] *I am* content: &c.] Instead of this speech the old play has the following lines:

"*King.* Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.
"*War.* Captaine, conduct them into Tuthilfields."

See p. 139, n, 6; p. 145, n. 8; p. 152, n. 5; p. 218, n. 1; and p. 223, n. 1. *Malone.*

[9] *They seek revenge,*] They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion. *Johnson.*

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
* And neither[3] by treason, nor hostility,
* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*Coming from the Throne.*

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

' *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

' *York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!
[*Senet. The Lords come forward.*

' *York.* Farewel, my gracious lord; I 'll to my castle.[1]

War. And I 'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his Sons*, WAR. NORF. MON. *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the Prince of* Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[2] her anger:
I 'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

' *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

' *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?
* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
* And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
* Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
* Rather than made[3] that savage duke thine heir,

[1] —— *I 'll to my castle.*] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. *Malone.*

[2] —— *bewray* ——] i. e. betray, discover. So, in King Lear:
"*Mark the high noises*, and thyself *bewray*."
Again, ibid:
"*He did bewray* his practice." *Steevens.*

* And disinherited thine only son.
* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:
* If you be king, why should not I succeed?
* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—
* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
* And given unto the house of York such head,
* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,[4]
* And creep into it far before thy time?
* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;[5]

[3] *Rather than made* —] Old copy—Rather than *have* made. The compositor inadvertently repeated the word—*have*, from the preceding line. *Steevens.*

Rather is here used as a monosyllable. *Malone.*

[4] *What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,*] The Queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life. *Johnson.*

[5] *Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;*] So, in Marlowe's *Edward II:*

"The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas.*"

This may be too slight a circumstance to prove Marlowe the author of *The Whole Contention;* it is, however, in other respects, sufficiently probable that he had some hand in it.

The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the lord Faulconbridge, "a man," says Hall, "of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his euel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions, with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict and the loss of

The duke is made protector of the realm;
' And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
' Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
' The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
' Before I would have granted to that act.
* But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
' And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
' Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
' Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
' Whereby my son is disinherited.[6]
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
' And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
' And utter ruin of the house of York.
' Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let 's away;
' Our army 's ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,[7]
I 'll see your grace: till then, I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Q.* Mar. *and the* Prince.

' *K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
' Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
' Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
* Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
* Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,[8]

many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded. See Hall and Holinshed. *Ritson.*

[6] *Whereby my son is disinherited.*] The corresponding line in the old play is this. The variation is remarkable:

" Wherein thou yieldest to the house of York." *Malone.*

[7] —— from the *field,*] Folio—*to* the field. The true reading is found in the old play. *Malone.*

[8] *Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,*
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle, &c.] Read coast, *i. e. hover over it. Warburton.*

* Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son![9]
* The loss of those three lords[1] torments my heart:
* I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
* Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.[2]
* *Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, has been supposed to violate the metaphor; nor indeed is *to coast* used as a term of falconry in any of the books professedly written on that subject. To *coast* is a sea-faring expression, and means to keep along shore. Yet, on further inquiry, I am become less certain, that to *coast* is merely a sea-faring expression. It is used in the following instance to denote speed:

"And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry."

Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis.*

Again, in *The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Take you those horse, and *coast* them."

Mr. Tollet therefore observes, that Dr. Warburton's interpretation may be right, as Holinshed often uses the verb to *coast*, i. e. to hover, or range about any thing. *Steevens.*

I have no doubt but *coast* is the true reading. To *coast* is to keep along side of it, and watch it. In *King Henry VIII*, the Chamberlain says of Wolsey:

"—— the king perceives him how he *coasts*
"And hedges his own way."

And in the last Act of *The Loyal Subject*, Archas says:

"———— Lord Barris,
"Take you those horse, and *coast* them." *M. Mason.*

Will cost my crown,] i. e will cost *me* my crown; will induce on me the expence or loss of my crown. *Malone.*

Had this been our author's meaning, he would have otherwise formed his verse, and written "cost *me* my crown." So, in *King Lear:*

"The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
"*Cost him* his eyes." *Steevens.*

[9] Tire *on the flesh of me,*] To *tire* is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*. *Johnson.*

To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"———— the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *those three lords* —] That is, of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *you shall be the messenger.*] Instead of the six last lines of this speech, the first copy presents these:

"Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here,
"For Clifford and those northern lords be gone,
"I fear towards Wakefield, to disturb the duke."

See p. 292, n. 8, and the notes there referred to. Malone.

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal *Castle, near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

'*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

'*York.* Why, how now, sons, and brother,[3] at a strife?
'What is your quarrel? how began it first?
'*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.[4]
York. About what?
'*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;

[3] —— *sons, and* brother,] I believe we should read—*cousin* instead of *brother*, unless *brother* be used by Shakspeare as a term expressive of endearment, or because they embarked, like brothers, in one cause. Montague was only cousin to York, and in the quarto he is so called. Shakspeare uses the expression, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. *Steevens*.

It should be *sons and brothers;* my *sons*, and *brothers* to each other. *Johnson*.

Brother is right. In the two succeeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in respect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens observes, or of the same council as in *King Henry VIII*, who says to Cranmer: "Your are *brother* of us." Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than suppose that Shakspeare made a mistake about the time of the marriage. *Tollet*.

The third folio reads as Dr. Johnson advises. But as York again in this scene addresses Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uses the same to York, Dr. Johnson's conjecture cannot be right. Shakspeare certainly supposed them to be brothers-in-law. *Malone*.

[4] *No quarrel, but a* slight *contention.*] Thus the players, first, in their edition; who did not understand, I presume, the force of the epithet in the old quarto, which I have restored—*sweet contention*, i. e. the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topick; the question of their father's immediate right to the crown. *Theobald*.

Sweet is, I think, the better reading of the two; and I should certainly have received it had it been found in the folio, which Mr. *Malone supposes* to be the copy of this play, as reformed by *Shakspeare*. *Steevens*.

' The crown of England, father, which is yours.
' *York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.
* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
* It will outrun you, father, in the end.
' *York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
' *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
' I 'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
' *Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.[5]
' *York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.
' *Rich.* I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
' *York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
' *Rich.* An oath is of no moment,[6] being not took
' Before a true and lawful magistrate,
' That hath authority over him that swears:
' Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
' Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
' Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
' Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
* Within whose circuit is Elysium,
* And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

[5] Rich. *No; God forbid,* &c.] Instead of this and the three following speeches, the old play has these lines:

"*Rich.* An if it please your grace to give me leave,
"I 'll shew your grace the way to save your oath,
"And dispossess King Henry from the crown.
"*York.* I pr'ythee, Dick, let me hear thy devise." *Malone.*

[6] *An oath is of no moment,*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just. *Johnson.*

This speech is formed on the following one in the old play:

"*Rich.* Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
"Being not sworn before a lawful magistrate;
"Henry is none, but doth usurp your right;
"And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath:
"Then, noble father,
"Resolve yourself, and once more claim the crown."

Malone.

* Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
* Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
'*York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
'Brother, thou shalt to London presently,[7]
'And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
'Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
'And tell him privily of our intent.—
'You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
'In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
'Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.[8]—
'While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
'But that I seek occasion how to rise;
'And yet the king not privy to my drift,
'Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

'But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

[7] *Brother, thou shalt to London presently,*] Thus the original play:
"Edward, thou shalt to Edmond Brooke, lord Cobham,
"With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
"Thou, cousin Montague, shalt to Norfolk straight,
"And bid the duke to muster up his soldiers,
"And come to me to Wakefield presently.
"And Richard, thou to London straight shall post,
"And bid Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick
"To leave the city, and with his men of war
"To meet me at St. Albans ten days hence.
"My self here in Sandall castle will provide
"Both men and money, to further our attempts." *Malone.*

[8] Witty *and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.*] What a blessed harmonious line have the editors given us! and what a promising epithet, in York's behalf, from the Kentishmen being so *witty!* I cannot be so partial, however, to my own county, as to let this compliment pass. I make no doubt to read:
"——*for they are soldiers,*
"Wealthy *and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.*
Now these five characteristicks answer to lord Say's description of them in the preceding play:
"Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
"Is term'd the civil'st place in all this isle;
"The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy." *Theobald.*
This is a conjecture of very little import. *Johnson.*
I see no reason for adopting Theobald's emendation. *Witty* anciently signified, of sound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham, "*the deep revolving, witty* Buckingham," Steevens.

'*Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,[9]

[9] *The queen, with all* &c.] I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had York staid but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury. *Johnson.*

It will be no more than justice to York, if we recollect that this scene, so far as respects the oath, and his resolution to break it, proceeds entirely from our author's imagination. Neither the Earl of March nor Richard was then at Sandal; the latter being likewise a mere child, barely turned of eight years old. His appearance, therefore, and actions in this, and, at least the two first Acts of the following play, are totally unsupported by history and truth.

It may be likewise observed that the Queen was not actually present at this battle, not returning out of Scotland till some little time after. This insurrection, which the Duke, not in breach of, but in strict conformity with his oath to the King, and in discharge of his duty as protector of the realm, had marched from London to suppress, was headed by the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Nevil, who in direct violation of a mutual agreement, and before the day prefixed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the Duke's army, made him and Salisbury prisoners, and treated him in the manner here described. See *Whethamstede*. Salisbury was next day killed at Pontefract by a bastard son of the Duke of Exeter, and beheaded, with York, Rutland, and others, after death. *W. Wyrcester.* *Ritson.*

In October 1460, when it was established in parliament that the Duke of York should succeed to the throne after Henry's death, the Duke and his two sons, the Earl of March, and the Earl of Rutland, took an oath to do no act whatsoever that might "sound to the abridgement of the natural life of King Henry the Sixth, or diminishing of his reign or dignity royal." Having persuaded the King to send for the Queen and the Prince of Wales, (who were then in York) and finding that she would not obey his requisition, he on the second of December set out for his castle in Yorkshire, with such military power as he had; a messenger having been previously dispatched to the Earl of March, to desire him to follow his father with all the forces he could procure. The Duke arrived at Sandal Castle on the 24th of December, and in a short time his army amounted to five thousand men. An anonymous Remarker, [the author of the preceding note] however, very confidently asserts, that "this scene, so far as respects York's *oath* and *his resolution to break it*, proceeds entirely from the author's imagination. His oath is on record; and what his *resolution* was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and sent the message above stated to his son, it is not very difficult to conjecture. *Malone.*

'Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
'She is hard by with twenty thousand men;[1]
'And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
*York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
'Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
'My brother Montague shall post to London:
*Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
*Whom we have left protectors of the king,
*With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
*And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
*Mont. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
*And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
'You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.
'*York.* What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman 's general; What should we fear?
[*A March afar off.*
'*Edw.* I hear their drums; let 's set our men in order;
'And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
'*York.* Five men to twenty![2]—though the odds be great,
'I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
'Many a battle have I won in France,
'When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
'Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

1 ——*with twenty thousand men;*] In the quarto this speech stands as follows:

"My lord, the queene with thirty thousand men
"Accompanied with the earles of Cumberland,
"Northumberland, and Westmerland
"With others of the house of Lancaster,
"Are marching towards Wakefield,
"To besiedge you in your castle heere." *Steevens.*

2 *Five men to twenty!* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

"*York.* Indeed many brave battles have I won
"In *Normandy*, whereas the enemy
"*Hath* been ten to one, and why should I now

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal *Castle.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.[3]

'*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands![4]
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father[5] slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

'*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
'Lest thou be hated both by God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?[6]—I 'll open them.

" Doubt of the like success. I am resolv'd.
" Come, let us go.
" *Edw.* Let us march away. I hear their drums."
Malone.

[3] —— *his Tutor.*] A priest called Sir Robert Aspall, *Hall.* Henry VI, fol. 99. *Ritson.*

[4] *Ah, whither* &c.] This scene in the old play opens with these lines:

" *Tutor.* Oh, fly my lord, let 's leave the castle,
" And fly to Wakefield straight." *Malone.*

[5] *Whose father* ——] i. e. the father of which brat, namely the Duke of York. *Malone.*

[6] —— *is he dead already? Or, is it fear,*
That makes him close his eyes?] This circumstance is taken from Hall: " Whilst this battail was in fighting, a prieste called Sir Robbert Aspall, chappelaine and schole-master to the yong erle of Rutlande, ii sonne to the above named duke of Yorke, scarce of the age of xii yeres, a faire gentleman, and a mayden-like person, perceyving that flight was more safe-gard than tarrying, bothe for hym and his master, secretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne; but or he could entre into a house, he was by the sayd Lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentleman dismayed, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees, imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his handes, and making dolorous countenance, for his speache was gone for feare." Malone.

'*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion[7] o'er the wretch
'That trembles under his devouring paws:[8]
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
'And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
'Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;[9]
'And till I root out their accursed line,
'And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——— [*Lifting his Hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
'*Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.[1]

[7] *So looks the pent-up lion* —] That is, The lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *devouring paws:*] Surely the epithet *devouring*, which might well have characterised the whole animal, is oddly bestowed on his *paws* *Steevens.*

[9] *The sight of any of the house of York*
Is as a fury &c.] In *Romeo and Juliet* the same idea is expressed in humbler language: "A dog of the house of Montague moves me." *Steevens.*

[1] *But 'twas ere I was born.*] Rutland is under a mistake. The battle of St Albans, in which old Clifford was slain, happened in 1455; that of Wakefield in 1460. He appears to have been at this time about seventeen years old. *Ritson.*

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[CLIF. *stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*[2] [Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

'*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
'My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;[3]
'And all my followers to the eager foe
'Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
'Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
'My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves.
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
'Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
'And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt

The author of the original play appears to have been as incorrect in his chronology as Shakspeare. Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443; according to Hall, in 1448; and Clifford's father was killed at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Consequently Rutland was then at least seven years old; more probably twelve. The same observation has been made by an anonymous writer. *Malone.*

[2] *Dii faciant*, &c.] This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon.* I find the same quotation in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596. *Steevens.*

[3] *My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;*] These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649. Percy.

'In blood of those[4] that had encounter'd him:
'And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
'Richard cried—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
'And cried—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
'*A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!*
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
'We bodg'd again;[5]† as I have seen a swan
'With bootless labour swim against the tide,
'And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short Alarum within.*

[4] *With purple faulchion,* painted *to the hilt*
In blood of those —] So, in *King Henry V:*
"With pennons *painted in the blood of* Harfleur." *Steevens.*

[5] *We* bodg'd *again;*] I find *bodgery* used by Nashe in his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless,* 1593, for *botchery:* "Do you know your own misbegotten *bodgery?*" To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and awkwardly; and thence to *fail* or *miscarry* in an attempt. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary,* 1679, renders—"To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, disperdere.*"

I suspect, however, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—We *budg'd* again. "To *budge*" Cole renders, *pedem referre,* to retreat: the precise sense required here So, Coriolanus, speaking of his army who had *fled* from their adversaries:

"The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
"From rascals worse than they." *Malone.*

I believe that—*we bodg'd,* only means, *we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.* A low unskilful tailor is often called a *botcher. Steevens.*

† *With this we charg'd again: but, out, alas!*
We bodg'd again:] I cannot believe the word *bodg'd,* as connected with what precedes, or follows, means either *budg'd* or *botch'd,* but forced out, or burst It appears the field was bravely contested, but the superior force of the enemy broke through, or beat back the partizans of York. The sense will be clearly understood, if read thus—With this we charged again, but we, alas! *again bodg'd out;* i. e. being unable to withstand the enemy, our line, or part of our line, was forced out, jutted out, or *bulg'd out.* The passage in itself is not obscure, but rendered so by the attempt of the commentators to explain. They first destroy the connexion, which exists between the words, *but, out, alas!* with *we bodg'd again;* and then endeavour to elucidate the words, *we bodg'd again,* as forming a distinct sentence. They must have supposed the words *but, out, alas!* an interjection, as, "*out on thee!*" which supposition is evidently erroneous, as the word, *Alas!* is here, as in most other instances, a parenthetical exclamation. *Am. Ed.*

'Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
'And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
'And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
'The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
'Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

'Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
'I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
'I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[6]
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
'A bird that will revenge upon you all:
'And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
'Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
'So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
'And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
'And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
'Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

[6] —— *noontide prick.*] Or, noontide point on the dial. *Johnson.* The same phrase occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, sc. iv. *Steevens.*

It is war's prize[7] to take all vantages;
'And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield,[8] with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here;
'That raught[9] at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
* What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was 't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
'And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin[1] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

[7] *It is war's* prize —] Read—*praise. Warburton.*
I think the old reading right, which means, that all 'vantages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken and used. *Johnson.*
To take all advantages, is rather to the discredit than to the praise of war, and therefore Warburton's amendment cannot be right; nor can I approve of Johnson's explanation;—it appears to me that it is *war's* prize, means merely that it is the estimation of people at war; the settled opinion. *M. Mason.*
"—— dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?" *Virg.* *Malone.*

[8] *So* true *men yield,*] A true man has been already explained to be an honest man, as opposed to a thief. See Vol. III, p. 434, n. 4. *Malone.*

[9] *That raught* —] i. e. That *reach'd.* The ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"The hand of death has *raught* him." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *this* napkin —] A *napkin* is a handkerchief. *Johnson.*
So, in *As you Like it:* "To that youth he calls his Rosalind, he sends this bloody *napkin.*" *Steevens.*

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.[2]
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

Putting a paper Crown on his Head.[3]

Stamp, rave, and fret, &c.] I have placed this line as it stands in the old play. In the folio it is introduced, I believe, by the carelessness of the transcriber, some lines lower, after the words "so mock thee thus;" where it appears to me out of its place. *Malone.*

[3] *Putting a paper Crown on his Head.*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deviated from history, if such of our *English* Chronicles as I have occasionally looked into, may be believed. According to these, the paper crown was not placed on the Duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewise was not killed by Clifford, till after his father's death. *Steevens.*

The ingenious commentator is most certainly mistaken. Shakspeare, so far from having deviated from history, has followed it with the utmost precision. *Whethamstede* expressly tells us, that the Lancastrians, in direct breach of a mutual agreement, and before the day appointed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the Duke's army, and took him and the Earl of Salisbury prisoners; treating both, but especially the Duke, in the most shameful manner: *Nam*, says he, *statuentes eum super unum parvum formicarium colliculum, et quoddam sertum vile, ex palustri gramine confectum, imponentes, per modum coronæ, super caput suum, non aliter quam Judæi coram domino incurvaverunt genua sua coram ipso, dicentes illusorie:* Ave rex, sine regimine; ave rex, absque hereditate; ave dux et princeps, absque omni populo penitus et possessione. *Ex hiis una cum aliis variis, in eum probrose opprobrioseque dictis, coegerunt ipsum demum per capitis abscissionem clameum relinquere suæ justiciæ vendicacionis*, p. 489. Not a single circumstance is omitted, or varied in the scene. It is not, however, imagined that Shakspeare had ever consulted Whethamstede: he found the same story no doubt in some old black letter Chronicle, or he might possibly have it from a popular tradition. Ritson.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[4] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.[5]

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes,[6] whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinshed after giving Hall's narration of this business almost *verbatim*, adds:—"Some write, that the Duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a *mole-hill*, on whose heade they put a garland instead of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Christe in scorne, saying to him, hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length having thus scorned hym with these and dyverse other the like despitefull woordes, they stroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they presented to the queen."

Both the chroniclers say, that the Earl of Rutland was killed by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be presumed that his father had first fallen. The Earl's tutor probably attempted to save him as soon as the rout began. *Malone.*

[4] *And will you* pale —] i. e. impale, encircle with a crown. *Malone.*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *to do him dead,*] To kill him. *Malone.*

[6] *Upon their woes,*] So, the folio. The quarto reads—Upon his woes. *Steevens.*

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type[7] of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;[8]
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.[9]
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide![1]
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:[2]

[7] —— *the* type —] i. e. the distinguishing mark; an obsolete use of the word. So again, in *King Richard III:*
"The high imperial *type* of this earth's glory." *Steevens.*

[8] *'Tis* government, *that makes them seem divine;*] *Government*, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I, Falstaff says:—
"Let men say, we be men of good *government*." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *septentrion*] i. e. the North. *Septentrio*, Lat. Milton uses the same word as an adjective:
"—— cold *septentrion* blasts." *Steevens.*

[1] *O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*] We find almost the same line in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, 1600:
"*O* woolvish *heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*" *Malone.*

[2] —— *thy* wish: &c.] So, the folio: The quarto reads—thy *will* in the first line, and thy wish in the second. Steevens.

'Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
'For raging wind blows up incessant showers,[3]
And when the rage allays, the rain begins,[4]
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
'And every drop cries vengeance for his death,[5]—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:[6]

[3] *For raging wind blows up incessant showers,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—

For raging winds blow up a storm of tears. *Steevens.*

[4] *Would'st have me* weep? *why, now thou hast thy will:*
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.] We meet with the same thought in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"This *windy tempest, till it blows up rain,*
"Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
"*At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.*
"Then son and father *weep* with equal strife,
"Who should weep most for daughter or for wife."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"Where are my *tears? rain, rain,* to *lay* this *wind?*"

A gain, in *King John:*

"This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul, —."
Malone.

[5] *And every drop* cries *vengeance for his death,*] So, the folio. The quarto thus:

And every drop begs *vengeance* as it falls,
On *thee,* &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *would not have stain'd with blood:*] Thus the first folio. *Steevens.*

—— *would not have stain'd* the roses just *with blood:*] So, the second folio nonsensically reads the passage; but the old quarto, &c. of better authority, have it thus:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood.

And this is sense. Could any one now have believed that an editor of common understanding should reject this, and fasten upon the nonsense of the later edition, only because it afforded matter of conjecture? and yet Mr. Theobald will needs correct, *roses just with blood,* to *roses* juic'd *with blood,* that is, change one blundering editor's nonsense for another's. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus expressed:

Would not have stain'd the roses just in bud.

And this the Oxford editor hath espoused. *Warburton.*

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.[7]
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;[8]
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;[9]
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep for him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.[1]

As, without correction, the words—*the roses just*, do not make good sense, there is very little reason to suspect their being interpolated, and therefore it is most probable they were preserved among the players by memory. The correction is this:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd:
Would not have stain'd the roses just i' th' bloom.

The words [*the roses just*] were, I suppose, left out by the first editors, in order to get rid of the superfluous hemistich.
Musgrave.

[7] —— *of* Hyrcania.] So, the folio. The quartos read—of *Arcadia*. *Steevens.*

[8] *And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,*
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears.] So, in *K. Richard II:*
"Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
"And send the hearers weeping to their beds." *Steevens.*

[9] *There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;*] Rowe has transferred this execration to his dying Hengist in *The Royal Convert:*
"—— wear my crown;
"Take it, and be as curs'd with it as I was." *Steevens.*

[1] *I should not for my life but weep with him,*
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.] So, the folio. The quartos as follows:
"I could not choose but weep with him, to see
"How inward anger gripes his heart." Steevens.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king.[2] [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.[3] [*Exeunt.*

[2] *And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king*] So, the folio. The quarto thus:

"And there 's to right our gentle harted kind."

Of these variations there are many, but it is useless labour to enumerate them all *Steevens.*

[3] *So York may overlook* &c.] This gallant nobleman fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son the Earl of March, with a large body of Welshmen. He and Cicely his wife, with his son Edmond Earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Foderingay church; and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 4to. 1627,) "when the chancel in that furie of knocking churches and sacred monuments in the head, was also felled to the ground," they were removed into the churchyard; and afterwards "lapped in lead they were buried in the church by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth; and a mean monument of plaister wrought with the trowel erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting so noble princes."

"I remember, (adds the same writer) Master Creuse, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the same time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be discerned, and wíthal that the dutchess Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a silke ribband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and fresh to be read, as it had been written yesterday." This *pardon* was probably a dispensation which the Duke procured, from the oath of allegiance that he had sworn to Henry in St. Paul's church on the 10th of March, 1452. *Malone.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's *Cross in* Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *with their Forces, marching.*

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
* Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
* Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
* The happy tidings of his good escape.—
' How fares my brother?[4] why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
' I saw him in the battle range about;
' And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
' Methought, he bore him[5] in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
* The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
* So far'd our father with his enemies;
' So fled his enemies my warlike father;
' Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.[6]

[4] *How fares my brother?*] This scene, in the old quartos begins thus:

" After this dangerous fight and hapless war,
" How doth my noble brother Richard fare?"

Had the author taken the trouble to revise his play, he hardly would have begun the first Act and the second with almost the same exclamation, expressed in almost the same words. Warwick opens the scene with—

" I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands." *Steevens.*

[5] *Methought, he* bore him —] i. e. he demeaned himself. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" How I may formally in person *bear me* —." *Malone.*

[6] *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.*] The old quarto reads —*pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this. *Warburton.*

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's sense is, though we have missed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet as honour left that may content us. *Johnson.*

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious sun![7]
* How well resembles it the prime of youth,
* Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?[8]
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,[9]
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.
* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
* Each one already blazing by our meeds,[1]

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *privilege*. So, in the former Act:
"It is war's *prize* to take all 'vantages?" *Malone.*

[7] *And takes her farewel of the glorious sun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewel of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course. *Johnson*

[8] —— *do I see* three suns?] This circumstance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed: "—— at which tyme the *sun* (as some write) appeared to the earle of March like *three sunnes*, and sodainely joyned altogither in one, uppon whiche sight hee tooke such courage, that he fiercely setting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cause menne ymagined that he gave the sun in his full bryghtnesse for his badge or cognisance." These are the words of Holinshed. *Malone.*

[9] —— *the* racking *clouds*,] i. e. the clouds in rapid, tumultuary motion. So, in *The Raigne of King Edward III*, 1596:
"——— like inconstant clouds
"That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,
"Encrease" &c. *Steevens.*
Again, in our author's 32d Sonnet:
"Anon permit the basest *clouds* to ride
"With ugly *rack* on his celestial face." *Malone.*

[1] —— *blazing by our* meeds,] Illustrious and shining by the armorial ensigns granted us as *meeds* of our great exploits. *Meed* likewise is *Merit* It might be plausibly read:
—— *blazing by our* deeds *Johnson.*
Johnson's first explanation of this passage is not right. *Meed here means merit.*
So, in the fourth Act, the King says:

Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
' And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

' But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
' Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
* Your princely father, and my loving lord.
' *Edw.* O, speak no more![2] for I have heard too much.[3]
' *Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
' *Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;[4]

"My *meed* hath got me fame."

And in *Timon of Athens* the word is used in the same sense:

"—— No *meed* but he repays
"Sevenfold above itself." *M. Mason.*

[2] *O, speak no more!*] The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death. *Johnson.*

[3] ——*for I have heard too much.*] So, the folio. The quartos thus:

"—— for I can hear no more.
"*Rich.* Tell on thy tale," &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *Environed he was with many foes;*] Thus, in the old play:

"O, one that was a woeful looker on,
"When as the noble duke of York was slain.—
"When as the noble duke was put to flight,
"And then pursude b. Clifford and the queene,
"And many soldiers moe, who all at once
"Let drive at him, and forst the duke to yield;
"And then they set him on a mouldhill there,
"And crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;
"Who then with tears began to waile his fall.
"The ruthlesse queene perceiving he did weepe,
"Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
"Dipt in the blould of sweete young Rutland, by
"Rough Clifford slaine; who weeping tooke it up:
"Then through his brest they thrust their bloudie swords,
"Who like a lambe fell at the butcher's feate.
"Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
"And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
"That ere mine eyes beheld." *Malone.*

* And stood against them, as the hope of Troy[5]
* Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
* But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
* And many strokes, though with a little axe,
* Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
' By many hands your father was subdu'd;
' But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
' Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
' Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite;
' Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
' The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
' A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
' Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
' And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They set the same; and there it doth remain,
' The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
' Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
* O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
* And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
' Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
' Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
' For never henceforth shall I joy again,
' Never, O never, shall I see more joy.
' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
* For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
* And burn me up with flames,[6] that tears would quench.
* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:[7]

[5] —— *the hope of Troy* —] Hector. *Malone.*

[6] *And burn me up with flames,* &c] So, in *King John:*
"France, I am burn'd up with consuming wrath," &c.
Steevens.

[7] *To weep,* &c.] Here, in the original play, instead of these two lines, we have—
"I cannot joy, till this white rose be dy'd
"*Even in the* heart-bloud of the house of Lancaster."
Malone.

* Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
' Richard, I bear thy name, I 'll venge thy death,
' Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
' His dukedom and his chair with me is left.[8]

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:[9]
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*[1]

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

' *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,

[8] *His dukedom and his chair with me is left.*] So, the folio. The quarto thus:

" His chair, and dukedom, that remains for me." *Steevens.*

[9] *Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:*] So, in Spenser's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty:*

" —— like the native brood of eagle's kind,
" On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes."

Again, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:

" As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive
" That any of their brood but close their sight,
" When they should gaze against the glorious sun;
" They straitway seize upon him with their talons,
" That on the earth it may untimely die,
" For looking but askew at heaven's bright eye." *Steevens.*

[1] *Enter Warwick* &c.] This meeting was at Chipping-Norton. *W. Wyrcester*, p. 488. Ritson.

Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,[2]
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advértised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
'Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
'Who thunders to his captives[3]—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,[4]
'Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,[5]—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

[2] *And very well* &c.] This necessary line I have restored from the old quartos. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *to his* captives —] So, the folio. The old play reads—*captaines*. *Malone.*

[4] —— *like the night-owl's lazy flight,*] This image is not very congruous to the subject, nor was it necessary to the comparison, which is happily enough completed by the thrasher. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson objects to this comparison as incongruous to the subject; but I think, unjustly. Warwick compares the languid blows of his soldiers, to the lazy strokes which the wings of the owl give to the air in its flight, which is remarkably slow.

M. Mason.

[5] *Or like a* lazy *thrasher* —] The old play more elegantly reads —*Or like an idle* thrasher, &c. *Malone.*

Edw.[6] Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.[7]
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,

[6] *Edw.* &c.] The exact ages of the Duke of York's children, introduced in the present play, will best prove how far our author has, either intentionally or otherwise, deviated, in this particular, from historical truth.

Edward, Earl of March, afterwards Duke of York, and King of England, his *second* son, was born at Roüen, on Monday the 27th or 28th of April, 1442; Edmund, Earl of Rutland, his *third* son, at the same place, on Monday the 17th of May, 1443; George of York, afterwards Duke of Clarence, his *sixth* son, in Dublin, on Tuesday the 21st of October, 1449; and Richard of York, afterwards Duke of Gloster, and King of England, his *eighth* son, at Fotheringay, on Monday the 2d of October, 1452; Henry, the *first* son born in 1441, William, the *fourth*, in 1447, John, the *fifth*, in 1448, and Thomas, the *seventh*, in 1451, died young. He had likewise four daughters. The battle of Wakefield was fought the 29th of December, 1460, when Edward, of course, was in his *nineteenth* year, Rutland in his *eighteenth*, George in his *twelfth*, and Richard in his *ninth*. *Ritson.*

[7] Edw. —— when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England?*
War. —— he was lately *sent*
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.] This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster (as they were afterwards created) were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.

Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, whom Shakspeare calls the Duke's aunt, was daughter of John I, King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefore, no more than third cousins. *Ritson.*

As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,[8]
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king, like wax.[9]
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:[1]
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
'Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
'And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

[8] —— haught *Northumberland,*] So, Grafton, in his *Chronicle* says, p. 417: "—— the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called sir Henry Hotspurre." *Percy.*

The word is common to many writers. So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II,* 1598:

"This *haught* resolve becomes your majesty." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *the easy-melting king, like* wax.] So again, in this play, of the *Lady Grey:*

"As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* must melt." *Johnson.*

[1] —— *is* thirty *thousand strong:*] Thus the folio. The old [illegible] reads—

"*Their* power, I guess them *fifte* thousand strong."

A little lower the same piece has—eight and forty thousand

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
'That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
'And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
'But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
* (As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds)
* I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.
* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?
Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
'*War.* Why then it sorts,[2] brave warriors: Let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *the Prince of* Wales, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
'Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

[2] *Why then it sorts,*] Why then things are as they should be. Johnson.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—thy love shall sort to such happy success as thou thyself dost seek for." Steevens

'*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
'And doves will peck, in safeguard[3] of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
'Which argued thee a most unloving father.[4]
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
'Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly[5] *gave away?*
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;

[3] —— *in safeguard* —] Thus the folio. The quartos read *in rescue.* *Steevens.*

[4] —— *unloving father.*] The quartos read *unnatural father.* *Steevens.*

[5] ——*fondly* —] i. e. foolishly. So, in *King Richard II:*
"—— sorrow and grief of heart
"*Makes him speak fondly* —." *Steevens.*

And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
'But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?[6]
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father[7] for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
'As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
'Than in possession any jot of pleasure.[8]
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,
'How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

'*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
'And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
'You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
'Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
'For, with a band of thirty thousand[9] men,

[6] —— *didst thou never hear,—*
That things ill got had ever bad success? &c.] The proverb quoted by his majesty on this occasion, seems to militate directly against his own argument, and shows that things ill got might have good success. *M. Mason.*

[7] *Whose father* &c.] Alluding to a common proverb:
"Happy the child whose father went to the devil."
Johnson.

[8] *Than in possession any jot of pleasure.*] Thus the folio. The quarto thus:
"Than may the present profit countervaile." Steevens.

[9] —— *thirty thousand* —] The quarto reads fifty thousand. Steevens.

Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
'Darraign[1] your battle, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field;
The queen[2] hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
'And set thy diadem upon my head;
* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
'Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

[1] *Darraign* —] That is, *Range* your host, put your host in order. *Johnson.*
Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, use this word.
Thus also, in *Guy Earl of Warwick, a Tragical History*, 1661:
"*Darraign* our battles, and begin the fight."
The quartos read—*Prepare your battles*, &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *I would, your highness would depart the field;*
The queen &c.] This superstitious belief relative to the fortunes of our unhappy prince, is yet more circumstantially introduced by Drayton in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret:*
"Some think that *Warwick* had not lost the day,
"But that the king into the field he brought;
"For with the worse that side went still away
"Which had king *Henry* with them when they fought:
"Upon his birth so sad a curse there lay,
"As that he never prospered in aught.
"The queen wan two, among the loss of many,
"Her husband absent; present, never any." *Steevens.*
So, Hall: "Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in al his enterprises; for where his person was present, the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte." *Henry VI, fol. C. Malone.*

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke;[3] for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
'To blot out me, and put his own son in.
'*Clif.* And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
'*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
'Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
'*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.[4]

[3] *I am his king, and he should bow his knee;*
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke;] Edward's argument is founded on the following article in the compact entered into by Henry and the Duke of York, which the author found in Hall's Cronicle, but which I believe made no part of that agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the king did closely or apertly studye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde Duke or his bloud, then he *to forfet the crowne*, and the Duke of Yorke to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the Duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldest son would have now a title to the crown *Malone.*

Since when, &c.] The quartos give the remainder of this speech to Clarence, and read:

To blot our brother *out*, &c. *Steevens.*

Here is another variation of the same kind with those which have been noticed in the preceding play, which could not have arisen from a transcriber or printer.—Though Shakspeare gave the whole of this speech to Edward by substituting *me* for *brother*, the same division which is found in the quarto, is inadvertently retained in the folio. *Malone.*

[4] *Your legs did better service than your hands.*] An allusion to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." Steevens.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
' *North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,[5]
' That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
' *Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
' *Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee,[6] there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatick,[7]

[5] —— *I am resolv'd,*] It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. *Johnson.*

[6] Rich. *Whoever got thee,* &c.] In the folio this speech is erroneously assigned to Warwick. The answer shows that it belongs to Richard, to whom it is attributed in the old play. *Malone.*

[7] —— *misshapen* stigmatick,] "A *stigmatic,*" says J. Bulloker *in his English Expositor,* 1616, "is a notorious lewd fellow, which

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
' As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.[8]
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,[9]
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea[1])
' Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
' To let thy tongue detect[2] thy base-born heart?

hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his punishment."

The word is likewise used in Drayton's Epistle from *Q. Margaret to W. de la Poole:*

"That foul, ill favour'd, crook-back'd *stigmatic*."

Again, in Drayton's epistle from *King John to Matilda:*

"These for the crook'd, the halt, the *stigmatick*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *lizards' dreadful stings*] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation:

—— *or lizards'* fainting looks.

This is the second time that Shakspeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no such defence) with a sting; but great powers seem to have been imputed to its looks. So, *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

"The *lizard* shuts up his *sharp-sighted eyes*,
"Amongst the serpents, and there sadly lies." *Steevens.*

Shakspeare is here answerable for the introduction of the lizard's sting; but in a preceding passage, p. 208, n. 1, the author of the old play has fallen into the same mistake. *Malone.*

[9] ——*gilt,*] *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold.

So, in *King Henry V:*

"Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd." *Steevens.*

[1] (*As if a* channel *should be call'd the sea*)] A *channel*, in our author's time, signified what we now call a *kennel*. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, quarto, 1605, p. 1148: "—such a storme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; where-through, the *channels* of the citie suddenly rising," &c. Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II: "—quoit him into the *channel*" *Malone.*

Kennel is still pronounced *channel* in the North. So, in Marlowe's *Edward II:*

"Throw off his golden mitre rend his stole,
"And in the *channel* christen him anew."

Again,

"Here 's *channel* water, as our charge is given."

Again,

"To which the *channels* of the castle run." *Ritson.*

[2] *To let thy tongue detect* —] To show thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou railest at my deformity. *Johnson.*

Edw. A wisp of straw[3] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.[4]—

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?] So, the folio. The quartos:

"To parly thus with England's lawful heirs." *Steevens.*

[3] *A wisp of straw* —] I suppose, for an instrument of correction that might disgrace, but not hurt her. *Johnson.*

I believe that a *wisp* signified some instrument of correction used in the time of Shakspeare. The following instance seems to favour the supposition. See *A Woman never vexed*, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

"Nay, worse; I 'll stain thy ruff; nay, worse than that,
"I 'll do thus — [*Holds up a wisp.*
"—— dost *wisp* me thou tatterdemallion?"

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Thou little more than a dwarf, and something less than a woman!
"Cris. *A wispe! a wispe! a wispe!*

Barrett, in his *Alvearie* or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets the word *wispe* by *peniculus* or σπογγος, which signify any thing to wipe or cleanse with; a cook's linen apron, &c. Pewter is still scoured by a *wispe of straw*, or *hay*. Perhaps Edward means one of these *wisps*, as the denotement of a menial servant. Barrett adds, that, like a *wase*, it signifies "a wreath to be laied under the vessel that is borne upon the head, as women use." If this be its true sense, the Prince may think that such a *wisp* would better become the head of Margaret, than a *crown*.

It appears, however, from the following passage in Thomas Drant's translation of the seventh satire of Horace, 1567, that a *wispe* was the punishment of a scold:

"So perfyte and exacte a scoulde that women migte geve place
"Whose tatling tongues had won a *wispe*," &c. *Steevens.*

See also, Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "Why, thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean and scrattop of *scolds*, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcasse? continually read the rhetorick lecture of Ramme-Alley? a *wispe*, a *wispe*, you kitchen-stuffe wrangler." Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone, striving who shall wear the Breeches*,—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

"Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,
"This once let me entreat thee,
"And make me promise, never more
"That thou shalt mind to beat me;
"For feare *thou weare the wispe*, good wife,
"And make our neighbours ride —." *Malone.*

[4] *To make this shameless callet know herself.*] Shakspeare uses the word *callet* likewise in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II, sc. iii:

"A *callat*
"*Of boundless* tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
"*And now baits me.*"

* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
* Although thy husband may be Menelaus;[5]
* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
* By that false woman, as this king by thee.
' His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
' Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
' That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
' For what hath broach'd this tumult,[6] but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
' *Geo.* But, when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
' And that thy summer bred us no increase,[7]
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
' Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
' We 'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,

Callet, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer. *Grey.*

[5] *Menelaus;*] i. e. a cuckold. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Thersites, speaking of *Menelaus*, calls him "— the goodly transformation of Jupiter there,—the primitive statue and *oblique memorial of cuckolds.*" *Steevens.*

[6] —— *hath broach'd this tumult,*] The quarto reads, "hath *mov'd* this," &c *Steevens.*

[7] —— *we saw our sunshine made thy spring,*
And that thy summer bred us no increase,] When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determined to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. *Johnson.*
The quartos read:
"But when we saw our summer brought thee gain,
"And that the harvest brought us no increase." *Steevens.*

Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle[8] *between* Towton *and* Saxton *in* Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

'*War.* Forspent with toil,[9] as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:

[8] *A Field of Battle* &c.] We should read *near* Towton. Shakspeare has here, perhaps, intentionally thrown three different actions into one. The Lord Fitzwater, being stationed by King Edward, to defend the pass of Ferrybridge, was assaulted by the Lord Clifford, and immediately slain, "and with hym" says Hall "the bastard of Salisbury, brother to the earl of Warwycke, a valeaunt yong gentleman, and of great audacitie. When the earl of Warwycke," adds he, "was informed of this feate, he lyke a man desperated, mounted on his hackeney, and came blowing to kyng Edwarde, saiyng: Syr, I praye God have mercy of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprize hath lost their lyfes, and because I se no succors of the world, I remit the vengeaunce and punishment to God our creator and Redeemer; and with that lighted doune, and slewe his horse with his swourde, saiyng: let them flye that wyl, for surely I wil tarye with him that wil tarye with me, and kissed the crosse of his swourde." Clifford, in his retreat, was beset with a party of Yorkists, when, "eyther," says the historian, "for heat or payne, putting off his gorget, sodainly with an arrowe (as some say) without an hedde [he] was striken into the throte, and incontinent rendered his spirite, and the erle of Westmerlandes brother, and almost all his company were thare slayn, at a place called Dinting-dale, not farr frō Towton." In the afternoon of the next day (Palm Sunday eve 1461) on a plain field between Towton and Saxton, joined the main battles which continued engaged that night, and the greater part of the following day: upwards of 30,000 men, all English (including many of the nobility and the flower of the gentry, especially of the northern parts) being slain on both sides. This battle, says Carte, "decided the fate of the *house of Lancaster*, overturning in one day an usurpation *strengthened by sixty-two years continuance, and established Edward on the throne* of England." *Ritson.*

[9] *Forspent with toil*] Forspent is tired, wearied. So in Spenser's Faerie Queene, B. I. C. 7. St. 32.

"Forespent with travell and with sufferaunce."

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite,[1] needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running*.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven![2] or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;[3]
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,[4]

An authentic copy of King Edward's account of this battle, together with a list of the noblemen and knights who were slain in it, may be seen in Sir John Fenn's Collection of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. I, p. 216, &c. *Henley.*

[1] *Forspent with toil,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read "*Sore spent,*" &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *And* spite of spite,] So, in *King John:*
"And, *spite of spite*, alone holds up the day." *Steevens.*

[2] *Smile, gentle heaven!*] Thus the folio. Instead of these lines, the quartos give the following:
"Smile, gentle heavens, or strike, ungentle death,
"That we may die unless we gain the day!
"What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven
"Upon the harmless line of York's true house!" *Steevens.*

[3] *Our hap is loss,* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:
"Come, brother, come, let 's to the field again,
"For yet there 's hope enough to win the day:
"Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
"Lest they retire now we have left the field.
"*War.* How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?" *Steevens.*

Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;] Milton seems to have copied this line:
"——— Thus repuls'd, our final hope
"*Is flat despair.*" *Malone.*

'Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
'And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—

4 *Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,*] This passage, from the variation of the copies, gave me no little perplexity. The old quarto applies this description to the death of Salisbury, Warwick's father. But this was a notorious deviation from the truth of history. For the Earl of Salisbury, in the battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard Duke of York lost his life, was taken prisoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his head, together with the Duke of York's, fixed over York gates. Then the only brother of Warwick, introduced in this play, is the Marquess of Montacute (or Montague, as he is called by our author): but he does not die till ten years after, in the battle at Barnet; where Warwick likewise was killed. The truth is, the brother here mentioned is no person in the drama, and his death is only an accidental piece of history. Consulting the Chronicles, upon this action at Ferrybridge, I find him to have been a natural son of Salisbury, (in that respect a brother to Warwick) and esteemed a valiant young gentleman. *Theobald.*

Thy brother's blood &c.] Instead of this speech, which is printed, like almost all the rest of the play, from the folio, the quartos give the following:

"Thy noble *father* in the thickest throngs
"Cried still for Warwick, his thrice valiant son;
"Until with thousand swords he was beset,
"And many wounds made in his aged breast.
"And, as he tottering sat upon his steed,
"He waft his hand to me, and cried aloud,
"Richard, commend me to my valiant son:
"And still he cried, Warwick, revenge my death!
"And with these words he tumbled off his horse;
"And so the noble Salisbury gave up the ghost." *Steevens.*

It is here only necessary to refer to former notes on similar variations; See p. 292, n. 8; and the notes there referred to.

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,] In this line of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare had probably the sacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive *thy brother's* blood." *Genesis*, iv, 11.

The old play (as Theobald has observed) applies this description to the death of Salisbury, contrary to the truth of history, for that nobleman was taken prisoner at the battle of Wakefield, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. But both Hall and Holinshed, in nearly the same words, relate the circumstance on which this speech, as exhibited in the *folio*, is founded; and from the latter our author undoubtedly took it. "The Lord Fitzwalter [who had been stationed to keep the pass of Ferrybridge] hearing the noise, [made by Lord Clifford and a body of light-horsemen, *who attacked* by surprize the party stationed at the *bridge,] sodainly rose* out of his bedde, and unarmed, with a

'Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
'*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
'So underneath the belly of their steeds,
'That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
'The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
'*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.[5]
* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
* Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
* And look upon,[6] as if the tragedy
* Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
'Here on my knee I vow to God above,
'I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
'Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
'And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.[7]—
* And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
'Beseeching thee,[8]—if with thy will it stands,

pollax in his hande, thinking that it had bin a frayė amongst his men, came down to appease the same, but ere he knew what the matter ment, he was slaine, and with him the *bastard* of Salisbury, *brother to the erle of Warwick*, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie." Holinshed, p. 664. In this action at Ferrybridge, which happened on the 28th of March, 1461, the day before the great battle of Towton, Lord Clifford was killed. The author of this play has blended the two actions together. *Malone.*

[5] *I'll kill my horse,* &c.] So, in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret,* by Drayton:

"Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu:
"Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser slew."

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars,* B. VIII, st. xiii.
From Hall, Henry VI, p. 102. See p. 331, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[6] *And* look upon,] And are mere spectators. So, in *The Winter's Tale,* where I idly suspected some corruption in the text:
"And *look on* alike." *Malone.*

[7] *And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:
"And in *that* vow *now join* my soul to *thee*." *Steevens.*

[8] *Beseeching* thee,] That is, beseeching the divine power. Shakspeare in new-forming this speech may seem, at the first view of it, to have made it obscure, by placing this line immediately after—"Thou setter up," &c.

'That to my foes this body must be prey,—
'Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
'And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
'Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.
'*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
'Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
'I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
'That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
'*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewel.
'*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,
'And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
'And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
'As victors wear at the Olympian games:
* This may plant courage in their quailing[9] breasts;
* For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
* Fore-slow no longer,[1] make we hence amain.[2]
[*Exeunt.*

What I have now observed is founded on a supposition that the words "*Thou setter up,*" &c. are applied to Warwick, as they appear to be in the old play. However, our author certainly intended to deviate from it, and apply this description to the Deity; and this is another strong confirmation of the observation already made relative to the variations between these pieces and the elder dramas on which they were formed. In the old play the speech runs thus:

"Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
"And in that vow now join my soul to thee,
"Thou setter-up and puller-down of kings:—
"Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
"Or let us die before we lose the day!"

The last two lines are certainly here addressed to the Deity; but the preceding line, notwithstanding the anachronism, seems to be addressed to Warwick. *Malone.*

9 ——*quailing*—] i. e. sinking into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"———————my false spirits
"*Quail* to remember:—" *Steevens.*

1 Fore-slow *no longer,*] To *fore-slow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. *Steevens.*

2 ——*make we hence amain.*] Instead of this and the two preceding speeches, we have in the old play the following:

"*Geo.* Then let us haste to cheare the souldiers' hearts,
"And call them pillers that will stand to us,

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

'*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:[3]
'Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
'And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
'Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.[4]

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here 's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

'*Rich.* Nay, Warwick,[5] single out some other chase;
'For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

"And highly promise to remunerate
"Their trustie service in these dangerous warres.
"*Rich.* Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
"For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
"Brothers, give me your handes, and let us part,
"And take our leaves untill we meete againe;
"Where ere it be, in heaven or in earth.
"Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
"To see these dire mishaps continue so.
"Warwick, farewell."
"*War.* Away, away; once more, sweet lords, farewell."
Malone.

[3] *Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
"This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
"Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart,
"For to revenge the murders thou hast made." *Steevens.*

[4] *Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.*] So, in the second *Thebaid* of Statius, v. 453:

"——non si te ferreus agger
"Ambiat,—." *Steevens.*

[5] *Nay, Warwick,* &c.] We have had two very similar lines in the preceding play, p. 270:

"Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;
"For I myself must hunt this deer to death." *Malone.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,[6]
* When dying clouds contend with growing light;
* What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,[7]
* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
' Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
' Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
' Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
' Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:

[6] *This battle fares like to the morning's war,* &c.] Instead of this interesting speech, the quartos exhibit only the following:

" O gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
" And set some ends to these incessant griefs!
" How like a mastless ship upon the seas,
" This woful battle doth continue still,
" Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
" And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
" Oh, would my death might stay these *civil** jars!
" Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!
" Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
" Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
" Would God that I were dead, so all were well;
" Or, would my crown suffice, I were content
" To yield it them, and live a private life!"

The leading thought in both these soliloquies is borrowed from Holinshed, p. 665:—" This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtful state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides," &c.

Virgil, however, *Æn.* Lib. X, v. 354, has a similar comparison:

" ——— Expellere tendunt
" Nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipso
" Ausoniæ. Magno discordes æthere venti
" Prælia ceu tollunt, animis et viribus æquis:
" Non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedunt;
" Anceps pugna diu; stant obnixi omnia contra," &c.

This simile, however, originates with Homer; *Iliad,* XIV. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *the shepherd, blowing of his nails,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

" When icicles hang by the wall,
" *And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,*—." *Malone.*

* *The quarto, 1600,* printed by W. W. reads—cruel jars.

'Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
'Now, one the better; then, another best;
'Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,[8]
'Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
'So is the equal poise of this fell war.
* Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
* To whom God will, there be the victory!
'For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
'Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
'They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
'For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,[9]
'To be no better than a homely swain;
* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
* Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
* How many make the hour full complete,[1]
* How many hours bring about the day,
* How many days will finish up the year,
* How many years a mortal man may live.
* When this is known, then to divide the times:
* So many hours must I tend my flock;
* So many hours must I take my rest;
* So many hours must I contemplate;
* So many hours must I sport myself;
* So many days my ewes have been with young;
* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;[2]

[8] *Both* tugging *to be victors, breast to breast,*] Hence, perhaps, the vulgarism that gives such acknowledged force to the following line in Lee's *Rival Queens:*

"When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the *tug* of war."
Steevens.

[9] —— *methinks it were a happy life,*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the King, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. *Johnson.*

This speech strongly confirms the remark made by Sir Joshua Reynolds on a passage in *Macbeth*, Vol. VII, p. 60, n. 7. *Malone.*

[1] *Thereby to see the* minutes *how they run:*
How many make the hour full complete,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours:" *Malone.*

[2] —— *ere the* poor fools will yean;] Poor fool, it has already

* So many years[3] ere I shall sheer the fleece:
* So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
* Pass'd over to the end they were created,
* Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
* Ah, what a life were this! how sweet how lovely!
* Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
* To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
* To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
* O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
* And to conclude,—the shepherds homely curds,
* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
* His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
* All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
* Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
* His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
* His body couched in a curious bed,
* When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his Father,*[4] *dragging in the dead Body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:

been observed, is an expression of tenderness, often used by our author. *Malone.*

So, in *King Lear*, scene the last:

"And my *poor fool* is hang'd."

See notes on this passage, Vol. XIV, *Steevens.*

[3] *So many* years *ere I shall sheer the fleece:*] i. e. the years which must elapse between the time of the yeaning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to such a state as to admit of being shorn. Mr. Rowe changed *years* to *months;* which was followed by the subsequent editors; and in the next line inserted the word *weeks;* not observing that *hours* is used there, and throughout this speech, as a dissyllable. *Years* is in that line likewise used as a word of two syllables. *Malone.*

This dissyllabical pronunciation will by no means suit the conclusion of a verse, however it may be admitted in other parts of it. I have retained Mr. Rowe's very necessary insertion. *Steevens.*

[4] *Enter a* Son &c.] These two horrible incidents are selected to show the innumerable calamities of civil war. *Johnson.*

In the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the second of these incidents is introduced on a similar occasion. *Steevens.*

* And I, that haply take them from him now,
* May yet ere night yield both my life and them
* To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
' Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
' Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
' O heavy times, begetting such events!
' From London by the king was I press'd forth;
' My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
' Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
' And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
' Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
' Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
* My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
* And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
' *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle![5] O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
' Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity,—
* Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear;
* And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
* Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.[6]

Enter a Father *who has killed his Son, with the Body in his Arms.*

' *Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
' Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
' For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—

[5] *O piteous spectacle!* &c.] In the old play the king does not speak, till both the Son and the Father have appeared, and spoken, and then the following words are attributed to him, out of which Shakspeare has formed two distinct speeches:

" Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
" Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
" Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths.
" The red rose and the white are on his face,
" The fatal colours of our striving houses.
" Wither one rose, and let the other perish,
" For, if you strive, ten thousand lives must perish."

Malone.

[6] *And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,*
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.] The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil* war, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves. *Johnson.*

'But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
'Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
* Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
* Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
* Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,[7]
* Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
'O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
'What stratagems,[8] how fell, how butcherly,

[7] ——— *what showers arise,*
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,] This image had occurred in the preceding Act:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers. *Steevens.*

[8] *What* stratagems,] Stratagem seems to stand here only for an event of war, or may intend snares and surprizes. *Johnson.*
Stratagem is used by Shakspeare not merely to express the events and surprizes of war.—The word means in this place some *dreadful event*, as it does also in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, where Northumberland says:
" ——— Every minute now
" Should be the father of some *stratagem.*"
Stratagemma, in Italian, bears the same acceptation which Shakspeare gives to the English word *Stratagem*, in these two passages. *Bernini* in his *History of Heresies*, says: "Ma Dio puni la Francia, et la Spagna, co'l flagello dei Vandali, per l'Eresia abbracciata, et piu gravamente puni Roma, prevaricata di nuovo, al culto de gl' idoli, con il sacco che gli diedero. Orosio, che descrisse quelle *stratagemme*, paragoni Roma a Sodoma, chiamando i Romani peccatori."
It is evident, that in this passage *stratagemme* means *disastrous events*, as *stratagem* does in this place. *M. Mason.*
"*Stratageme.* A policie or subtle device in *warre*, whereby the enemie is often vanquished." Bullokar's *English Expositor*, octavo, 1616. Florio, in his *Italian Dict.* 1598, defines *Stratagema*, "a policie, a wile, or wittie shift in *warre.*" This was undoubtedly its ordinary sense in our author's time, though then and afterwards it was occasionally used for *any* subtle device or policy. Here it has unquestionably its ordinary signification. *Malone.*
Mr. Malone asserts that *stratagem* in this place means a *subtle device in war;* but I still adhere to my former opinion, that it means *a disastrous event*, or *an atrocious action.* Can we suppose that a father in the paroxysm of despair, on finding that he had killed with his own hand, his only son, should call that horrid deed a *subtle device in war?* When Lorenzo says, in *The Merchant of Venice*, that—
" The man who hath no musick in himself &c.
" Is fit for treasons, *stratagems*, and spoils,"
Could he mean to rank the subtle devices of war in the same class with the worst of crimes?

'Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
'This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
'O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,[9]
'And hath bereft thee of thy life too late![1]

We find the word *stratagem* in *The True Chronicle History of King Lear*, p. 417, where Regan says to the Messenger—

"Hast thou the heart to act a *stratagem*,
"And give a stab or two, if need require?
"*Messenger*. I have a heart compact of adamant
"Which never knew what melting pity meant.
"I weigh no more the murd'ring of a man,
"Than I respect the cracking of a flea,
"When I do catch her biting on my skin.
"If you will have your husband or your father,
"Or both of them, sent to another world,
"Do but command me do it, it shall be done."

It is evident that Regan's *stratagem*, or *subtle device*, was *assassination*. *M. Mason*.

[9] *O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,*] Because had he been born later, he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel. *Warburton*.

[1] *And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!*] i. e. He should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. This is the sense, such as it is, of the two lines; however, an indifferent sense was better than none as it is brought to by the Oxford editor, by reading the lines thus:

O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon. *Warburton*.

I rather think the meaning of the line, *And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon*, to be this: Thy father exposed thee to danger by *giving thee life too soon*, and hath *bereft thee of life* by living himself too long. *Johnson*.

The Oxford editor might have justified the change he made, from the authority of the quarto, according to which I would read; explaining the first line thus: *Thy father begot thee at too late a period of his life, and therefore thou wert not old and strong enough to cope with him*. The next line can want no explanation. Mr. Tollet thinks, that by *too late* is meant *too lately*, as in *King Richard III*, Act III:

"*Too late* he died that might have kept that title." *Steevens*.

Too *late*, without doubt, means *too recently*. The memory of thy virtues and thy hapless end is too *recent*, to be thought of without the deepest anguish. The same quaint expression is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
"Which she too early and *too late* hath spill'd."

Here *late* clearly means *lately*. Again, in this *Third Part of King Henry VI*:

"Where fame, *late* entering at his heedful ears."

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
' O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
* O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
* The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
' If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.[2]
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me,[3] and ne'er be satisfy'd?
Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
' Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?
' *K. Hen.* How will the country,[4] for these woful chances,

In the old play this and the preceding line stand thus:
"*Poor* boy, thy father gave thee life too *late*,
"And hath bereft thee of thy life too *soon*" *Malone.*
The present reading appears to be far the more eligible. Had the son been younger, he would have been precluded from the levy that brought him into the field; and had the father recognized him before the mortal blow, it would not have been too late to have saved him from death. *Henley.*

[2] *If you contend, a thousand lives must* wither.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:
"For if you strive, a thousand lives must *perish*." *Steevens.*
I think the word *wither* is more likely to have been inadvertently repeated by the transcriber, than substituted by Shakspeare for the former word. *Malone.*

[3] Take on *with me*,] Be enraged at me. So, in a pamphlet by T. Nashe, 1592: "Some will *take on*, like a madman," &c. *Malone.*
To *take on* is a phrase still in use among the vulgar, and signifies—*to persist in clamorous lamentation.* *Steevens.*

[4] *How will the country*, &c.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:
"How will the country now *misdeem* their king!
"Oh, would my death their minds could satisfy!"
To *mis-think* is to think ill, unfavourably. So, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633:
"—— and heaven pardon me what I *mis-thought* every hour of the night!" *Steevens.*
This word, which Shakspeare substituted for *misdeem*, he has again used in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"*Be it known*, that we the greatest are mis-thought,
"*For things* that others do." *Malone.*

'Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd?
'*Son.* Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?
'*Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?[5]
'*K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?
'Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
'*Son.* I 'll bear thee hence,[6] where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the Body.*
* *Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
* My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
* For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
* My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
* And so obsequious will thy father be,[7]
* Sad for the loss of thee,[8] having no more,
* As Priam was for all[9] his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the Body.*
'*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
'Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* Wales, *and* EXETER.

'*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
'And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:

[5] *Was ever son, so* ru'd *a father's death?*
Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?] The variation is here worth remarking, for in the old play the corresponding lines are:
"Was ever son so *rude*, his father's blood to spill!
"Was ever father so unnatural, his son to kill?" *Malone.*

[6] *I 'll bear thee hence,* &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:
"I 'll bear thee hence from this accursed place,
"For woe is to me, to see my father's face." *Malone.*

[7] *And so* obsequious *will thy father be,*] *Obsequious* is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. *Johnson.*
In the same sense it is used in *Hamlet:*
"——— to do *obsequious* sorrow." *Steevens.*

[8] Sad *for the loss of thee,*] The old copy reads—*men* for the loss &c. Mr. Rowe made the alteration; but I think we might read:
"—— so obsequious will thy father be,
"*Man,* for the loss of thee" &c. *Steevens.*

[9] *As Priam was for all*—] I having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. *Johnson.*

'Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
'*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain:
'Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
'Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
'With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
'And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
'Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
'*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
'Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I 'll away before.
'*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
'Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
'Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*[1]

'*Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,[2]
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
'And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.[3]
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies:[4]

[1] *Enter Clifford, wounded.*] The quarto adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* In ridicule of this, Beaumont and Fletcher have introduced *Ralph*, the grocer's prentice, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, with a *forked arrow through his head.* It appears, however, from Holinshed, p. 664, that this circumstance has some relation to the truth: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an *arrow* (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his spirit." *Steevens.*

[2] *Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,*] So, in the first part of this play:
"*Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer.*" *Steevens.*

[3] —— thy *tough commixtures* melt.] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture. Johnson.*
The quartos read—"*that* tough commixture melts." Steevens.

[4] *The common people swarm like summer flies:*] This line, which is not in the folio, was recovered from the old play by Mr.

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?[5]
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent[6]
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:[7]
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.[8]

[*He faints.*

Theobald. The context shows, that like a line in *The Second Part of King Henry VI*, it was omitted by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor. *Malone.*

5 *The common people swarm like summer flies:*
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?] Hence, perhaps, originated the following passage in *The Bard* of Gray:
"The swarm that in thy noontide beam were borne?
"Gone to salute the rising morn." *Steevens.*

6 *O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent —*] The Duke of York had been entrusted by Henry with the reins of government both in Ireland and France; and hence perhaps was taught to aspire to the throne. *Malone.*

7 *No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:*] This line is clear and proper as it is now read; yet perhaps an opposition of images was meant, and Clifford said:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out fight. *Johnson.*
The sense of the original reading is—No way to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there were. *Steevens.*

Alarum and Retreat, Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords;[9] good fortune bids us pause,
'And smooth the frowns of war[1] with peaceful looks.—
* Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
'That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
'As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
'Command an argosy to stem the waves.
'But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible that he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:[2]
'And wheresoe'er he is he 's surely dead.

[CLIF. *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul[3] is that which takes her heavy leave?

[8] *I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.*] So, the folio. The quartos read:

"I stabb'd your fathers', *now come* split my breast." *Steevens.*

[9] *Now breathe we, lords;*] Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:

"Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
"And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
"Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
"That now towards Berwick doth post amain:——
"But think you that Clifford is fled away with them?"

Steevens.

This battle, in which the house of York was victorious, was fought on a plain between Towton and Saxton, on the 29th of March, (Palm Sunday) 1461. The royal army consisted, according to Hall, of about forty thousand men; and the young Duke of York's forces were 48,760. In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, thirty-six thousand seven hundred and seventy-six persons are said to have been killed; the greater part of whom were undoubtedly Lancastrians. *Malone.*

[1] *And* smooth *the* frowns *of* war —] So, in *King Richard III:*

"Grim-visag'd *war* hath *smooth'd* his *wrinkled front.*"

Steevens.

[2] —— *mark'd him for the grave:*] Young has transferred this expression to Alonzo in *The Revenge:*

"This only marks my body for the grave."

A similar phrase occurs in Chapman's version of the fifth Iliad:

"*Our bravest foe is mark'd for death;* he cannot long sustain
"*My violent shaft,*—" *Steevens.*

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.[4]
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
' *Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
' Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
' In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,[5]
' But set his murdering knife unto the root
' From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
' I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
' Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
' That nothing sung but death to us and ours:[6]

[3] Edw. *Whose soul* &c.] I have distinguished this and the two following speeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the last line and half. *Steevens.*
I have also followed the original regulation, because it seems absurd that Richard should first say to his brother, or to one of the soldiers, "See who it is;"—and then, himself declare that it is Clifford; and therefore I suppose the variation in the folio arose, not from Shakspeare, but from some negligence or inaccuracy of a compositor or transcriber. *Malone.*

[4] —— *like life and death's departing.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *like life in death departing;* which Dr. Warburton has received. *Johnson.*
The quartos read, like life and death's *departure*. *Steevens.*
—— *like life and death's* departing.] *Departing* for *separation*. *Malone.*
There is no occasion for correction. "'Till death us depart" was the expression in the old *Marriage Service*. *Farmer.*

[5] *In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,*] It is manifest from this and many other passages, that the author of the old play, where the corresponding line stands thus—
"Who killed our *tender* brother Rutland —"
imagined that Rutland was younger than George and Richard; whereas he was in fact older than them both, being the Duke of York's second son; in consequence of which he bore a title by courtesy: and a particular stipulation was made in the compact entered into between Henry and the Duke of York, that Rutland, as well as his elder brother Edward Earl of March, should swear to the due observance of the agreement. Shakspeare has, we see, fallen into the same error; as have Habington in his nervous and elegant *History of* Edward IV, and several other historians. *Malone.*

'Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
'And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
'Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
'Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.[7]
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
'*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.
'*Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
'When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he 's dead; And, by my soul,
'If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
'This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he 's dead:† Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,

[6] —— *screech*-owl *to our house,*
That nothing sung but death &c.] So, in *King Richard III.*:
"Out on you, *owls! nothing but songs of death!*" *Steevens.*

[7] —— eager *words.*] Sour words; words of asperity. *Johnson.*
So, in *Hamlet:*
"It is a nipping and an *eager* air." *Steevens.*

† *Ay, but he 's dead:*] This reply of Warwick, is a severe and sarcastic reproof of the daunt of Richard, and implies that Richard was perfectly satisfied, previous to making such a hard oath, *that Clifford was* dead. *Am. Ed.*

There to be crowned England's royal king.
'From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
'And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
'And then to Britany I 'll cross the sea,[8]
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
* For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
* And never will I undertake the thing,
* Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
'Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
'And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
'Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.[9]

War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *And then to Britany I 'll cross the sea,*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"And afterward I 'll cross the seas to France." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *too ominous.*] Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster. *Steevens.*

The author of the original play, in which this line is found, probably had here a passage in Hall's *Chronicle* in his thoughts: "It seemeth to many men that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverse, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, son to kynge Edwarde the thirde, and this duke Humphrey, [who was killed at Bury;] whiche three persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them king Richard the iii, also duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaketh of Sejanes horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie." *Malone.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers,[1] *with Cross-bows in their Hands.*

'1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake[2] we 'll shroud
ourselves;
' For through this laund[3] anon the deer will come;
' And in this covert will we make our stand,

1 —— *two Keepers,*] In the folio, instead of *two keepers*, we have, through negligence, the names of the persons who represented these characters; *Sinklo*, and *Humphrey*. See Vol. VI, p. 19, n. 7. *Malone.*

Dr Grey observes from Hall and Holinshed, that the name of the person who took *King Henry*, was *Cantlowe* See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the first scene in *The Taming of a Shrew*.

I learn also from one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. I, p. 249, that Giles *Senctlowe* was among the persons then in Scotland with the Queen. *Steevens.*

One Giles *Santlowe*, Esquire, is among those attainted by King Edward's first parliament, and may possibly be here meant, but no person of that name seems to have been any way concerned in the capture of the late king; who, according to *W. Wyrcester*, was actually taken in *Lancashire*, by two knights named *John Talbois* and *Richard Tunstall*,—July, 1464. Drummond of Hawthornden observes, it was recorded "that a son of *Sir Edward Talbots* apprehended him as he sat at dinner in *Waddingtown-hall*; and like a common malefactor, with his legs under the horse's belly, guarded him toward London." It is a more certain fact, which I have from records in the Duchy Office, that King Edward granted to *Sir James Harrington* a rent-charge of one hundred pounds out of his lordship of Rowland in Lancashire, in recompence of his great and laborious diligence about the capture and detention of the king's great traitor, rebel and enemy, lately called Henry the Sixth, made by the said James; and likewise annuities to *Richard Talbot*, *Thomas Talbot*, Esquires,—*Talbot*, and—*Livesey*, for their services in the same capture. See also, Rymer's *Fœdera*, xi, 548. Henry had for some time been harboured by James Maychell of Crakenthorpe, Westmoreland. *Ib.* 575. It seems clear, however, that the present scene is to be placed near the Scottish border. The King himself says:

"From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love:"

And Hall (and Holinshed after him) tells us "He was no sooner entered [into England] but he was knowen and taken of one *Cantlow*, and brought toward the king." *Ritson.*

2 —— *brake* —] A *brake* anciently signified a *thicket*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "This green plot shall be our stage this hawthorn *brake* our tiring-house." Again: "Enter into that *brake, and so* every one according to his cue." Steevens.

' Culling the principal of all the deer.
* 2 *Keep.* I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
* 1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow[4]
* Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
* Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
* And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
* I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
* In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
' 2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let 's stay till he be past.[5]

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
' To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.[6]
' No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
* Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
* Thy balm wash'd off,[7] wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
' No, humble suitors press to speak for right,
* No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?
' 1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:

[3] ——*this* laund—] *Laund* means the same as *lawn;* a plain extended between woods.
So, in the old play of *Orlando Furioso,* 1594:
" And that they trace the shady *lawnds,*" &c. *Steevens.*

[4] ——*the noise of thy cross-bow*—] The poet appears not to have forgot the secrets of his former profession.
So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton,* 1608:
" Did I not hear a *bow* go off, and the buck bray?"
Steevens.

[5] ——*let 's stay till he be past.*] So the folio. The quartos read:
" —— let 's listen him a while." *Steevens.*

[6] *To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.*] So, the folio. The quartos perhaps better, thus:
" And thus disguis'd to greet my native land." *Steevens.*

[7] *Thy balm wash'd off,*] This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakspeare. So again, in this scene:
" I was anointed king."
It is common in these plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently recurring. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Richard II:*
" Not all the water in the rough rude sea
" Can wash the balm from an anointed king."
It is observable that this line is one of those additions to the original play, which are found in the folio, and not in the quarto. *Malone.*

‘ This is the *quondam* king;[8] let's seize upon him.
* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversities;[9]
* For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
* 2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
* 1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we 'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
‘ Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
‘ To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
‘ Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
‘ For Warwick is a subtle orator,
‘ And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
‘ By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
‘ For she 's a woman to be pity'd much:
* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
* The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;[1]
* And Nero will[2] be tainted with remorse,
* To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

[8] *This is the* quondam king; *&c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

“ Ay, marry, sir, here's a deer; his skin is a
“ Keeper's fee. Sirrah stand close; for as I think,
“ This is the king, king Edward hath depos'd.” *Steevens.*

Quondam had not in Shakspeare's time uniformly acquired a ludicrous sense. “ Make them *quondams* (says Latimer in one of his Sermons) out with them, cast them out of their office.” And in another place: “ He will have every man a *quondam*, as he is. As for my *quondamship* I thank God that he gaue me the grace to come by it, by so honest a meanes as I did; I thanke him for myne owne *quondamship*, and as for them I will not haue them made *quondams*, if they discharge their office. I would haue them doe their duety. I would haue no more *quondams*, as God help me.” Fol. 53.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. V, ch. 28, 1602:

“ Not knights alone, but prelates too, and queens where-
of were twain,
“ The *quondam* et *in esse* queenes —.” *H. White.*

[9] —— *these sour adversities;*] The old copy reads—*the sowre adversaries. Steevens.*

Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[1] *The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;*] So, in *Othello:*

“ — She will sing the savageness out of a bear.” *Steevens.*

[2] *And Nero will* —] Perhaps we might better read—*A Nero will* ——. *Steevens.*

* Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
* That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;[3]
* And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
* With promise of his sister, and what else,
* To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
* O Margaret,[4] thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

'*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:[5]
' A man at least, for less I should not be;[6]
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

' 2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

' *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind;[7] and that 's enough.[8]

[3] *Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;*] In the former Act was the same line:

"Inferring arguments of mighty force." *Johnson.*

This repetition, like many others in these two plays, seems to have arisen from Shakspeare's first copying his original as it lay before him, and afterwards in subsequent passages (added to the old matter) introducing expressions which had struck him in preceding scenes. In the old play the line occurs but once. *Malone.*

[4] *O Margaret,* &c.] The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful Queen. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *less than I was born to:*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:—for less I should not be. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *for less I should not be;*] Such is the reading of the folio. The quartos thus,—and more I cannot be. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *but thou talk'st as if thou wert a* king.

K. Hen. *Why, so I am, in* mind;] There seems to be an allusion to a line in an old song, (quoted in *Every Man out of his Humour*):

"My *mind* to me a *kingdom* is." *Malone.*

See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,* 3d edit. Vol. I, p. 293. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *and that 's* enough.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:

"—— though not in show." Steevens.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
* Nor to be seen: 'my crown is call'd, content;
' A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
' 2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
' To go along with us: for, as we think,
' You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
' And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,[9]
' Will apprehend you as his enemy.
* *K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?
* 2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I was king of England?
* 2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.
* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;
* My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
* And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
* 1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects, but while you were king.
* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
* Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
* And as the air blows it to me again,[1]
* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
* And yielding to another when it blows,
* Commanded always by the greater gust;
* Such is the lightness of you common men.
* But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
* My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
* Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
* And be you kings; command, and I 'll obey.
* 1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

[9] *And we his subjects,* &c.] So, the folio. The quarto thus:
" And therefore we charge you in God's name and the king's,
" To go along with us unto the officers." *Steevens.*

[1] *Look, as I blow this feather from my face,*
And as the air blows it to me again, &c.] So, in The Winter's Tale:
"I am a feather for each wind that blows." Malone.

* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
* If he were seated as king Edward is.
1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,[2]
To go with us unto the officers.
* *K. Hen.* In God's name, lead;[3] your king's name be obey'd:
* And what God will, that let your king perform;
* And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

* *K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
* This lady's husband, sir John Grey,[4] was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
* Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
* The worthy gentleman did lose his life.[5]

[2] —— *and* in *the king's,*] The preposition—*in,* which is wanting in the old copy, I have supplied for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[3] *In God's name, lead;* &c.] So, the folio. Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:

"God's name be fulfill'd, your king's name be
"Obey'd; and be you king's; command, and I 'll obey."

Steevens.

[4] —— *sir John Grey,*] Vid. Hall, *Third Year of Edward IV,* folio 5. It was hitherto falsely printed *Richard. Pope.*

Sir John Grey was slain at the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry. *Malone.*

[5] *His lands then* seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.] This is in every particular a falsification of history. Sir John Grey, as has been already observed, fell in the second battle of St. Albans, which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1460-1, fighting on the side of king *Henry;* and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror, (Queen Margaret) that they were in fact seized by the very person who now speaks, after his gran

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
* It were dishonour, to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.
' *Glo.* Yea! is it so?[6] [*Aside to* CLAR.
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind? [*Aside.*
Glo. Silence! [*Aside.*
' *K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider[7] of your suit;
' And come some other time, to know our mind.
' *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
' May it please your highness to resolve me now;
' And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
' Glo. [*aside*] Ay, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
' An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
' Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.

victory at Towton, on the 29th of March, 1461. The present scene is laid in 1464.

Shakspeare in new moulding this play followed implicitly his author, (for these five lines, with only a slight variation in the third, and fifth, are found in the old play,) without giving himself the trouble to examine the history; but a few years afterwards, when he had occasion to write his *Richard III*, and was not warped by a preceding misrepresentation of another writer, he stated from the chronicles this matter truly as it was; and this is one of the numerous circumstances that prove incontestably, in my apprehension, that he was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

In *King Richard III*, Act I, sc. iii, Richard addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth, (the lady Grey of the present scene) says:

" In all which time you, and your husband *Grey*,
" Were factious *for the house of Lancaster*;—
" (And Rivers so were you)—was not your husband
" In *Margaret's battle* at Saint Albans slain?"

He calls it *Margaret's battle*, because she was there victorious. *Malone.*

[6] Glo. *Yea! is it so?* &c.] So, the folio. The quartos read with the following variations:

" *Glo.* I, Is the wind in that door?
" *Clar.* I see the lady," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] *Widow, we will consider* —] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakspeare. *Johnson.*

* *Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
[*Aside.*
* *Glo.* God forbid that! for he 'll take vantages. [*Aside.*
' *K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*
Glo. Nay, whip me then; he 'll rather give her two.
[*Aside.*
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four if you 'll be rul'd by him.
[*Aside.*
' *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's land.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I 'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you;[8] for you will have leave,
' Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[GLO. *and* CLAR. *retire to the other side.*
* *K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
* *L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
* *K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good?
* *L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
* *K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
* *L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
* *L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
* *K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
* *L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.
* *K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.
* *L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
* *K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
* *L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

[8] —— good leave *have you;*] So, in *King John:*
" *Good leave;* good Philip."
Good leave, are words implying readiness of assent. STEEVENS.

* *Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.[9] [*Aside.*

* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

' *K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

' *L. Grey.* My love till death,[1] my humble thanks, my prayers;
' That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive
* Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

' *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

[9] —— *much rain wears the marble.*] So, in Watson's 47th Sonnet:

"In time *the marble weares* with weakest showres."

See note on Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. XII, p. 387. *Steevens.*

[1] *My love till death*, &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the old play we here find—

"My humble service, such as subjects owe,
"*And the laws* command." *Malone.*

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
'Accords not with the sadness[2] of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
'*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. [*aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;[3]
* Her words do show her wit incomparable;
* All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
'I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.[4]

[2] —— *the* sadness —] i. e. the seriousness. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Tell me in *sadness* who is she you love." *Steevens.*

[3] *Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;*] So, the folio. The quartos read:

"Her looks *are all* replete with *majesty.*" *Steevens.*

[4] *And yet too good to be your concubine.*] So, in Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602, B. VII, chap. xxxiv:

"His plea was love, my suit was land: I plie him, he plies me;
"Too base to be his queen, too good his concubine to be."

Shakspeare, however, adopted the words from Stowe's *Chronicle. Steevens*

These words, which are found in the old play, (except that we there have *bad,* instead of *mean,*) were taken by the author of that piece from Hall's *Chronicle:* "— whiche demaund she so wisely and with so covert speeche aunswered and repugned, affyrmyng that as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellowe, so for her awne poor honestie she was to good.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow,[5] and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
' Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now has done his shrift. [*Aside.*
Clar. When he was made a shriver 'twas for shift. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.[6]
K. Edw. You 'd think it strange, if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That 's a day longer than wonder lasts.[7]
' *Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
' And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
' And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

to be either his concubine, or sovereigne lady; that were he was a littell before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. *Malone.*

[5] *Thou art a widow,* &c.] This is part of the King's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle:* "That she is a widow, and hath already children; by God's blessed lady I am a batchelor, and have some too, and so each of us hath a proofe that neither of us is like to be barrain;" &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *she looks sad.*] Old copy—*very* sad. For the sake of metre I have omitted this useless adverb. *Steevens.*

[7] *That 's a day longer* &c.] A nine days wonder was proverbial. Thus, in a Sermon at Paul's Crosse, Nov. 25, 1621, by Henry King, *p. 53:* "Por mendacia diu non fallunt, and having arrived *at nine days, the age of a wonder, died in laughter.*" Reed.

'To question of his apprehension.—
'Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.
[*Exeunt King* EDW. *Lady* GREY, CLAR. *and Lord.*
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
'That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
'To cross me from the golden time I look for!
'And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
'(The lustful Edward's title buried)
'Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
'And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
'To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
'Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
'Like one that stands upon a promontory,
'And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
'Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
'And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
'Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
'So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
'And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
'And so I say—I 'll cut the causes off,
'Flattering me with impossibilities.—
'My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
'Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
'Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
'What other pleasure can the world afford?
'I 'll make my heaven[8] in a lady's lap,
'And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
'O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
'Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:[9]
'And, for I should not deal in her soft laws

[8] *I 'll make my heaven* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos alter and transpose the two lines, as follows:

I will *go clad* my body *with* gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *love forswore me in my mother's womb:*] This line is found also in a play entitled *Wily Beguiled.* The earliest edition that I have seen of that piece, was printed in 1606; but it had been exhibited on the stage soon after the year 1590. *Malone.*

'She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
'To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;[1]
'To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
'To shape my legs of an unequal size;
* To disproportion me in every part,
* Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,[2]
* That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
'O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
* But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
* As are of better person than myself,[3]
* I 'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
* Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head,
* Be round impaled with a glorious crown.[4]

[1] —— *like a wither'd shrub;*] So, the folio. The quartos—like a wither'd *shrimp*. *Steevens*.

[2] —— *unlick'd bear-whelp,*] It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures. *Johnson*.

[3] —— *to o'erbear such*
As are of better person than myself,] Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. *Johnson*.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
[4] *Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head,*
Be round impaled &c.] A transposition seems to be necessary:
1 2 8 5 7 3 4 6
"Until my head, that this misshap'd trunk bears"
Otherwise the *trunk that bears the head* is to be encircled with the crown, and not the *head* itself. *Steevens*.
Sir T. Hanmer reads as Mr. Steevens recommends. I believe our author is answerable for this inaccuracy. *Malone*.

* And yet I know not how to get the crown,
* For many lives stand between me and home:
* And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
* Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
* Not knowing how to find the open air,
* But toiling desperately to find it out,—
* Torment myself to catch the English crown:
* And from that torment I will free myself,
* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
' And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
* And frame my face to all occasions.
* I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
* I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
* I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
* Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
* And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
' Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
' And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.[5]

—— *impaled* —] i. e. encircled. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Tear off the crown that yet *empales* his temples."

Steevens.

[5] *And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.*] As this is an anachronism, and the old quarto reads:

"And set *the aspiring Catiline* to school, —."

I don't know why it should not be preferred. *Warburton.*

This is not the first proof I have met with, that Shakspeare, in his attempts to familiarize ideas, has diminished their propriety. *Steevens.*

Catiline first occurred to the author of the old play, who was probably a scholar; and *Machiavel*, who is mentioned in various books of our author's age, as the great exemplar of profound politicians, naturally was substituted by Shakspeare in his room. See this play, P. I, Act V, sc. iv:

"Alençon! that notorious *Machiavel!*"

In *King Edward II*, Marlowe, who was probably the author of *The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, in like manner introduces Catiline:

"Spencer, the father of that wanton Spencer,
"That like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
"Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury." *Malone.*

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
' Tut! were it further off, I 'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the* French *King, and Lady* BONA, *attended; the King takes his State. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD *her Son, and the Earl of* OXFORD.

' *K. Lew.* Fair queen of England,[6] worthy Margaret,
[*Rising.*
' Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
' And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.
* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France;[7] now Margaret
* Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
* Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
* But now mischance hath trod my title down,
* And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
* Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
* And to my humble seat conform myself.
* *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair!
* *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
* And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
* *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,

[6] *Fair queen of England,* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos give the following:

" Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France.
" It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
" Sit by my side; and here I vow to thee,
" Thou shalt have aid to re-possess thy right,
" And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
" And place king Henry in his former rule." *Steevens.*

See the notes referred to in p. 292, n. 8. *Malone.*

[7] *No, mighty king of France;* &c.] Instead of this speech the quartos only supply the following:

" *Queen.* I humbly thank your royal majesty,
" And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
" *Great king* of France, that thus regard'st our wrongs." *Steevens.*

* And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
* Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
* It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.
* *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
* And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
* That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
* Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
* And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
* While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
* Usurps the regal title, and the seat
* Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
* This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
* With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
* Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
' And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
* Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
* Our people and our peers are both misled,
* Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
* And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.
* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
* While we bethink a means to break it off.
* *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
* *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.
* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
* And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK,[8] *attended.*

' *K. Lew.* What 's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

[8] *Enter Warwick,*] This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he receives by the King's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the King, Shakspeare, it is true, found in Hall and Holinshed; but later, as well as earlier writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the King and his political creator, to causes which have not reached posterity, or to that jealousy and ingratitude

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee too France?

[*Descending from his state.* Q. MAR. *rises.*

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

' *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

' *Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.[9]

so natural, perhaps, to those who are under obligations too great to be discharged. *Beneficia*, (says Tacitus,) *eò usque læta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse: ubi multum antevenêre, pro gratiâ odium redditur.*

There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended upon than this fabulous story of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The King was privately married to Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463, and in February 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the Princess Elizabeth their first child. What secretly displeased him was: 1. the King's marrying one of the Queen's sisters to the Duke of Buckingham; 2. his conferring the office of Lord Treasurer (which he had taken from the Lord Montjoy) upon Lord Rivers, the Queen's brother; 3. his making a match between the son and heir of the Lord Herbert and another of the Queen's sisters; and between that nobleman's daughter and the young Lord Lisle; and creating young Herbert Knight and Lord of Dunstar; 4. his making a match between Sir Thomas Grey, the Queen's son, and Lady Ann daughter and heiress of the Duke of Exeter, the King's niece, who had been talked of as a wife for the Earl of Northumberland, Warwick's brother. See *Wilhelmi Wyrcester Annales*, which are unfortunately defective from the beginning of November 1468, at which time no open rupture had taken place between the King and Warwick, who, for any thing that appears to the contrary, were, at least, *upon speaking terms.*" *Ritson.*

[9] —— *Henry's hope is done.*] So, the folio. The quartos read:— *all our* hope is done. *Steevens.*

We have had nearly the same line in Margaret's former speech *p. 366. The line* having made an impression on Shakspeare, he introduced it in that speech, which appears (except in this in-

War. And, gracious madam, [*to* BONA] in our king's behalf,
' I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.[1]
Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
' Before you answer Warwick. His demand[2]
* Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
* But from deceit, bred by necessity:
* For how can tyrants safely govern home,
* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
* That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
* Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
* Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
* Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
* For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
* Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
' Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;[3]
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:

stance) to have been entirely his own production; and afterwards inadvertently suffered it with a slight variation to remain here, where only it is found in the old play. *Malone.*

[1] *Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.*] So, the folio. The quarto thus:
" Hath plac'd thy glorious image, and thy vertues."
Steevens.

[2] —— *His demand* &c.] Instead of the remainder of this speech the old play has the following lines:
" ———— hear me speak,
" Before you answer Warwick, *or his words,*
" *For he it is hath* done us all these wrongs." *Malone.*

[3] —— *to the wisest;*] So, the folio. The quarto—to the world. *Steevens.*

From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
' *Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
' Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,[4]
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
' *Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
' My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
' When nature brought him to the door of death?[5]
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
' Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
' While I use further conference with Warwick.
* *Q. Mar.* Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
[*Retiring with the* Prince *and* Oxf.
' *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
' Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,

[4] —— *thirty and* six *years,*] So, the folio. The quartos—thirty and *eight* years. *Steevens.*
The number in the old play is right. The alteration, however, is of little consequence. *Malone.*

[5] *When nature brought him to the door of death?*] Thus the folio. The quartos:
"When *age did call him* to the door of death." *Steevens.*
This passage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's *Induction:*
"His withered fist still *knocking at deathe's dore,*" &c.
Farmer.

'To link with him that were not lawful chosen.[6]
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.[7]
'*K. Lew.* Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
'Tell me for truth the measure of his love
'Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;[8]
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,[9]
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*to* WAR.] that often ere this day,

[6] —— *that were not lawful chosen.*] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:

"—— that *is* not lawful *heir*." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *that Henry was unfortunate.*] He means, that Henry was unsuccessful in war, having lost his dominions in France, &c. *Malone.*

[8] *That this his love was an* eternal *plant;*] The old quarto reads rightly *eternal;* alluding to the plants of Paradise. *Warburton.*

In the language of Shakspeare's time, by an *eternal* plant was meant what we now call a *perennial* one. *Steevens.*

The folio reads—an *external* plant; but as that word seems to afford no meaning, and as Shakspeare has adopted every other part of this speech as he found it in the old play, without alteration, I suppose *external* was a mistake of the transcriber or printer, and have therefore followed the reading of the quarto. *Malone.*

[9] *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,*] Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating or blasting power; and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why *envy* is mentioned here, or whose *envy* can be meant; but the meaning is, that his love is superior to *envy*, and can feel no blast from the lady's *disdain*. Or, that, if Bona refuse to *quit* or *requite* his pain, his love may turn to *disdain*, though the consciousness of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of *envy*. *Johnson.*

I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain. Steevens.

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
* Touching the jointure that your king must make,
* Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
* By this alliance to make void my suit;
* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:
* But if your title to the crown be weak,—
* As may appear by Edward's good success,—
* Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
* From giving aid, which late I promised.
* Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
* That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able[1] to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.
* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;[2]
* Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings![3]
* I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
* Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
* Thy sly conveyance,[4] and thy lord's false love;

[1] *You have a father able* —] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topick of reproach. *Johnson.*

[2] *Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,* peace:] The word *peace,* at the end of this line, is wanting in the first folio, but is supplied by the second. *Steevens.*

[3] *Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!*] The Queen here applies to Warwick, the very words that Edward, p. 334, addresses to the Deity. *M. Mason.*

See p 334, n. 8. The repetition has been already accounted for, in p. 354, n. 3, &c. *Malone.*

[4] *Thy sly conveyance,*] Conveyance is *juggling,* and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. *Johnson.*

* For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A Horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.

[*To* MARGARET. *They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
'I hope, all 's for the best.

'*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

'*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
'And now, to sooth your forgery and his,[5]
'Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
'Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
'Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?[6]

So, in *King Richard II:*

" —— *conveyers* are you all,
" That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *to* sooth *your forgery and his,*] To soften it, to make it more endurable: or perhaps, to sooth us, and to prevent our being exasperated by your forgery and his. *Malone.*

[6] *Did I forget, that by the house of York*
My father came untimely to his death?] Warwick's father came untimely to his death, being taken at the battle of Wakefield, and beheaded at Pomfret But the author of the old play imagined he fell at the action at Ferry-bridge, and has in a former

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?[7]
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;[8]
' And am I guerdon'd[9] at the last with shame!
* Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
* And, to repair my honour lost for him,
* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
' My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
' *Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
' And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
' And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
* He 's very likely now to fall from him;
* For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

scene, to which this line refers, (See p. 333, n 4,) described his death as happening at that place. Shakspeare very properly rejected that description of the death of the Earl of Salisbury, of whose death no mention is made in this play, as it now stands; yet he has inadvertently retained this line which alludes to a preceding description that he had struck out; and this is another proof of his falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes following, and sometimes deserting, his original. *Malone.*

[7] *Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?*] Thus Holinshed, p. 668: "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward." *Steevens.*

[8] *Did I put Henry from his native right;* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

"And thrust king Henry from his native home?
"And (most ungrateful) doth he use me thus?" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *guerdon'd* —] i. e. rewarded. So, in P. II, of this play: "*See you well guerdon'd* for these good deserts." *Steevens.*

* Or than for strength and safety of our country.
* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
* But by thy help to this distressed queen?
* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's are one.
* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
* Thou seest what 's past, go fear thy king[1] withal.
Bona. Tell him, In hope he 'll prove a widower, shortly,
I 'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.[2]
War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward;[3] be gone. [*Exit* Mess.
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:[4]

[1] —— *go* fear *thy king* —] That is, *fright* thy king. *Johnson.* So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
"The people *fear* me" &c. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *to put armour on*] It was once no unusual thing for queens themselves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be still seen in the Tower. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *thy reward;*] Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the Herald or Messenger, whom the original copies call—a *Post.* See Vol. IX, p. 297, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *and* bid *false Edward battle:*] This phrase is common to many of our ancient writers. So, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, a dramatick performance, 1587:
"—————— my flesh abhors
"To *bid the battle* to my proper blood." Steevens.

* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
' Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
' What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith[5] in holy wedlock bands.

[5] *I'll join mine* eldest *daughter, and my joy,*
To him forthwith —] Surely this is a mistake of the copyists. Hall, in the ninth year of King Edward IV, says: "Edward prince of Wales wedded Anne *second* daughter to the earl of Warwick." And the Duke of Clarence was in love with the *elder*, the Lady Isabel; and in reality was married to her five years before Prince Edward took the lady Anne to wife. And, in *King Richard the Third*, Gloster, who married this Lady Anne when a widow, says:

"For then I 'll marry Warwick's *youngest* daughter.
"What though I kill'd her husband and her father?"

i. e. Prince Edward, and King Henry VI, her father-in-law. See likewise Holinshed, in his *Chronicle*, p. 671 and 674. *Theobald.*

This is a departure from the truth of history, for Edward Prince of Wales (as Mr. Theobald has observed) was married to Anne, the *second* daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

But notwithstanding this, his reading [*youngest* daughter] has, I think, been improperly adopted by the subsequent editors; for though in fact the Duke of Clarence married Isabella, the *eldest* daughter of Warwick, in 1468, and Edward Prince of Wales married Anne, his *second* daughter, in 1470; *neither* of his daughters was married at the time when Warwick was in France negociating a marriage between Lady Bona and his King: so that there is no inconsistency in the present proposal. Supposing, however, that the original author of this play made a mistake, and imagined that the *youngest* daughter of Warwick was married to Clarence, I apprehend he, and not his editor, ought to answer for it.

This is one of the numerous circumstances which prove that Shakspeare was not the *original* author of this play; for though here, as in a former passage, (p. 356, n. 5,) he has followed the old drama, when he afterwards wrote his *King Richard III*, and found it necessary to consult the ancient historians, he represented Lady Anne, as she in fact was, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, and the *youngest* daughter of the earl of Warwick. *Malone.*

Is it improbable then that Shakspeare should have become more accurate as he grew older? Might he not, previous to the *composition of a later play*, have furnished himself with that know-

'*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree,[6] and thank you for your motion:—
'Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
'Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
'And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
'That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
'*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
'And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WAR.
'*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,
'And thou, lord Bourbon,[7] our high admiral,
'Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
'I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
'For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WAR.

War. I came from Edward as embassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale,[8] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ledge of history which was wanting in his dramatick performance of an earlier date? *Steevens.*

[6] *Yes, I agree,* &c.] Instead of this speech, the quarto has only the following:

"With all my heart; I like this match full well.
"Love her, son Edward; she is fair and young;
"And give thy hand to Warwick, for his love." *Steevens.*

[7] *And thou, lord Bourbon,* &c.] Instead of this and the three following lines, we have these in the old play:

"And *you*, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
"Shall waft them *safely to the English coasts;*
"*And chase proud* Edward *from his slumb'ring trance,*
"For mocking marriage with *the name* of France."
Malone.

[8] —— *to make a* stale,] i. e. *stalking-horse, pretence.* So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"—— poor I am but his stale."

See Act II, sc. i. Steevens.

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

' *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence,[9] what think you
' Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
* Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
* *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
* How could he stay till Warwick made return?
* *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *attended; Lady* GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and Others.*[1]

* *Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.
* *Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
' *K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
' That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
' *Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
' Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,

9 *Now tell me, brother Clarence,*] In the old play the King enters here along with his brothers, not after them, and opens the scene thus:

" *Edw.* Brothers of Clarence and of Glocester,
" What think you of our marriage with the lady Grey?
" *Glo.* My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis,
" That are so slack in judgment that they 'll take
" No offence at this sudden marriage.
" *Edw.* Suppose they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick;
" And I am your king and Warwick's; and will be
" Obey'd.
" *Glo.* And shall, because you are our king;
" But yet such sudden marriages seldom proveth well.
" *Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you against us too?"
Malone.

1 The stage direction in the folio, [*four stand on one side, and four on the other*] is sufficient proof that the play, as exhibited there, was printed from a stage copy. I suppose these eight important personages were attendants. *Steevens.*

'That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.
'*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,
'They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
'Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
'*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our king:
'Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?[2]
'*Glo.* Not I:
'No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
'Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
'*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
'Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
'Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
'And you too, Somerset,[3] and Montague,
'Speak freely what you think.
'*Clar.* Then this is my opinion,[4]—that king Lewis
'Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
'About the marriage of the lady Bona.
'*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
'Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
'*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
'By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
'*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
'England is safe, if true within itself?[5]

2 —— *are you offended too?*] So, the folio. The quartos: "—— are you *against us* too?" *Steevens.*

3 *And you too,* Somerset, &c] In the old play Somerset does not appear in this scene. *Malone.*

4 Clar. *Then this is my opinion,*—&c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos read thus:

"*Clar.* My lord, then this is my opinion;
"That Warwick, being dishonour'd in his embassage,
"Doth seek revenge, to quit his injuries.
"*Glo.* And Lewis, in regard of his sister's wrongs,
"Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state."
Steevens.

5 *Why, knows not Montague, that of itself*
England is safe, if true within itself?] In the old play these lines stand thus:

* *Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

* *Hast.* 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
* Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,[6]
* Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
* And with their helps only defend ourselves;
* In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
' To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

' *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
* And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

' *Glo.* And yet, methinks,[7] your grace hath not done well,
' To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
' Unto the brother of your loving bride;
' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

' *Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir[8]
' Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

"Let England be true within itself,
"We need not France nor any alliance with them."

It is observable that the first of these lines occurs in the old play of *King John*, 1591, from which our author borrowed it, and inserted it with a slight change in his own play with the same title. *Malone.*

See Vol. VII, p. 420. Neither the lapse of two centuries, nor any circumstance which has occurred during that eventful period, has in any degree shook the credit of this observation, or impaired the confidence of the publick in the truth of it. "England is and will be still safe, if true within itself." *Reed.*

[6] —— *with the seas,*] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. *Johnson.*

[7] *And yet, methinks,* &c.] The quartos vary from the folio as follows:

"*Cla.* Ay, and for such a thing too, the lord Scales
"Did well deserve at your hands, to have the
"Daughter of the lord Bonfield; and left your
"Brothers to go seek elsewhere; but in your madness
"You bury brotherhood." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *you would not have bestow'd the heir* —] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the King, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. *Johnson.*

' And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
' That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
' *Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment;
' Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
' To play the broker in mine own behalf;
' And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
' *K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
' And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
' *Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
' To raise my state to title of a queen,
' Do me but right, and you must all confess
' That I was not ignoble of descent,[9]
' And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
' But as this title honours me and mine,
' So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
' Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
' *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:[1]
' What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
' So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
' And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
' Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
' Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
' Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
' And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
' *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

' *K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

[9] —— *I was not ignoble of descent,*] Her father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, Earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. *Malone.*

[1] *My love, forbear* &c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the old play has only these lines:

" *Edw.* Forbear, my love, to fawne upon their frowns,
" For thee they must obey, nay, shall obey,
" And if they look for favour at my hands.
" *Mont.* My lord, here is the messenger return'd from Fraunce." *Malone.*

'*Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
'But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
'*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
'Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
'What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
'But what said lady Bona to my marriage?[2]
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly.
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
'She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
'For I have heard, that she was there in place.[3]
Mess. *Tell him*, quoth she, *my mourning weeds are done,*[4]
And I am ready to put armour on.
'*K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
'*Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty
'Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
'Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
'They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

[2] —— *to my marriage?*] The quartos read:
"—— to these wrongs." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *she was there* in place.] This expression, signifying, she was there *present*, occurs frequently in old English writers. *Malone.*

En place, a Gallicism. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *are* done,] i. e. are consumed, thrown off. The word is often used in this sense by the writers of our author's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*
"And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and *done*
"As is the morning's silver-melting dew." Malone.

'But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
'*Mess.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
'That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.[5]
* Now, brother king, farewel, and sit you fast,
* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
* I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.[6]
[*Exit* CLAR., *and* SOM. *follows.*

[5] *Belike, the* elder; *Clarence will have the* younger.] I have ventured to make *elder* and *younger* change places in this line against the authority of all the printed copies. The reason of it will be obvious. *Theobald.*

Clarence having in fact married Isabella, the *elder* daughter of Warwick, Mr. Theobald made *elder* and *younger* change places in this line; in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors: The author of the old play, where this line is found, might from ignorance or intentionally have deviated from history, in his account of the person whom Clarence married. See a former note, p. 375, n. 5. *Malone.*

[6] *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That Clarence should make this speech in the King's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The King never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Post says to the King. *Johnson.*

When the Earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the Queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me." *Steevens.*

Clarence certainly speaks in the hearing of the king, who immediately after his brother has retired, exclaims, that he is gone to join with Warwick.

This line is in the old quarto play. One nearly resembling it is likewise found in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"Myself will lead the way,
"And make a passage with my conquering sword,
"Knee-deep in blood of these accursed Moors;
"*And they that love my honour, follow me.*"

So also, in our author's *King Richard III:*

"The rest that love me, rise, and follow me." *Malone.*

* *Glo.* Not I:[7]
* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
* Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
* Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
* And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
' Pembroke, and Stafford,[8] you in our behalf
' Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
' They are already, or quickly will be landed:
' Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEM. *and* STAF.
' But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
' Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
' Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
' Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
' If it be so, then both depart to him;
' I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;
' But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
' Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
' That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

[7] Glo. *Not I:*] After Clarence goes out, we have in the old play the following dialogue; part of which Shakspeare rejected, and transposed the rest:

"*Edw.* Clarence and Somerset fled to Warwick!
"What say you, brother Richard, will you stand to us?" &c.
Malone.

See note 9, in the following page. *Steevens.*

[8] *Pembroke and Stafford,* &c.] The quartos give the passage thus:

"Pembroke, go raise an army presently;
"Pitch up my tent; for in the field this night
"I mean to rest; and, on the morrow morn,
"I 'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land
"Those straggling troops which he hath got in France.
"But ere I go, Montague and Hastings, you
"Of all the rest are nearest ally'd in blood
"To Warwick; therefore tell me if you favour
"Him more than me, or not; speak truly, for
"I had rather have you open enemies
"Than hollow friends." *Steevens.*

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.[9]
'*K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
'Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with* French *and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence;[1] my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,[2]
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:[3]

[9] *Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you:*] The quartos continue the speech thus:

"Ay, my lord, in despight of all that shall withstand you;
"For why hath nature made me halt downright
"But that I should be valiant, and stand to it?
"For if I would, I cannot run away." *Steevens.*

[1] *But welcome, Clarence;*] Old copy, redundantly,—sweet Clarence. *Steevens.*

[2] *His soldiers lurking in the* towns *about,*] Old copies—*town.* *Steevens.*

Dr. Thirlby advised the reading *towns* here; the guard in the scene immediately following says:

"—— but why commands the king,
"That his chief followers lodge in towns about him?"
Theobald.

* That as Ulysses[4] and stout Diomede,
* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;[5]
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
* And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
* For I intend but only to surprize him.—
' You, that will follow me to this attempt,
' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry*, Henry!
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George![6]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the King's Tent.*

* 1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
* The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
* 2 *Watch.* What, will he not to-bed?
* 1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
* Never to lie and take his natural rest,
* Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
* 2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

[3] —— *very easy:*] Here the quartos conclude this speech, adding only the following lines:

"Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,
"And break we presently into his tent." *Steevens.*

[4] *That as Ulysses*, &c.] See the tenth book of the *Iliad*. These circumstances, however, were accessible, without reference to Homer in the original. *Steevens.*

[5] —— the Thracian *fatal* steeds;] We are told by some of the writers on the Trojan story, that the capture of these horses was one of the necessary preliminaries to the fate of Troy. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *and Saint George!*] After the two concluding lines of this scene, which in the old play are given not to Warwick but to Clarence, we there find the following speeches, which Shakspeare has introduced in a subsequent place:

"*War.* This is his tent; and see where his guard doth stand.
"Courage, my soldiers; now or never.
"But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.
"*All.* A Warwick, a Warwick!" *Malone.*

* If Warwick, be so near as men report.
* 3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
* That with the king here resteth in his tent?
* 1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
* 3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
* While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
* 2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
* 3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
* I like it better than a dangerous honour.[7]
* If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
* 1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
* 2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
* But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

' *War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
' Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
' But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
* 2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying*—*Arm! Arm!* WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding, Re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the* King *out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

' *Som.* What are they that fly there?
' *War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here 's the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,[8]

[7] *I like it better than a dangerous honour,*] This honest Watchman's opinion coincides with that of Falstaff. See Vol. VIII, p. 366. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *when we parted last,*] The word *last*, which is found in the old play, was inadvertently omitted in the folio. *Malone.*

Thou call'dst me king?
' *War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:
' When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
' Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.[9]
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
* Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?
* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother[1] of Clarence, art thou here too?
* Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
' Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
' Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
' Edward will always bear himself as king:
* Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
* My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:[2]
[*Takes off his Crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
* And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
' My lord of Somerset, at my request,
' See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
' Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
' When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
' I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
' Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewel, good duke of York.
* *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit. K.* Edw., *led out;* Som. *with him.*

[9] *And come* now to create *you duke of York.*] Might we not read, with a slight alteration?
And come to new-create *you duke of York.* *Johnson.*

[1] *Yea, brother* &c.] In the old play this speech consists of only these two lines:
" Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worst,
" Edward in mind will bear himself a king."
Henry has made the same declaration in a former scene.

[2] *Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:*] *his mind; as far as his own mind goes.* *M. Mason.*

* *Oxf.* What now remains,[3] my lords, for us to do,
* But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
' To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.[4]

' *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
' *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
' What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
' *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.
' *Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?
' *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

[3] *What now remains*, &c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos have:

" *Clar.* What follows now? all hitherto goes well.
" But we must dispatch some letters into France,
" To tell the queen of our happy fortune;
" And bid her come with speed to join with us.
" *War.* Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do,
" And free king Henry from imprisonment,
" And see him seated on the regal throne.
" Come, let 's away; and, having past these cares,
" I 'll post to York, and see how Edward fares." *Steevens.*

[4] *Enter* ——— *Rivers.*] Throughout this scene the quartos vary in almost every speech from the folio. The variations, however, are hardly such as to deserve notice. *Steevens.*

They are, however, so marked, as to prove decisively, I think, that either Shakspeare wrote two distinct pieces on this subject at different periods, or that the play as exhibited in the folio was his, and that in quarto the production of a preceding writer. Let the second speech of Rivers be read with this view:

" What losse? of some pitcht battaile against Warwicke!
" Tush, feare not, faire queene, but cast these cares aside.
" King Edward's noble mind his honour doth display,
" And Warwick may lose, though then he got the day."

See also the speech of Clarence quoted in the last note. *Malone.*

Would not this prove rather too much, as a similar inference might be drawn from the two copies of *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1597 and 1599? *Steevens.*

'Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
'Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
'And, as I further have to understand,
'Is new committed to the bishop of York,
'Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
'*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
'Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
'Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
* And I the rather wean me from despair,
* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
* This is it that makes me bridle passion,
* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
'King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
'*Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,
* To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
* Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
'But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
'(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
'I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
'To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
'There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
'Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
'If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.[5]

A Park near Middleham[6] *Castle in* Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and Others.*

'*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings,[7] and sir William Stanley,

[5] *Scene V.*] In new forming these pieces Shakspeare transposed not only many lines and speeches, but some from the scenes. This scene in the original play precedes that which he has made the fourth scene of this Act. *Malone.*

[6] *A Park near Middleham*—] Shakspeare follows his authority, Holinshed, *in* the representation here given of King Edward's

'Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
'Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
'Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
'Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
'He hath good usage and great liberty;
'And often, but attended with weak guard,
'Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
'I have advértis'd him by secret means,
'That if, about this hour, he make this way,
'Under the colour of his usual game,
'He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
'To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a* Huntsman.

'*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
'*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
'Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
'Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
'*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
'Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
'*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?
'*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship[8] from thence to Flanders.
'*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

capture and imprisonment. But honest Raphael misled him, as he himself was misled by his predecessor Hall. The whole is untrue: Edward was never in the hands of Warwick. *Ritson.*

[7] *Now, my lord Hastings*, &c.] I shall insert the speech corresponding to this in the old play, as the comparison will show the reader in what manner Shakspeare proceeded, where he merely retouched and expanded what he found in the elder drama, without the addition of any new matter:

"*Glo.* Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
"Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
"I look my brother with a slender train
"Should come a hunting in this forest here.
"The bishop of York befriends him much,
"And lets him use his pleasure in the chase.
"Now I have privily sent him word
"How I am come with you to rescue him;
"And see where the huntsman and he doth come."

Malone.

[8] —— *and* ship —] The first folio has shipt. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

'*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
'*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
'*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
* *Glo.* Come then, away; let 's have no more ado.
'*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewel: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the Tower, and* Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
* I then crave pardon of your majesty.
* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
* Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
* Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
* At last, by notes of household harmony,
* They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
* But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
* He was the author, thou the instrument.
* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
* And that the people of this blessed land
* May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars!
'Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
'I here resign my government to thee,
'For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
* *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous

* And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
* For few men rightly temper with the stars:[9]
* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.[1]
* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
* As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
* *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.
* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
* That no dissention hinder government:
' I make you both protectors of this land;
' While I myself will lead a private life,
' And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
* *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
* For on thy fortune I repose myself.
* *War.* Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
* We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
* To Henry's body, and supply his place;
* I mean, in bearing weight of government,
* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
* Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.[2]

[9] ——*few men rightly* temper *with the stars:*] I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny; which King Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more prosperous hands. *Johnson.*

[1] ——*in place.*] i. e. here present. See p. 381, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[2] *And all his lands and goods* be *confiscate.*] For the insertion of the word *be*, which the defect of the metre proves to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, I am answerable. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's emendation is countenanced by the following passage in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Lest that thy goods too soon *be confiscate.*"

The second folio, however, reads—confiscated; and perhaps this reading is preferable, because it excludes the disagreeable repetition of the auxiliary verb—be. *Steevens.*

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
* *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
* Let me entreat, (for I command no more)
* That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
* Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
* My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
' Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
' *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
' *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his Hand on his Head.*
' Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
' This pretty lad[3] will prove our country's bliss.

[3] *This pretty lad* ——] He was afterwards Henry VII, a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but no otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakspeare knew his trade. Henry VII was grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, and the King from whom James inherited. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare only copied this particular, together with many others, from Holinshed:—"whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him: Lo, suerlie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place." P. 678.

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss."

Steevens.

Holinshed transcribed this passage almost *verbatim* from Hall, whom the author of the old play, as I conceive, copied. This speech originally stood thus:

"Come hither, pretty lad. If heavenly powers
"Do aim aright, to my divining soul,
"Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss;
"Thy head is made to wear a princely crown;
"Thy looks are all replete with majesty:
"Make much of him, my lords," &c.

Henry Earl of Richmond was the son of Edmond Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the first Duke of Somerset. Edmond Earl of Richmond was half-brother to King Henry the Sixth, being the son of that King's mother Queen Catharine, by her second husband Owen Teuther or Tudor, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, and soon afterwards beheaded at Hereford.

'His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
'His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
'His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
'Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
'Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?
* *Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,
* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
* *War.* Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?
* *Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
* And the lord Hastings, who attended him[4]
* In secret ambush on the forest side,
* And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
* For hunting was his daily exercise.
* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—
* But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
* A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt K.* Hen. War. Clar. Lieut. *and Attend.*

* *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
* For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
* And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
* As Henry's late presaging prophecy
* Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
* So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
* What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
* Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
* Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Britany,
* Till storms be past of civil enmity.
* *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward repossess the crown,
* 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Henry the Seventh, to show his gratitude to Henry the Sixth for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint; but either Henry would not pay the money demanded, or, as Bacon supposes, the Pope refused, lest "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and saints."

Malone.

[4] ——attended *him*—] i. e. waited for him. So, in *Coriolanus*: "I am *attended* at the cypress grove." Steevens.

* *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
* Come therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.[5]

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard,[6] lord[7] Hastings, and the rest;
'Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
'And says—that once more I shall interchange

[5] *Scene VII.*] This scene in the old play precedes that which Shakspeare has made the sixth of the present Act. *Malone.*

[6] *Now, brother Richard,* &c.] Instead of this and the three following speeches, the quartos read only:

"*Enter Edward and Richard, with a troop of Hollanders.*
"*Edw.* Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas,
"And march'd from Raunspur-haven unto York:
"But soft! the gates are shut; I like not this.
"*Rich.* Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls."
Steevens.

[7] —— *lord* —] Mr. M. Mason recommends the omission of this word. *Reed.*

—— lord *Hastings, and the rest;*] "Leave out the word *lord,*" says one of our author's commentators. If we do not closely attend to his phraseology and metre, and should think ourselves at liberty to substitute modern phraseology and modern metre, almost every line in his plays might be altered.—*Brother,* like many similar words, (*rather, whether, either,* &c.) is here used by Shakspeare, as a monosyllable, and the metre was to his ear perfect. *Malone.*

That there is a marked discrimination between ancient and modern phraseology, no man will deny; but, surely, ancient and modern five-foot verses can have no corresponding difference. Where, in general, shall we find more perfect and harmonious metre than that of Shakspeare? His irregular lines are therefore justly suspected of having suffered from omission or interpolation.—As to the latter part of Mr. Malone's note, in which *brother* is said to be used as a monosyllable,—*valeat quantum valere potest.* *Steevens.*

Malone says that *brother* is to be pronounced as one syllable; but that alone will not be sufficient to complete the metre. We must also lay the accent on the last syllable of the word Richard, and the line must run thus:

"Now *bro'r* Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest;

which would not be very harmonious. M[illegible]

'My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
'Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
'And brought desired help from Burgundy:
'What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
'From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,[8]
'But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
'*Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
*For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
*Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
**K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
*By fair or foul means we must enter in,
*For hither will our friends repair to us.
**Hast.* My liege, I 'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and his Brethren.*

'*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
'And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
'For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
'*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
'Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
'*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
'*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
*As being well content with that alone.
'*Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,
'He 'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
'*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt? Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.
'*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*
'*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon![9]

[8] *From* Ravenspurg *haven* b*efore the gates of York,*] We may infer from the old quarto (See note 6, in the preceding page,) that *Ravenspurg* was occasionally pronounced as a dissyllable—*Raunspurgh.* This line will therefore become strictly metrical, if we read (adopting an elision common to Shakspeare:)

"From Ravenspurg haven 'fore the gates of York."

Steevens.

[9] —— *persuaded* soon!] Old copy—*soon* persuaded. This transposition, which requires no apology, was made by Sir T. Hanmer. *Steevens.*

* *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,[1]
* So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
* I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor *and Two* Aldermen, *below.*

' *K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
' But in the night, or in the time of war.
' What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his Keys.*
' For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
' And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

' *K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

' *K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
' Our title to the crown; and only claim
' Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

' *Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—
' Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A March begun.*

' *K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we 'll debate,
' By what safe means the crown may be recover'd,

' *Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,
' If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
' I 'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

' *Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
* Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

[1] *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The Mayor is willing *we should* enter, so he may not be blamed. Johnson.

* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
* The bruit[2] thereof will bring you many friends.
* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
* And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a Paper. Flourish.*
Sold. [*reads*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland*, &c.
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the fourth!
' *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.[3]
' If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
' Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York:
' And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
' Above the border of this horizon,
' We 'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

[2] *The* bruit—] i. e. noise, report. So, in Preston's *Cambises*:
"—— whose manly acts do fly
"By *bruit* of fame."——
See Vol. VII, p. 236, n. 7. *Steevens.*
This French word *bruit* was very early made a denizen of our language. Thus in the Bible: "Behold the noise of the *bruit* is come."—*Jeremiah*, x, 22. *Whalley.*
The word *bruit* is found in Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, and is defined "A reporte spread abroad." *Malone.*

[3] *Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks* unto you *all.*] Surely we ought to read:
"Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks to all."
Instead of this speech, the quartos have only the following:
"*Edw.* We thank you all: lord mayor, lead on the way.
"For this night we will harbour here in York;
"And then as early as the morning sun
"Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
"We 'll march to London to meet with Warwick,
"And pull false Henry from the regal throne." *Steevens.*

* For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
* Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
* To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
* Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
* Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
* And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.[4]

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
* And many giddy people flock to him.
* *Oxf.* Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.[5]

[4] *Scene VIII.*] This scene is, perhaps, the worst contrived of any in these plays. Warwick has but just gone off the stage when Edward says:

"And towards Coventry bend we our course,
"Where peremptory Warwick now remains." *M Mason.*

This scene in the original play follows immediately after Henry's observation on young Richmond, which is in the sixth scene of the present play. *Malone.*

[5] *Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the King, and the brisk answer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other *Johnson.*

Every judicious reader must concur in Dr. Johnson's opinion, as far as it relates to the second of these two speeches. *Steevens.*

This line is given in the folio to the King, to whom it is so unsuitable, that I have no doubt it was merely a printer's error. I have not, however, assigned it to Warwick, and the preceding speech to Henry, as Dr Johnson proposes, because it appears to me safer to take the old play as a guide; in which, as in Shakspeare's piece, the first speech is attributed to Warwick. The second speech is given to *Oxford*, and stands thus:

"*Oxf* 'Tis best to look to this betimes;
"For if this fire do kindle any further
"It will be hard for us to quench it out."

Shakspeare, in new-modelling this scene, probably divided

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
'Shalt stir, in Suffolk,[6] Norfolk, and in Kent,
'The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
'Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
'Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
'Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
'Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
'Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewel, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.[7]

this speech between Oxford and Clarence, substituting the line before us in the room of the words—"'Tis best to look to this betimes." I have therefore given this line to Oxford. It might with equal, or perhaps with more propriety, be assigned to Warwick's brother, Montague. *Malone.*

[6] *Shalt* stir, *in Suffolk*, &c.] The old copy—stir *up*. But the omission of the adverb, which hurts the metre, is justified by the following passages in *King John*, &c.—

"I'll *stir* them to it:—Come, away, away!"

Again, *ibid:*

"An Até *stirring* him to war and strife."

Again, in *King Lear:*

"If it be you that *stir* these daughters' hearts
"Against their father,—." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *my Hector, und my Troy's true hope.*] This line having probably made an impression on our author, when he read over the old play, he has applied the very same expression to the Duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is described, and yet suffered the line to stand here as he found it:

"Environed he was with many foes,
"And stood against them, *as the hope of Troy*
"Against the Greeks."

The two latter lines, as the reader may find in p 317, were new, no trace of them being *there* found in the old play. Many similar repetitions may be observed in this *Third Part of King Henry VI*, from the same cause. Malone.

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.
* *Oxf.* And thus [*kissing* HENRY's *hand*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
* And all at once, once more a happy farewel.
War. Farewel, sweet lords; let 's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt.* WAR. CLAR. OXF. *and* MONT.
* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.
* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
* Should not be able to encounter mine.
* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
* *K. Hen.* That 's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.[8]
* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
* Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
* I have not been desirous of their wealth,
* Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
* Then why should they love Edward more than me?
* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
* The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[*Shout within. A* Lancaster![9] *A* Lancaster!

[8] —— *my* meed *hath got me fame:*] *Meed* signifies reward. We should read—my *deed*, i. e. my manners, conduct in the administration. *Warburton.*

This word signifies *merit*, both as a verb and a substantive: that it is used as a verb, is clear from the following foolish couplet which I remember to have read:

"Deem if I *meed*,
"Dear madam, *read*."

A specimen of Verses that read the same way backward and forward. Sir J. Hawkins.

Meed here means *merit*, as it did in a former passage, [p. 315, n. 1,] when Edward says of himself and his brothers:

"Each one already blazing by our *meeds*." *M. Mason.*

[9] *Shout within. A* Lancaster!] Surely the shouts that usher in King Edward should be, A *York!* A *York!* I suppose the author

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

' *K. Edw.* Sieze on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
' And once again proclaim us king of England.—
* You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow;
* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
* And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
' Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with K.* HEN.
' And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
' Where peremptory Warwick now remains:[1]
' The sun shines hot,[2] and, if we use delay,
' Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. *Johnson.*

We may suppose the shouts to have come from some of Henry's guard, on the appearance of Edward. *Malone.*

[1] *And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,*
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:] Warwick, as Mr. M. Mason has observed, [p. 399, n. 4,] has but just left the stage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then could Edward know of that intention? Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play, where also Edward says:

"And now towards Coventry let 's bend our course,
"To meet with Warwick and his confederates."

Some of our old writers seem to have thought, that all the persons of the drama must know whatever was known to the writers themselves, or to the audience. *Malone.*

[2] *The sun shines hot,* &c.] These lines are formed on two others which are found in the old play in a subsequent scene in the next Act, being spoken by Edward, after the battle of Barnet, and just before he sets out for Tewksbury.

"——— Come, let us go;
"For if we slack this fair bright summers day,
"Sharp winters showers will mar our *hope, for* haie."

I suspect, *haie* was inadvertently written in the manuscript instead of *aye*, and that Shakspeare was thus led to introduce an idea different from that intended to be conveyed by the original author. *Malone.*

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one; the allusion, being to a well-known proverb—"Make hay while the sun shines." See Ray's Collection, edit. 1768, p. 117. STEEVENS.

ACT V.....SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *Two* Messengers, *and Others.*

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
' 1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore,[3] marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?
' 2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry,[4] with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

' *War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
' And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
' *Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
' And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
' *War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces, marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
' *Glo.* See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts,[5] or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
' Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
' Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,

[3] —— *at Dunsmore,*] The quartos read—at Daintry: i. e. Daventry. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *at Daintry,*] The quartos read—at Dunsmore. *Steevens.*

[5] *Where slept our scouts,*] So, in *King John:*
"O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
"*Where hath it slept?*" *Steevens.*

' And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
' *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
* I 'll do thee service[6] for so good a gift.
' *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
' *War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
' And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?
' *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
' The king was slily finger'd from the deck![7]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,[8]
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

[6] *I'll do thee* service —] i. e. enroll myself among thy dependants. Cowell informs us, that *servitium* is, "that *service* which the tenant, by reason of his fee, oweth unto his lord." *Steevens.*

[7] *The king was* slily *finger'd from the* deck!] The quartos read —*finely* finger'd.

Finely is subtly. So, in Holinshed's reign of *King Henry VI*, p. 640: "In his way he tooke by *fine* force, a tower," &c. Again, p. 649, "— and by *fine* force either to win their purpose, or end their lives in the same."

A pack of cards was anciently termed *a deck of cards*, or *a pair of cards*. It is still, as I am informed, so called in Ireland. Thus, in *King Edward I*, 1599: "— as it were, turned us, with duces and trays, out of the *deck*."

Again, in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"I 'll deal the cards and cut you from the *deck*."

Again, in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,
"To deal about and shuffle as I would." *Steevens.*

An instance of a *pack* of cards being called a *deck*, occurs in the *sessions paper*, for January, 1788. So that the term appears to be still in use. *Ritson.*

[8] —— *the bishop's* palace,] The palace of the bishop of London. *Malone.*

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.[9]

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time,[1] kneel down, kneel down:

* Nay, when?[2] strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

* And with the other fling it at thy face,

* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

* Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,

* Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

‘ *Wind-changing* Warwick *now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, *with Drum and Colours.*

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[OXF. *and his Forces enter the City.*

‘ *Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.[3]

‘ *K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.

* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

‘ If not, the city being but of small defence,

‘ We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

* *War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

9 —— *yet you are Warwick still.*] Thus the folio. The old play reads—*and* yet you are *ould* Warwick still. *Malone.*

1 —— take *the time,*] So, in *Macbeth:*

“ —— but we 'll *take* to-morrow.”

An expression which Mr. Malone would change for—“ *talk* to-morrow.” See Vol. VII, p. 121, n. 1. *Steevens.*

2 *Nay,* when?] This exclamation, expressive of impatience, has already occurred in *King Richard II.* See Vol. VIII, p. 14, n. 5. *Steevens.*

3 *The gates are open, let us enter too.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

“ The gates are open, see, they enter in;

“ Let 's follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.

“ *Edw.* No: so some other might set upon our backs,

“ We 'll stay till all be enter'd, and then follow them.”

Steevens.

'*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
'Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;[4]
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;[5]
* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
* More than the nature of a brother's love:—
* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.*[6]
'Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,

[4] Two of thy name, both *dukes of Somerset,*
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;] The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of Saint Alban's, 1455. See p. 274. The second was Henry his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The present duke Edmund, brother to Henry, was taken prisoner at Tewksbury, 1471, and there beheaded, (infra, sc. v,) his brother John losing his life in the same fight. *Ritson.*

[5] —— *to bid his brother battle;*] Here the quartos conclude this speech, and add the following:

"*Clar.* Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster!
"Edw. *Et tu brute!* wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
"A parly, sirra, to George of Clarence."

To *bid battle* is a phrase that often occurs in ancient writers. Thus, in the *Batrachomuomachia* of Homer, as translated by Chapman:

"O frogs! the mice send threats to you of arms,
"And bid me *bid you battle.*" *Steevens.*

This line of the old play, *Et tu Brute!* &c. is found also in *Acolastus his Afterwitte,* a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600; and the Latin words, though not retained here, were afterwards transplanted by Shakspeare into his *Julius Cæsar,* Act III. *Malone.*

[6] *Taking the red Rose out of his Cap.*] This note of direction I restored from the old quarto. And, without it, it is impossible that any reader can guess at the meaning of this line of Clarence:
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee. Theobald.

Who gave his blood to lime the stones[7] together,
' And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
' That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,[8]
' To bend the fatal instruments of war
' Against his brother, and his lawful king?[9]
* Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
* To keep that oath, were more impiety
* Than Jephtha's,[1] when he sacrific'd his daughter.
* I am so sorry for my trespass made,
* That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
* I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
* With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
* (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
* To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
' Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
' And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
' For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
'*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
' *Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor,[2] perjur'd, and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

[7] —— *to lime the stones* —] That is, to *cement* the stones. Lime makes mortar. *Johnson.*

[8] That *Clarence* is *so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,*] This line (too long by a foot) was, in my opinion, interpolated by the players, who appear the sworn enemies of an ellipsis.—Omit the words—*That* and *is*, and no want of them will be felt by such readers as are well acquainted with ancient language.—*Why, conceivest thou, Warwick, Clarence so harsh,* &c.—? *Steevens.*

—— *so blunt,*] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. *Johnson.*

[9] *To bend the fatal instruments of war*
Against his brother, and his lawful king?] Thus the folio. The old play thus:
"To lift his sword against his brother's life?" *Malone.*

[1] —— *Jephtha's,* &c.] See the book of *Judges*, xi, 30. *Steevens.*

[2] —— passing *traitor,*] Eminent, egregious; traitorous beyond the common track of treason. *Johnson.*
So, in *Othello:*
"——'twas strange, 'twas *passing* strange." *Steevens.*

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
* For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.[3]—
* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms[4] gave shelter to the princely eagle,

[3] —— *a* bug, *that fear'd us all.*] *Bug* is a bugbear, a terrifick being. *Johnson.*

So, in *Cymbeline:*

"—— are become
"The mortal *bugs* of the field."

Again, in Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579: "These *bugs* are fitter to *fear* babes than to move men." *Steevens.*

To *fear* in old language frequently signifies, to *terrify*. *Malone.*

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
"Hath *fear'd* the valiant." *Steevens.*

[4] *Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,*
Whose arms &c.] It were better to read—
Thus to the axe's edge the cedar yields,
Whose arms &c.

Otherwise,—*Whose arms* will refer to the axe instead of the *cedar*. *Steevens.*

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;[5]
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
* To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks,[6] my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length![7]
Why, what is pomp,[8] rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick![9] wert thou as we are,

[5] *Thus yield's the cedar to the axe's edge,*
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; &c.] It has been observed to me, that the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezekiel* suggested these images to Shakspeare. "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." *Steevens.*

[6] *My parks,* &c.]
Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo,
Villâque. Hor.
This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminishes the pathetick effect of the foregoing lines. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *and, of all my lands,*
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!]
"—— Mors sola fatetur
"Quantula sint hominum corpuscula." *Juv.*
Camden mentions in his *Remains,* that Constantine, in order to dissuade a person from covetousness, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, "this is all thou shalt have when thou art dead, if thou canst happily get so much." *Malone.*

[8] —— *what is pomp,* &c.] This and the following line make no part of this speech in the old play; but were transposed by Shakspeare from a subsequent speech, addressed by Warwick to Somerset. *Malone.*

* We might recover all our loss again!
' The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
' Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'st thou fly!
' *War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
* If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
* And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
* Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
* Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
* That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
' *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
' And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
' And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
' And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
' Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,[1]

[9] *Ah, Warwick, Warwick!* &c.] These two speeches stand thus in the quartos:

"*Oxf.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! chear up thyself, and live;
"For yet there 's hope enough to win the day.
"Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
"And at Southampton landed hath her train;
"And, might'st thou live, then would we never fly.
"*War.* Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now;
"But Hercules himself must yield to odds:
"For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
"Hath robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
"And spite of spites needs must I yield to death." *Steevens.*

One of these lines, "But Hercules," &c. Shakspeare has transposed and inserted in the Messenger's account of the death of the Duke of York. See p. 317. Not being aware of this, I inadvertently marked that line as our author's, which I ought not to have done. The three following lines have already been spoken by Warwick in a former scene (see p. 332) and therefore were here properly rejected by Shakspeare. *Malone.*

[1] *Which sounded like a* cannon *in a vault,*] The old quarto reads *clamour*, which is undoubtedly right, i. e. a clamour of tongues, which, as he says, could not be distinguished. This was a pertinent similitude: the other absurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illustrate. *Warburton.*

Which sounded like a cannon *in a vault,*
That might not be distinguished;] That is, like the noise of a cannon in a vault, *which*, &c. Shakspeare's alteration here is perhaps not so judicious as many others that he has made. In the old play, instead of cannon, we have *clamour*, and the speech stands thus:

'That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
'I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
'O, farewel, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewel, to meet again in heaven.[2] [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away,[3] to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK's *Body.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

'*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
'And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.[4]

"Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his last,
"And at the pangs of death I heard him cry,
"And say, commend me to my valiant brother;
"And more he would have said, and more he said,
"Which sounded like a *clamour* in a vault,
"That could not be distinguish'd for the sound;
"And so the valiant Montague gave up the ghost."
Malone.

The indistinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjust a coffin in a family *vault*, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds, might have attracted our author's notice: it has too often forced itself on mine. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *to meet* again *in heaven.*] I have supplied the word—*again*, for the sake of metre, by the advice of Mr. Ritson, and with countenance from the following line in *King Richard III:*
"Farewel, until we meet *again* in heaven." *Steevens.*

[3] *Away, away,* &c.] Instead of this line, the quartos have the following:
"Come, noble Somerset, let 's take our horse,
"And cause retreat be sounded through the camp;
"That all our friends remaining yet alive
"May be forewarn'd, and save themselves by flight.
"That done, with them we 'll post unto the queen,
"And once more try our fortune in the field." *Steevens.*
It is unnecessary to repeat here an observation that has already been more than once made. I shall therefore only refer to former notes. See p. 292, n. 8. *Malone.*

[4] *Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,*
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

'But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
'I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
'That will encounter with our glorious sun,
'Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
'I mean, my lords,—those powers,[5] that the queen
'Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,[6]
'And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

* *Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
* And blow it to the source from whence it came:
* Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
* For every cloud engenders not a storm.

* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
'And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
'If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
'We, having now the best at Barnet field,
'Will thither straight, For willingness rids way;
'And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—

"Thus still our fortune gives us victory,
"And girts our temples with triumphant joys.
"The big-bon'd traitor Warwick hath breath'd his last,
"And heaven this day hath smil'd upon us all." *Steevens.*

It is observable, that the expression which Shakspeare had substituted for "*temples engirt with triumphant joys,*" occurs again in *King Richard III:*

"Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths,* —."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
"With bruised arms, and *wreaths of victory.*" *Malone.*

[5] *I mean, my lords,—those powers,* &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:

"I meane those powers which the queen hath got in France,
"Are landed, and meane once more to menace us." *Malone.*

[6] —— *have* arriv'd *our coast,*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"——— and now, *arriving*
"A place of potency, —."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"But ere we could *arrive* the point propos'd, —."

Milton uses the same structure, *Paradise Lost,* B. II:

"——— ere he arrive
"The happy isle." Steevens.

Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.[7]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords,[8] wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
* But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
' What though the mast be now blown over-board,
' The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
' And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
' Yet lives our pilot still: Is 't meet, that he
' Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
* With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

[7] *Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have the following couplet:

"Come, let 's go;
"For if we slack this faire bright summer's day,
"Sharp winter's showers will mar our hope for haie."

Something like this has occurred in p. 402. *Steevens.*

[8] *Great lords,* &c.] This speech in the old play stands thus:

"*Queen.* Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
"And welcome, Somerset and Oxford too.
"Once more have we spread our sails abroad;
"And though our tackling be almost consumde,
"And Warwick as our maine-mast overthrowne,
"Yet, warlike lordes, raise you that sturdie post
"That bears the sailes to bring us unto rest.
"And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
"For once, with careful mindes, guide on the sterne,
"To beare us through that dangerous gulfe,
"That heretofore hath swallowed up our friends."

There is perhaps no speech that proves more decisively than the above, that *The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster,* &c. and *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke,* &c. printed in 1600, were the production of some writer who preceded Shakspeare; and that what are now called *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI,* were only a *revisal* and *amplification* of those pieces.

Here we have a thought which in the original play is expressed in eleven lines, expanded by our author into thirty-seven lines. *Malone.*

* And give more strength to that which hath too much;[9]
* Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
* Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
* Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
' Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
' And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
' Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
' Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
' And Somerset another goodly mast?
' The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
' And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
' For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
' We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
* But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
* From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
* As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
* And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
* What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
* And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
* All these the enemies to our poor bark.
* Say, you can swim; alas 'tis but a while:
* Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
* Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
* Or else you famish, that 's a threefold death.
* This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
* In case some one of you would fly from us,
* That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
* More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.

[9] *With tearful eyes add water to the sea,*
And give more strength to that which hath too much;] See note on *As you Like it*, Vol. V, p. 36, n 1. *Reed.*

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

"Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
"Like usury, *applying wet to wet.*"

Again, in *As you Like it:*

"—— Thou mak'st a testament
"As worldlings do, *giving the sum of more*
"*To that which hath too much.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew."

So also, Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579:

"Thou, plenteous spring, hast lull'd me oft asleep,
"Whose streames my trickling tears did oft augment."

Of this thought, which we see Shakspeare has so often expressed, there is no trace in the old play. See note 8. *Malone.*

* Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
* 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman[1] of this valiant spirit
* Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
* Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
* And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
' I speak not this, as doubting any here:
' For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
' He should have leave to go away betimes;
' Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
' And make him of like spirit to himself.
' If any such be here, as God forbid!
' Let him depart, before we need his help.
' *Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
' O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!
' *Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
' Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
' If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.[2]
* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.
* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

' *Mess.* Prepare you, lords,[3] for Edward is at hand,

[1] *Methinks, a woman* &c.] In this speech there is much and important variation in the quarto:

"*Prince.* And if there be (as God forbid there should)
"'Mongst us a timorous or fearful man,
"Let him depart before the battles join;
"Lest he in time of need entice another,
"And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
"I will not stand aloof, and bid you fight,
"But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
"And single Edward from his strongest guard,
"And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
"Or leave my body, as witness of my thoughts." *Steevens.*

Our author has availed himself of these lines in former scenes of these plays. *Malone.*

[2] *If he arise, be* mock'd *and wonder'd at.*] So, the folio. The old play thus:

"*Be hiss'd,* and wonder'd at, if he arise." Malone.

' Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
' *Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,
' To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he 's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.
March. Enter at a distance King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*
' *K. Edw.* Brave followers,[4] yonder stands the thorny wood,
' Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
' Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
* I need not add more fuel to your fire,
* For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
' My tears gainsay;[5] for every word I speak,
' Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.[6]

[3] *Prepare you, lords,* &c.] In the old play these speeches stand thus:

"*Mess.* My lordes, duke Edward with a mightie power
"Is marching hitherward to fight with you.
"*Oxf.* I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided,
"But here will we stand, and fight it to the death."
Malone.

[4] K. Edw. *Brave followers,* &c.] This scene is ill-contrived, in which the King and Queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered. *Johnson.*

[5] *My tears* gainsay;] To *gainsay* is to unsay, to deny, to contradict. So, in *A Knack to Know a Knave,* 1594:

"———— seeing my father grants,
"I will not *gainsay.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *Ye see, I drink the water of mine* eyes.] This phrase is scriptural: "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them *tears* to *drink.*" *Psalm* lxxxv, 5. *Steevens.*

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Dost thou *drink tears,* that thou provok'st such weeping?"

These passages were probably recollected by Rowe, when he wrote in his *Jane Shore:*

"Feed on my sighs, and drink my *falling tears.*"

So also, Pope, in the Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard:

"And drink the falling tears each other shed."

'Therefore, no more but this:—Henry your sovereign,[7]
'Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
'His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
'His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
'And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
'You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
'Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

'*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle[8] straight:
For Somerset,[9] off with his guilty head.
'Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
'*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* OXF. *and* SOM. *guarded.*

* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,
* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
* *Glo.* It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

The folio has—*eye:* but I imagine it was rather an error in the transcriber than an alteration by Shakspeare. The old play reads —*eyes. Malone.*

[7] —— *Henry, your sovereign,* &c.] Instead of this and the following lines, the original play has these:

"Henry your king is prisoner in the Tower;
"His land and all our friends are quite distrest,
"And yonder stands the welfe that makes all this,
"Then in God's name, lords, together crie saint George."

Malone.

[8] —— *to Hammes' castle* —] A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years. *Malone.*

[9] *For Somerset,*] Edmond Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, the second son of Edmond Duke of Somerset, who was killed at the battle of Saint Albans. *Malone.*

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

" *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
" What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?[1]
' Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
' For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
" And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?[2]

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

' *Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop[3] fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

' *K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.[4]

[1] *What! can so* young a thorn begin to prick?] This is a proverbial observation, which I find versified in "A Preaty Interlude, called *Nice Wanton*" —

"Early sharpe that wyll be thorne,
"Soone yll that wyll be naught," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *And all the* trouble thou hast turn'd me to?] This line was one of Shakspeare's additions to the original play. We have almost the same words in *The Tempest:*

"——— O, my heart bleeds,
"To think of *the teen* [i. e. trouble] *that I have turn'd you to.*"

In the old play Prince Edward is not brought forth as here, but enters with his mother; and after Oxford and Somerset are carried off, he is thus addressed by the King:

"Now, Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
"For stirring up my subjects to rebellion?" *Malone.*

[3] *Let Æsop* &c.] The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach. *Johnson.*

[4] ——— charm *your tongue.*] The quarto reads—*stame* your tongue. The former is best. So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.[5]
[*Stabs him.*
* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[GLO. *stabs him.*
* *Clar.* And there 's for twitting me with perjury.
[CLAR. *stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?[6]

"In hope that thy victorious arme
"Their dunghill crowing so will *charme*." *Steevens.*

This is the right reading. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, Mercury says to Cupid:

"How now, my dancing braggart! *charm your tongue*."

And, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Lucentio says:

"But I will *charm* him first to keep his *tongue*." *M. Mason.*

The expression which our author substituted, is one that he has often used. See p. 221, n. 8. The meaning is, I will compel you to be as silent, as you would be, if you were *charm'd*, if you were deprived of speech by the power of inchantment. *Malone.*

[5] —— the *likeness of this railer here.* &c.] Thou that resemblest thy railing mother. *Johnson.*

That is, *thou who art* the likeness, &c. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read—*thou* likeness, and so we should now write; but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"*The* last of all the Romans, fare thee well"

In that passage, as in the present, Mr. Rowe substituted *thou* for *the*, though Shakspeare has employed the very words he found in North's translation of Plutarch. *Malone.*

The old copies describe *Edward* as striking the first blow, and *Gloster* the next; and, I believe, rightly, for history informs us that *Edward* smote the Prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest despatch'd him. The words *sprawl'st thou?* seem evidently to belong to *Richard;* and I have therefore continued them to him on the authority of ancient editions, in preference to the allotment of modern innovation. See edit. 1765, Vol. V, p. 217.

'*K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
'I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
'Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

'*Glo.* The Tower, the Tower![7] [*Exit.*

'*Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
'Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
'He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
'What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
* No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
* How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
'You have no children, butchers![8] if you had,
'The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

[6] —— *with* words?] i. e. dispute, contention. So, in a former of these plays:

"Some *words* there grew 'twixt Somerset and me."

Steevens.

[7] *The Tower, the Tower!*] The quarto adds—*I 'll root them out;* but, perhaps, injudiciously: and yet, without these words the metre is imperfect. *Steevens.*

[8] *You have no children, butchers!*] The same sentiment is repeated by Macduff, in the tragedy of *Macbeth;* and this passage may serve as a comment on that. *Blackstone.*

The original play reads:

"You have no children, *devils;* if you had,
"The thought of them would *then have stopt your rage.*"

This thought occurring also (as Sir William Blackstone has observed) in *Macbeth,* [See Vol. VII, p. 206, n. 2,] may perhaps be urged as a proof of Shakspeare's being the author of the first draught, as well as of the alterations and additions to it. But how many thoughts and even expressions has he borrowed from preceding writers? Having (as I suppose) greatly enlarged, and almost new-written, this and the preceding play, the thoughts they contain, whether found in the first copy, or his amplification of it, were as likely to recur in a future piece, as any of those which he has employed in one originally written by himself. In his original plays he frequently borrowed from himself. *Malone.*

'But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
'As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.'

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.[1]

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'Twas sin before,[2] but now 'tis charity.
'What! wilt thou not! where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?[3] Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

'*K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*

'*K. Edw.* Where 's Richard gone?

[9] —— *you have rid this sweet young prince.*] The condition of this warlike Queen would move compassion, could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood. *Johnson.*

But surely it does move our compassion, though that be not forgotten. When we see any of our fellow-creatures involved in deep distress, from a just and tender cause we attend only to their present sufferings, and not to their former crimes. *M. Mason.*

[1] —— *do thou do it.*] The old play reads—*kill me too.* *Malone.*

[2] *'Twas sin before,*] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *where is that* devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?] Thus all the editions. But *devil's butcher*, in other terms, I think, is *kill-devil:* rare news for the free-thinkers, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the poet certainly wrote—*devil-butcher;* and the first part of the compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning execrable, infernal, devilish. *Theobald.*

Devil's butcher, is a butcher set on by the devil. Either reading may serve without so long a note. *Johnson.*

The folio adds, at the end of this line, the word—Richard. But both the metre and the old play show that it was an accidental repetition by the transcriber, or compositor. *Malone.*

'*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.'
'Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
'With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
'And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
'By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

King HENRY *is discovered sitting with a Book in his Hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
K. Edw. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
* And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit* Lieutenant.
* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?[4]

[4] *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*] Roscius was certainly put for Richard by some simple conceited player who had heard of Roscius and of Rome; but did not know that he was an actor in comedy, not in tragedy. *Warburton.*

Shakspeare had occasion to compare Richard to some player about to represent a scene of murder, and took the first or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety.

I know not, however, that it is proved, on classical authority, that *Roscius*, though generally a comedian, was no occasional actor in tragedy. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, says: "Not *Roscius* nor *Æsope*, those admired *tragedians*, that have lived ever since before Christ was born, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen."

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

"Through thee each murthering *Roscius* is appointed
"To *act strange scenes of death* on God's anointed."

Again, in *Certaine Satyres*, 1598:

"Was penn'd by Roscio the *tragedian*." *Steevens.*

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?] So, in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, a poem, 1600:

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

'*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
'With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:[5]
And I, the hapless male[6] to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

'*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool[7] was that of Crete,
'That taught his son the office of a fowl?
'And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.[8]

"What bloody scene hath cruelty to act?"

Dr. Warburton reads *Richard*, instead of *Roscius*, because Roscius was a comedian. That he is right in this assertion, is proved beyond a doubt by a passage in Quintilian, cited by W. R. [probably Sir Walter Rawlinson] in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol LIV, P. II, p 886: "Roscius citatior, Æsopus gravior fuit, quod *ille comœdias*, hic tragœdias egit." QUINTIL. Lib. XI, c. iii.—But it is not in Quintilian or in any other ancient writer we are to look in order to ascertain the text of Shakspeare. Roscius was called a *tragedian* by our author's contemporaries, as appears from the quotations in the preceding note; and this was sufficient authority to him, or rather to the author of the original play, for there this line is found. *Malone.*

[5] —— misdoubteth *every bush*:] To *misdoubt* is to suspect danger, to fear. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1608:

"*Hip.* Doubt and *misdoubt!* what difference is there here?
"*Oct.* Yes, much: when men *misdoubt*, 'tis said they *fear*."
Steevens.

[6] —— *hapless* male —] The word *male* is here used in a very uncommon sense, not for the male of the female, but for the male parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son Prince Edward.
M. Mason.

[7] —— peevish *fool* —] As *peevishness* is the quality of children, *peevish* seems to signify *childish*, and by consequence *silly*. *Peevish* is explained by *childish*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton.
Johnson.

Shakspeare employs the word *peevish* in the same sense in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will find many instances of this use of it.
Steevens.

This epithet which Shakspeare has so frequently employed, was one of his additions to the original play.

The ordinary signification of *peevish* in our poet's time was *foolish*. See Minsheu's *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Malone.*

[8] —— *the office of a* fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.] The old play reads:

'*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
'The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
'Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
'Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
'Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
'My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.—
'But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?
'*Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
'If murdering innocents be executing,
'Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
'And thus I prophecy,—that many a thousand,
'Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;[9]
'And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
'And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,[1]
'And orphans for their parents' timeless death,[2]—
'Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
'The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her[3] on the chimney's top,

"——— the office of a *bird?*
"And yet for all *that* the poor *fowl* was drown'd."
Malone.

9 *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;*] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. *Johnson.*

1 *Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'* fate,] The word —*fate* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

2 And *orphans* &c.] The word—*and*, which is necessary to the metre, and is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the second. *Steevens.*

3 *The raven* rook'd *her* —] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing. So, in Stanyhurst's translation of the IVth Book of Virgil:
"Also on the turrets the skrich howle, &c.
"——— doth ruck," &c.

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
'To wit,—an indigest[4] deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
'Thou cam'st[5] —

Glo. I 'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech;
[*Stabs him.*
For this amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Again, in Golding's translation of the 6th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses:*

"The furies made the bridegrome's bed, and on the house did *rucke*
"A cursed owle the messenger of ill successe and lucke."
Steevens.

[4] ——— *an* indigest —] The folio has—*indigested.* But the metre and the old play show that it was a misprint. Shakspeare uses the word *indigest* in *King John. Malone.*

"—— *rudis indigestaque moles.*" *Ovid. Met.* I, 7. *Douce.*

[5] *And, if the rest be true which I have heard,*
Thou cam'st —] Had our editors had but a grain of sagacity, or true diligence, there could have been no room for this absurd break, since they might have ventured to fill it up with certainty too. The old quarto would have led them part of the way:

Thou cam'st into the world ——

And that the verse is to be completed in the manner I have given it, is incontestible; for unless we suppose King Henry actually reproaches him with this his preposterous birth, how can Richard in his very next soliloquy say:

"Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
"For I have often heard my mother say,
"I came into the world with my legs forward."

I can easily see, that this blank was caused by the nicety of the players, to suppress an indecent idea. But, with submission, this was making but half a cure, unless they had expunged the repetition of it out of Richard's speech too. *Theobald.*

Thou cam'st —] Thus the folio The old play as follows:

"Thou cam'st *into the world* ——
"*Glo.* Die prophet in thy speech;—I 'll hear no more?"
Malone.

Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
'O, may such purple tears be always shed
'From those that wish the downfal of our house!—
'If any spark of life be yet remaining,[6]
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;[7]
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
'And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell[8] make crook'd my mind, to answer it.

[6] *If any spark of life be yet remaining,*] So, in the 6th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Arthur Golding, 1587:

"If any sparke of nature do within thy hart remaine."

Steevens.

[7] —— *that Henry told me of;*] Namely, that my birth was attended with singular circumstances.—Theobald, grounding himself on this and the two following lines, reads in a former passage—

"Thou cam'st *into the world with thy legs forward.*"

for "how," (says he) can Richard say, "Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of," &c. "unless we suppose King Henry reproached him with his preposterous birth?" But surely Henry *has* done so in the last *ten* lines of his speech, though he is at length prevented by the fatal stab from mentioning a *further* proof of Richard's being born for the destruction of mankind. Theobald's addition therefore to that line, has, I think, been adopted too hastily by the subsequent editors, and the interruption in the midst of Henry's speech appears to me not only preferable, as warranted by the old copies, and by Gloster's subsequent words, [Die, prophet, *in thy speech;*] but more agreeable to nature.

Malone.

[8] *Let hell* &c.] This line Dryden seems to have thought on in his *Oedipus:*

"It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,
"And wander'd in thy limbs." *Steevens.*

After this line, we find in the old play the following:

"I had no father, I am like no father."

I have no brother, I am like no brother:
'And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:[9]
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
'That Edward shall be fearful of his life;[1]
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
'Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
'I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his Throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,

It might have been omitted in the folio merely by accident, (as some lines in *The Second Part of King Henry VI* certainly were) but its restoration is not necessary, for the sense is complete without it. *Malone.*

[9] *But I will* sort *a pitchy day for thee:*] But I will choose out an hour whose gloom shall be as fatal to you. To *sort* is to *select.* So, in *The Spanish Tragedy,* 1605:

"—— for they had *sorted* leisure."

Again, in *The Lover's Melancholy,* 1629:

"We shall *sort* time to take more notice of him." *Steevens.*

[1] *For I will buz abroad* such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;] The quartos add a line between these:

"—— such prophecies,
"*Under pretence of outward seeming ill,*
"That," &c. *Steevens.*

This line is not in the quarto printed by W. W. 1600; but it is in the undated quarto, which in fact was printed in 1619, from that printed in 1600 by V. S. *Malone.*

Have we mow'd down,[2] in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.[3] [*Aside.*

[2] —— *like to autumn's corn,*
Have we mow'd *down,*] A kindred image occurs in *King Henry V*, p. 378:
"—— *mowing* like grass
"Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants."
Steevens.

[3] *Work thou the way,—and* thou shalt *execute.*] I believe we should read:
—— *and* this *shall execute.*
Richard laying his hand on his forehead says:
Work thou the way ——
then bringing down his hand, and beholding it:
—— *and* this *shall execute.*
Though *that* may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder.
Johnson.

The quartos read:
"Work thou the way, and *thou* shalt execute."
I suppose he speaks this line, first *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand*. *Steevens.*

This is the reading of the old play. The folio reads—and *that* shalt execute. But as the word *shalt* is preserved, the other must have been an error of the transcriber or compositor.
Malone.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.[4]

'*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
'Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
'And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. } *Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs,[5] mirthful comick shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

4 *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.*] The quarto appropriates this line to the *Queen*. The first and second folio, by mistake, have given it to *Clarence*.

In my copy of the second folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased—*Cla*, and written *King*, in its stead.—Shakspeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast of a Royal name. *Steevens.*

5 *With stately* triumphs,] *Triumphs* are publick shows. This word has occurred too frequently to need exemplification in the present instance. *Steevens.*

THE following SUMMARY ACCOUNT* of the times and places of the several battles fought between the two houses of York and Lancaster, and of the numbers killed on both sides, is given by Trussel, at the end of his *History of England*, a book of little value, but in matters of this kind tolerably correct. I have compared his account with our earliest historians, and in some places corrected it by them.

1. THE BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, fought on the 23d of May, 1455, between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and King Henry VI. In this battle the Duke of York was victorious, and Henry was taken prisoner.

KILLED, on the royal side 5041, (among whom were Edmond Duke of Somerset, Henry Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, and Thomas Lord Clifford;) on the side of the Duke of York, 600. TOTAL—5641.

2. THE BATTLE OF BLOARHEATH in Shropshire, fought on the 30th of September, 1459, between James Lord Audley on the part of King Henry, and Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury on the part of the Duke of York; in which battle Lord Audley was slain, and his army defeated.

KILLED—2411.

3. THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON, 20th of July, 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, Earl of March, eldest son of the Duke of York, and Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick, on the one side, and King Henry on the other; in which the Yorkists were victorious.

KILLED—1035, among whom were John Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Sir William Lucy.

4. THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD, December 30, 1460, between Richard Duke of York and Queen Margaret; in which the Duke of York was defeated.

KILLED—2801, among whom were the Duke of York, Edmond Earl of Rutland his second son, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, his base uncles, and the Earl of Shrewsbury. Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury was in this battle taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret.

5. THE BATTLE OF MORTIMER'S CROSS, in Herefordshire, on Candlemas-day, 1460-1, between Edward Duke of York, on the one side, and Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and James Butler Earl of Wiltshire, on the other; in which the Duke of York was victorious.

KILLED—3800, among whom was Sir Owen Tuther or Tudors, who married Queen Katharine, the widow of King Henry V.

6. THE SECOND BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, February 17, 1460-1, between Queen Margaret on the one side, and the Duke

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* Mr. Ritson, among his *Remarks*, 1783, p. 130, has also enumerated the following battles, &c. but as Mr. Malone's subsequent account of the same occurrences is the more ample of the two, I have adopted it. STEEVENS.

of Norfolk and the Earl of Warwick on the other; in which the Queen obtained the victory.

KILLED—2303; among whom was Sir John Grey, a Lancastrian, whose widow, Lady Grey, afterwards married King Edward the Fourth.

7. THE ACTION AT FERRYBRIDGE, in Yorkshire, March 28, 1461, between Lord Clifford on the part of King Henry, and the Lord Fitzwalter on the part of the Duke of York.

KILLED—230, among whom were Lord Fitzwalter, John Lord Clifford, and the bastard son of the Earl of Salisbury.

8. THE BATTLE OF TOWTON, four miles from York, Palm-Sunday, March 29, 1461, between Edward Duke of York and King Henry; in which King Henry was defeated.

KILLED—37,046, among whom were Henry Percy Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Lords Nevil, Beaumond, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, and Fitzhugh. The Earl of Devonshire was taken prisoner, and soon afterwards beheaded at York.

9. THE BATTLE OF HEDGELEY MOOR, in Northumberland, April 29, 1463, between John Nevil Viscount Montague, on the part of King Edward IV, and the Lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of King Henry VI: in which the Yorkists were victorious.

KILLED—108, among whom was Sir Ralph Percy.

10. THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, May 15, 1463, between Viscount Montague and King Henry, in which that King was defeated.

KILLED—2024. Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and the Lords Roos and Hungerford, fighting on the side of King Henry, were taken prisoners, and soon afterwards beheaded.

11. THE BATTLE OF HEDGECOTE, four miles from Banbury, July 25, 1469, between William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, on the part of King Edward, and the lords Fitzhugh and Latimer, and Sir John Conyers, on the part of King Henry; in which the Lancastrians were defeated

KILLED—5009. The Earl of Pembroke and his brother, Richard Widville Earl of Rivers, father to King Edward's Queen, Sir John Widville, John Tiptoft Earl of Worcester, the Lords Willoughby, Stafford, and Wells, were taken prisoners, and soon afterwards beheaded.

13. THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD, in Lincolnshire, October 1, 1469, between Sir Robert Wells and King Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken prisoner. The vanquished who fled, in order to lighten themselves threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Losecoatfield.*

KILLED—10,000.

14. THE BATTLE OF BARNET, on Easter-Sunday, April 14, 1471, between King Edward on one side, and the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Montague, and the Earl of Oxford, on the part of King Henry VI, in which the Lancastrians were defeated.

KILLED—10,300, among whom were the Earl of Warwick,

the Marquis of Montague, the Lord Cromwell, and the son and heir of Lord Say.

In a letter which was written at London four days after the battle of Barnet, the total number killed on both sides is said to have been "more than *a thousand*." *Paston Letters*, Vol. II, p. 65. Fabian, the nearest contemporary historian, says 1500.

The custom among our old writers of using Arabick numerals, has been the cause of innumerable errors, the carelessness of a transcriber or printer by the addition of a cipher converting hundreds into thousands. From the inaccuracy in the present instance we have ground to suspect that the numbers said to have fallen in the other battles between the houses of York and Lancaster, have been exaggerated. Sir John Paston who was himself at the battle of Barnet, was probably correct.

15. THE BATTLE OF TEWKSBURY, May 3, 1471, between King Edward and Queen Margaret, in which the Queen was defeated, and she and her son Prince Edward were taken prisoners.

On the next day the Prince was killed by King Edward and his brothers, and Edmond Duke of Somerset beheaded.

KILLED—3032. Shortly afterwards, in an action between the bastard son of Lord Falconbridge and some Londoners, 1092 persons were killed.

16. THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH, in Leicestershire, August 22, 1485, between King Richard III, and Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII, in which King Richard was defeated and slain.

KILLED, on the part of Richard, 4013, among whom were John Duke of Norfolk, and Walter Lord Ferrers; on the part of Richmond, 181.

THE TOTAL NUMBER of persons who fell in this contest, was NINETY-ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-SIX. *Malone.*

The three parts of *King Henry VI* are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phrascology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principle and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are

Shakspeare's. These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished than those of *K. John, Richard II,* or the tragick scenes of *King Henry IV* and *V.* If we take these plays from Shakspeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakspeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakspeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *King Henry V,* and apparently connects the first Act of *King Richard III* with the last of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *King Henry VI,* and of *King Henry V,* are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakspeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer *Johnson.*

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece,* (fourth impression) 1630:

"— for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction,) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*) that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them, this therefore I was the willinger," &c. *Collins.*

There is another circumstance which may serve to strengthen Dr. Johnson's supposition, viz. that most of the fragments of Latin verses, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inserted in the former, they are shame-

fully corrupted and misspelt. The auditor, who understood English, might be unskilled in any other language. *Steevens.*

I formerly coincided with Dr. Johnson on this subject, at a time when I had examined the two old plays published in quarto under the title of *The Whole Contention of the Two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, in two parts, with less attention than I have lately done. That dramas were sometimes imperfectly taken down in the theatre, and afterwards published in a mutilated state, is proved decisively by the prologue to a play entitled, *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, by Thomas Heywood, 1623:

" ——— 'Twas ill nurst,
" And yet receiv'd as well perform'd at first;
" Grac'd and frequented; for the cradle age
" Did throng the seats, the boxes, and the stage,
" So much, that some by *stenography* drew
" The plot, *put it in print*, scarce one word true:
" And in that lameness it has limp'd so long,
" The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
" Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
" To teach it walk; so please you, sit and see it."

But the old plays in quarto, which have been hitherto supposed to be imperfect representations of the second and third parts of *King Henry VI*, are by no means mutilated and imperfect. The scenes are as well connected, and the versification as correct, as that of most of the other dramas of that time. The fact therefore, which Heywood's Prologue ascertains, throws no light upon the present contested question. Such observations as I have made upon it, I shall subjoin in a distinct Essay on the subject. *Malone.*

I have already given some reasons, why I cannot believe, that these plays were *originally* written by Shakspeare. The question, who did write them? is, at best, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We must remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous*; and that *play-writing* was scarcely yet thought reputable: nay, some authors express for it great horrors of repentance.—I will attempt, however, at some future time, to answer this question: the disquisition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at least argue, that the plays were not written by Shakspeare, from Shakspeare himself. The *Chorus* at the end of *King Henry V* addresses the audience—

" ——— For *their sake*,
" In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modesty, to recommend his new play from the merit and success of *King Henry VI.*—His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the task, he has ventured to *pursue the story*: and this sufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the allusions of particular passages. *Farmer.*

It is seldom that Dr Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want somewhat of their usual weight. I think that Shakspeare's bare mention of these

pieces is a sufficient proof they were his. That they were so, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himself from the spectators' recollection of their past success. For the sake of three historical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (says he) intreat your indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a stronger plea in his behalf, than any arising from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the same way of writing. Shakspeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previously given pleasure in the course of three of those histories; because he is a *bending*, supplicatory author, and not a literary bully, like Ben Jonson; and because he has ventured to exhibit a series of annals in a suite of plays, an attempt which till then had not received the sanction of the stage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wish to exclude the three dramas before us, together with *The Taming of the Shrew*, from the number of those produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakspeare's want of learning are too strong to stand in need of such a support.

Steevens.

Though the objections which have been raised to the genuineness of the *three plays of Henry the Sixth* have been fully considered and answered by Dr. Johnson, it may not be amiss to add here, from a contemporary writer, a passage, which not only points at Shakspeare as the author of them, but also shows, that, however meanly we may now think of them in comparison with his latter productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a sufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealousy of the older play-wrights. The passage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Greene's Groatsworth of Witte*, supposed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and said, in the title-page, to be *published at his dying request;* probably about 1592. The conclusion of this piece is an address to his brother poets, to dissuade them from writing any more for the stage, on account of the ill treatment which they were used to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes*, R. G. *wisheth a better exercise*, &c. After having addressed himself particularly to *Christopher Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge*, (as I guess from circumstances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third, (perhaps *George Peele;*) and having warned him against *depending on so mean a stay* as the players, he adds: *Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his* tygres head wrapt in a players hyde, *supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute* Johannes fac totum *is, in his own conceit, the onely* Shake-scene *in a countrey.* There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-scene* alludes to *Shakspeare;* or that *his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde*, is a parodie upon the following line of York's speech to Margaret, *Third Part of King Henry VI*, Act I, sc. iv.

"Oh *tygres* heart, *wrapt in a* woman's hide."

Tyrwhitt.

DISSERTATION

ON THE

THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI.

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A

DISSERTATION

ON THE

THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI,

TENDING TO SHOW

That those Plays were NOT written ORIGINALLY by

SHAKSPEARE.

SEVERAL passages in *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI*, appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakspeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* historical dramas which are the subject of the present disquisition, were properly ascribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person. But a more minute investigation of the subject, into which I have been led by the revision of all our author's works, has convinced me, that, though the premises were true, my conclusion was too hastily drawn; for though the hand of Shakspeare is unquestionably found in the two latter of these plays, it does not therefore necessarily follow, that they were *originally* and *entirely* composed by him. My thoughts upon this point have already been intimated in the foregoing notes; but it is now necessary for me to state my opinion more particularly, and to lay before the reader the grounds on which, after a very careful inquiry, it has been formed.

What at present I have chiefly in view is, to account for the visible *inequality* in these pieces; many traits of Shakspeare being clearly discernible in them, while the inferior parts are not merely unequal to the rest, (from which no certain conclusion can be drawn) but of quite a different complexion from the inferior parts of our author's undoubted performances.

My hypothesis then is, that *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*, as it now appears, (of which no quarto copy is extant) was the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist; that *The Whole Contention of the Two Houses of York and Lancaster*, &c. written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto, *in 1600*, was also the composition of some writer who preceded *Shakspeare*; and that from this piece, which is in two parts

(the former of which is entitled, *The First Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey*, &c. and the latter, *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt*,) our poet formed the two plays, entitled, *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI*, as they appear in the first folio edition of his works.

Mr. Upton has asked, "How does the painter distinguish copies from originals but by manner and style? And have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critick can form as unerring a judgment as a painter?" Dr. Johnson, though he has shown, with his usual acuteness, that, "this illustration of the critick's science will not prove what is desired," acknowledges in a preceding note, that dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays (he adds) no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's."—By these criterions then let us examine *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*, (for I choose to consider that piece separately) and if the diction, the figures or rather the allusions, and the versification of that play, (for these are our surest guides) shall appear to be different from the other two parts, *as they are exhibited in the folio*, and from our author's other plays, we may fairly conclude that he was not the writer of it.

I. With respect to the diction and the allusions, which I shall consider under the same head, it is very observable that in *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*, there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than, I believe, can be found in any one piece of our author's, written on an English story; and that these allusions are introduced very much in the same manner as they are introduced in the plays of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and other dramatists who preceded Shakspeare; that is, they do not naturally arise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning.* Of these the following are the most remarkable:

1. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
   So in the earth, to this day is not known.
2. A far more glorious star thy soul will make
   Than Julius Cæsar, or bright —

This blank, Dr. Johnson with the highest probability conjec-

* —— *to shew the writer's learning*] This appearance of pedantry, if not assumed in imitation of Greene, &c. (See p. 7,) would only induce me to think that the piece now under consideration might be the work of a juvenile writer; and why not one of Shakspeare's earliest dramatick effusions? The first themes composed by schoolboys are always stuffed with a critical parade of literature, such as is found in antiquated plays, some of which, our author, while yet immature, might have taken for his models. Steevens.

tures, should be filled up with "Berenice;" a word that the transcriber or compositor probably could not make out. In the same manner he left a blank in a subsequent passage for the name of "Nero," as is indubitably proved by the following line, which ascertains the omitted word. See No. 6.

3. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
4. Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
   Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
5. Froisard a countryman of ours, records, &c.
6. ——— and, like thee, [Nero,]
   Play on the lute, beholding the towns burning.

[In the original copy there is a blank where the word *Nero* is now placed.]

7. The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
   Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome.
8. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
   Drives back our troops —.
9. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter —.
10. ——— Adonis' gardens,
    That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
11. A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,
    Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was.
12. ——— an urn more precious
    Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius.
13. I shall as famous be by this exploit,
    As Scythian Thomyris, by Cyrus' death.
14. I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
    A second Hector, for his grim aspect.
15. Nestor-like aged, in an age of care.
16. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
    Thou Icarus.
17. Where is the great Alcides of the field?
18. Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
    That Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
19. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only scourge,
    Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemesis?
20. Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
    There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons lurk.
21. See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
    As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
22. ——— thus he goes,
    As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
    With hope to find the like event in love.

Of particular expressions there are many in this play, that seem to me more likely to have been used by the authors already named, than by Shakspeare; but I confess, with Dr Johnson, that single words can conclude little. However, I will just mention that the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which occur in this piece, are not, I believe, found in any of Shakspeare's undisputed performances: not to insist on a direct Latinism, pile-esteemed, which I am confident was the word intended by the author,

though, being a word of his own formation, the compositor has printed—*pil'd*-esteem'd, instead of it.*

The versification of this play appears to me clearly of a different colour from that of all our author's genuine dramas, while at the same time it resembles that of many of the plays produced before the time of Shakspeare.

In all the tragedies written before his time, or just when he commenced author, a certain stately march of versification is very observable. The sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syllable. As the reader may not have any of these pieces at hand, (by the possession of which, however, his library would not be much enriched,) I shall add a few instances,—the first that occur:

"Most loyal lords, and faithful followers,
"That have with me, unworthy general,
"Passed the greedy gulph of Ocean,
"Leaving the confines of fair Italy,
"Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end,
"And I must leave you, though against my will.
"My sinews shrink, my numbed senses fail,
"A chilling cold possesseth all my bones;
"Black ugly death, with visage pale and wan,
"Presents himself before my dazzled eyes,
"And with his dart prepared is to strike." *Locrine*, 1595.

"My lord of Gloucester, and lord Mortimer,
"To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
"That, as we hear, is newly come aland,
"From Palestine, with all his men of war,
"(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
"Preserv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
"Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way;
"Pray him to spur his steed, minutes and hours,
"Untill his mother see her princely son,
"Shining in glory of his safe return."
Edward I, by George Peele, 1593.

"Then go thy ways, and clime up to the clouds,
"And tell Apollo that Orlando sits
"Making of verses for Angelica.
"And if he do deny to send me down
"The shirt which Deianira sent to Hercules,
"To make me brave upon my wedding day,
"Tell him I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,
"(I know he knows that watry lakish hill)
"And pull the harp out of the minstrels hands,
"And pawne it unto lovely Proserpine,
"That she may fetch the faire Angelica."
Orlando Furioso, by Robert Greene, printed in 1599; written before 1592.

* See p. 31, n. 3.

"The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
"The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
"Carv'd out like to the portal of the sunne,
"Shall not be such as rings the English strand
"From Dover to the market-place of Rye."

* * *

"To plain our questions, as Apollo did."

* * *

"Facile and debonaire in all his deeds,
"Proportion'd as was Paris, when in gray,
"He courted Oenon in the vale by Troy."

* * *

"Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the seas,
"And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deepe."

* * *

"England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
"The Pyren mountains swelling above the clouds,
"That ward this wealthy Castile in with walls,
"Could not detain the beauteous Eleanor;
"But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth.
"She dar'd to brave Neptunus' haughty pride,
"And brave the brunt of froward Eolus."

* * *

"Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,
"And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks,
"Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
"As is fair Margaret, to the Lincoln earl."

* * *

"We must lay plots for stately tragedies,
"Strange comick shews, such as proud Roscius
"Vaunted before the Roman emperours."

* * *

"Lacy, thou can'st not shrowd thy traiterous thoughts,
"Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
"For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
"As Lynceus from the shores of Greecia."

* * *

"Pardon, my lord: If Jove's great royalty
"Sent me such presents as to Danae;
"If Phœbus tied to Latona's webs,
"Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
"The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercurie,
"Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords
"Should make me leave lord Lacy or his love."

* * *

"What will thou do?—
"Shew thee the tree leav'd with refined gold,
"Whereon the fearful dragon held his seate,
"That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,
"Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules."

* * *

"——————— Margaret,

" *King*. But was my mother sister unto these?
" *Art*. She was, my lord; and only Isabel
" Was all the daughters that this Philip had."
The Raigne of King Edward III, 1596.

The tragedies of *Marius and Sylla*, by T. Lodge, 1594, *A Looking Glass for London and England*, by T Lodge and R. Greene, 1598, *Sol, man and Perseda*, written before 1592, *Selimus, Emperour of the Turke*, 1594, *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1592, and *Titus Andronicus*, will all furnish examples of a similar versification; a versification so exactly corresponding with that of *The First Part of King Henry VI*, and *The Whole Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. as it originally appeared, that I have no doubt these plays were the production of some one or other of the authors of the pieces above quoted or enumerated.

A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nashe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, &c. shows that *The* First *Part of King Henry VI* had been on the stage before 1592; and his favourable mention of this piece inclines me to believe that it was written by a friend of his. " How would it have joyed brave Talbot, (says Nashe in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592,) the terror of the French, to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph again on the stage; and have his boues new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding."

This passage was several years ago pointed out by my friend Dr. Farmer, as a proof of the hypothesis which I am now endeavouring to establish That it related to the old play of *King Henry VI*, or, as it is now called, *The* First *Part of K. Henry VI*, cannot I think be doubted. *Talbot* appears in the *first* part, and not in the *second* or *third* part; and is expressly spoken of in the play, (as well as in Hall's *Chronicle*) as " the terror of the French." Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described; and this is an additional proof that this play was not our author's. But of this more hereafter.

The First *Part of King Henry VI*, (as it is now called) furnishes us with other *internal* proofs also of its not being the work of Shakspeare

1. The author of that play, whoever he was, does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry the Sixth was at the time of his father's death. He opens his play indeed with the funeral of Henry the Fifth, but no where mentions expressly the young king's age. It is clear, however, from one passage, that he supposed him to have passed the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of his sayings. In the fourth Act, sc. iv, speaking of the famous Talbot, he says:

" When *I was young*, (as yet I am not old)
" *I do remember how my father said*,
" A stouter champion never handled sword."

But Shakspeare, as appears from two passages, one in the *second*, and the other in the Third part of King Henry VI, knew that that king could not possibly remember any thing his father had said,

and therefore Shakspeare could not have been the author of the *first* part.

" No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
" But I was made a king at *nine months old.*"
King Henry VI, P. II, Act IV, sc. ix.
" When I was crown'd, I was but *nine months old.*"
King Henry VI, P. III, Act I, sc. i.

The first of these passages is found in the folio copy of *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI*, and not in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. printed in quarto; and according to my hypothesis was one of Shakspeare's additions to the old play. This therefore does not prove that the *original* author, whoever he was, was not likewise the author of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*; but, what is more material to our present question, it proves that *Shakspeare* could not be the author of that play. The second of these passages is found in *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. and is a decisive proof that *The* First *Part of King Henry VI* was written *neither* by the author of that tragedy, nor by Shakspeare.

2. A second internal proof that Shakspeare was not the author of the *first* part of these three plays, is furnished by that scene, (Act II, sc. v, p. 56,) in which it is said, that the Earl of Cambridge *raised an army* against his sovereign. But Shakspeare in his play of *King Henry V* has represented the matter truly as it was; the Earl being in the second Act of that historical piece condemned at Southampton for conspiring to *assassinate* Henry.

3. I may likewise add, that the author of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI* knew the true pronunciation of the word *Hecate*, and has used it as it is used by the Roman writers:

" I speak not to that railing *Heca-té*."

But Shakspeare in his *Macbeth* always uses *Hecate* as a dissyllable; and therefore could not have been the author of the other piece.*

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* It may perhaps appear a minute remark, but I cannot help observing that the second speech in this play ascertains the writer to have been very conversant with Hall's *Chronicle:*

" *What should I say?*† his deeds exceed all speech."

This phrase is introduced on almost every occasion by that writer, when he means to be eloquent. Holinshed, and not Hall, was Shakspeare's historian (as has been already observed); this therefore is an additional proof that this play was not our author's.

—— *Shakspeare in his* Macbeth *always uses* Hecate *as a dissyllable; and therefore could not have been the author of the other piece.*] By similar reasoning we might infer that Shakspeare was not author of *The Tempest;* for in this play Stephăno is properly accented, but erroneously [Stephāno] in *The Merchant of Venice;* and that

† *What should I say?*] In page 611 of Mr. Malone's edition of *King Richard III*, Vol. VI, this very phrase occurs:

" *What shall I say* more than I have inferr'd?" Steevens.

Having now, as I conceive, vindicated Shakspeare from being the writer of *The* First *part of King Henry VI*, it may seem unnecessary to enquire who was the author; or whether it was the production of the same person or persons who wrote the two peices, entitled, *The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. However, I shall add a word or two on that point.

We have already seen that the author of the play last named could not have written *The First Part of King Henry VI.* The following circumstances prove that it could not have been written by the author of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. supposing for a moment that piece, and *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. to have been the work of different hands.

1. The writer of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. makes Salisbury say to Richard Duke of York, that the person from whom the Duke derived his title, (he means his maternal uncle Edmund Mortimer, though he ignorantly gives him a different appellation,) was "done to death by that monstrous rebel Owen Glendower;" and Shakspeare in this has followed him:

"*Sal* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
"As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
"And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
"Who kept him in captivity, till he died."

On this false assertion the Duke of York makes no remark. But the author of *The First Part of King Henry VI* has represented this Edmund Mortimer, not as put to death, or kept in captivity to the time of his death, by Owen Glendower, (who himself died in the second year of *King Henry V*) but as a *state* prisoner, who died in the Tower in the reign of *King Henry VI*, in the presence of this very Duke of York, who was then only Richard Plantagenet.*

2. A correct statement of the issue of King Edward the Third, and of the title of Edmund Mortimer to the crown, is given in *The First Part of King Henry VI* But in *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. we find a very incorrect and false statement of Ed-

---

because *Prosper* occurs in one scene, and Prospero in another, that both scenes were not of Shakspeare's composition. The same might be said of *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which both Enobarbe and Enobarbus are found. This argument also might lead us to imagine that part of the *Iliad* which passes under the name of Mr. Pope, was not in reality translated by him; because in one book we have Idŏmeneus, Meriones, and Cebrĭones, and in another adŏmen, Merĭon, and Cebrĭon. Most certainly, both Shakspeare and Pope occasionally accommodated their proper names to the structure of their verses. The abbreviation—*Hecat'* is therefore no proof of our author's ignorance that *Hecaté* was usually a trisyllable. *Steevens.*

* See *The First Part of* King Henry VI, p. 57, and *The Second Part*, p. 165.

ward's issue, and of the title of Mortimer, whose father, Roger Mortimer, the author of that piece ignorantly calls the *fifth son* of that monarch. Those two plays therefore could not have been the work of one hand.

On all these grounds it appears to me clear, that neither Shakspeare, nor the author of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. or *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. could have been the author of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.*

It is observable that in *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI*, many thoughts and many modes of expression are found, which likewise occur in Shakspeare's other dramas: but in the *First* Part I recollect but one marked expression, that is also found in one of his undisputed performances:

"As I am sick with *working of my thoughts*."

So, in *King Henry V:*

"*Work, work your thoughts*, and therein see a siege."

But surely this is too slight a circumstance to overturn all the other arguments that have now been urged to prove this play not the production of our author. The co-incidence might be accidental, for it is a co-incidence not of thought but of language;—or the expression might have remained in his mind in consequence of his having often seen this play; (we know that he has borrowed many other expressions from preceding writers;)—or lastly, this might have been one of the very few lines that he wrote on revising this piece; which, however few they were, might, with other reasons, have induced the first publishers of his works in folio to print it with the *second* and *third* part, and to ascribe it to Shakspeare.

Before I quit this part of the subject, it may be proper to mention one other circumstance that renders it very improbable that Shakspeare should have been the author of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.* In this play, though one scene is entirely in rhyme, there are very few rhymes dispersed through the piece, and no alternate rhymes; both of which abound in our author's undisputed *early* plays. This observation indeed may likewise be extended to the *second* and *third* part of these historical dramas; and perhaps it may be urged, that if this argument has any weight, it will prove that he had no hand in the composition of those plays. But there being no alternate rhymes in those two plays may be accounted for, by recollecting that in 1591, Shakspeare had not written his *Venus and Adonis*, or his *Rape of Lucrece;* the measures of which perhaps insensibly led him to employ a similar kind of metre occasionally in the dramas that he wrote shortly after he had composed those poems. The paucity of regular rhymes must be accounted for differently. My solution is, that working up the materials which were furnished by a preceding writer, he naturally followed his mode: and in the original plays from which these two were formed very few rhymes are found. Nearly the same argument will apply to the first part; for its date also, were *that* piece Shakspeare's, would account for the want of alternate rhymes. The paucity of regular rhymes indeed cannot be accounted for by saying that here too our author was fol-

lowing the track of another poet; but the solution is unnecessary; for from the beginning to the end of that play, except perhaps in some scenes of the fourth Act, there is not a single print of the footsteps of Shakspeare.

I have already observed, that it is highly improbable that *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of York and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, were written by the author of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI.* By whom these two plays were written, it is not here necessary to inquire; it is sufficient, if probable reasons can be produced for supposing this two-part piece not to have been the composition of Shakspeare, but the work of some preceding writer, on which he formed those two plays which appear in the first folio edition of his works, comprehending a period of twenty-six years, from the time of Henry's marriage to that of his death.

II. I now therefore proceed to state my opinion concerning *The* Second and Third *Part of King Henry VI.*

"A book entituled, *The First Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrie, and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of Yorke, and the tragical Ende of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of Yorke's first Claime unto the Crown,*" was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Thomas Millington, March 12, 1593-4. This play, however, (on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI* is formed) was not then printed; nor was *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry Sixt*, &c. on which Shakspeare's *Third* Part *of King Henry the VI* is founded) entered at Stationers' Hall at the same time; but they were both printed for T. Millington in 1600.*

The first thing that strikes us in this entry is, that *the name of Shakspeare is not mentioned;* nor, when the two plays were published in 1600, did the printer ascribe them to our author in the title-page, (though his reputation was then at the highest) as surely he would have done, had they been his compositions.

In a subsequent edition indeed of the same pieces, printed by one Pavier, without date, but in reality in 1619, after our great poet's death, the name of Shakspeare appears; but this was a bookseller's trick, founded upon our author's celebrity; on his having new-modelled these plays; and on the proprietors of the Globe and Blackfriars' theatre not having published Shakspeare's *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* The very same deception was practised with respect to *King John.* The old play (written perhaps by the same person who was the author of *The Contention of the two famous Houses*, &c.) was printed in 1591, like that

* They were probably printed in 1600, because Shakspeare's alterations of them were then popular, as King Leir and his *Three Daughters* was printed in 1605, because our author's play was probably at that time first produced.

piece, *anonymously*. In 1611, (Shakspeare's *King John*, founded on the same story, having been probably often acted and admired,) the old piece in two parts was re-printed; and, in order to deceive the purchaser, was said in the title page to be written by *W. Sh.* A subsequent printer in 1622 grew more bold, and affixed Shakspeare's name to it at full length.

It is observable that Millington, the bookseller, by whom *The first Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses*, &c. was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1593-4, and for whom that piece and *The Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. were printed in 1600, was not the proprietor of any one of Shakspeare's undisputed plays, except *King Henry V*, of which he published a *spurious* copy, that, I think, must have been imperfectly taken down in short hand in the play-house.

The next observable circumstance, with respect to these two quarto plays, is, that they are said, in their title-pages, to have been "sundry times acted by the earle of Pembrooke his servantes." *Titus Andronicus* and *The* old *Taming of a Shrew* were acted by the same company of comedians; but not *one* of our author's plays is said, in its title-page, to have been acted by any but the Lord Chamberlain's, or the Queen's, or King's servants.* This circumstance alone, in my opinion, might almost decide the question.

This much appears on the first superficial view of these pieces; but the passage quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from an old pamphlet, entitled Greene's *Groatsworth of Witte*, &c. affords a still more decisive support to the hypothesis that I am endeavouring to maintain; which, indeed, that pamphlet first suggested to me. As this passage is the chief hinge of my argument, though it has already been printed in a preceding page, it is necessary to lay it again before the reader.—"Yes," says the writer, Robert Greene, (addressing himself, as Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, with great probability, to his poetical friend, George Peele,) "trust them [the players] not; for there is an upstart crowe BEAUTIFIED WITH OUR FEATHERS, that with his *tygres heart wrapt in a player's hide* supposes hee is as well able to bombaste out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country."—"O tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!" is a line of the old quarto play, entitled *The first Part of the Contention of the two Houses*, &c.

That Shakspeare is here alluded to, cannot, I think, be doubted. But what does the writer mean by calling him "*a crow beautified with our feathers?*" My solution is, that GREENE and PEELE were the joint authors of the two quarto plays, entitled *The first Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. or that

* The first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, is said in its title-page to have been acted "By the right honourable the L. of *Hunsdon his servants.*" *Steevens.*

Greene was the author of one, and Peele of the other. Greene's pamphlet, from whence the foregoing passage is extracted, was written recently before his death, which happened in September, 1592. How long he and Peele had been dramatick writers, is not precisely ascertained. Peele took the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, in 1579: Greene took the same degree in Cambridge, in 1583. Each of them has left four or five plays, and they wrote several others, which have not been published. The earliest of Peele's printed pieces, *The Arraignment of Paris*, appeared in 1584; and one of Greene's pamphlets was printed in 1583. Between that year and 1591 it is highly probable that the two plays in question were written. I suspect they were produced in 1588 or 1589. We have undoubted proofs that Shakspeare was not above working on the materials of other men. His *Taming of the Shrew*, his *King John*, and other plays, render any arguments on that point unnecessary. Having therefore, probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote his *Dying Exhortation to a Friend*, new-modelled and amplified these two pieces, and produced on the stage what, in the folio edition of his works, are called *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI*, and having acquired considerable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame and that of his associate, both of them old and admired play-wrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer, (for so he calls our great poet) who had then first, perhaps, attracted the notice of the publick by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. He therefore, in direct terms, charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himself with their feathers;* in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wishing to depreciate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces which Shakspeare had thus *re written;* a proceeding which the authors of the original plays considered as an invasion both of their literary property and character. This line, with many others, Shakspeare adopted without any alteration. The very term that Greene uses—"to *bombast* out a blank verse," exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and swell out a blank verse. *Bumbast* was a soft stuff of a loose texture, by which garments were rendered more swelling and protuberant.

Several years after the death of Boiardo, Francesco Berni undertook to new-versify Boiardo's poem, entitled ORLANDO INNAMORATO. "Berni (as Baretti observes) was not satisfied with merely making the versification of that poem better; he interspersed it with many stanzas of his own, and changed almost all the beginning of the cantos, introducing each of them with some moral reflection arising from the canto foregoing." What Berni did to Boiardo's poem after the death of its author, and more, I suppose Shakspeare to have done to The First Part of the Contention *of the* Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, &c. and The true *Tragedie of Richarde* Duke of Yorke, &c. in the life time of Greene

and Peele, their literary parents; and this *Rifacimento* (as the Italians call it) of these two plays I suppose to have been executed by Shakspeare, and exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars' theatre, in the year 1591.

I have said Shakspeare did what Berni did, and more. He did not content himself with writing new beginnings to the acts; he new-versified, he new-modelled, he transposed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and even whole speeches which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced into his own work, without any, or with very slight, alterations.

In the present edition, all those lines which he adopted without any alteration, are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded, are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely composed by himself, asterisks are prefixed. The total number of lines in our author's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI*, is SIX THOUSAND AND FORTY-THREE: of these, as I conceive, 1771 lines were written by some author who preceded Shakspeare; 2373 were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1899 lines were entirely his own composition.

That the reader may have the whole of the subject before him, I shall here transcribe the fourth scene of the fourth Act of *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI*, (which happens to be a short one) together with the corresponding scene in the original play; and also a speech of Queen Margaret, in the fifth Act, with the original speech on which it is formed. The first specimen will serve to show the method taken by Shakspeare, were he only new-polished the language of the old play, rejecting some part of the dialogue, and making some slight additions to the part which he retained; the second is a striking proof of his facility and vigour of composition, which has happily expanded a thought comprized originally in a very short speech, into thirty-seven lines, none of which appear feeble or superfluous.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, *&c.*
Sign. F. 4. edit 1600.

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

Riv. Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace so passionate of late.
Queene. Why, brother Rivers, heare you not the news
Of that success king Edward had of late?
Riv. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwick?
Tush; fear not, faire queen, but cast these cares aside.
King Edwards noble minde his honours doth display;
And Warwicke may lose, though then he got the day.
Queene. If that were all, my griefes were at an end;
But *greater troubles* will, I feare, befall.
Riv. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royal person then?

King Henry VI. Part III. Act IV. Scene IV.

Enter the Queen *and* Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick!
Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Queen. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, &c.
Sign. G 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, Somerset, with drumme and souldiers.

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France;
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sailes abroad;
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And Warwicke as our main-mast overthrowne,
Yet, warlike lordes, raise you that sturdie post,
That bears the sailes to bring us unto rest;
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful mindes guide on the sterne,
To bear us thorough that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath swallowed up our friendes.

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT V. SCENE IV.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is 't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink.

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear. *

If the reader wishes to compare *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. with *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI*, which was formed upon it, he will find various passages quoted from the elder drama in the notes on that play. The two celebrated scenes, in which the dead body of the Duke of Gloster is described, and the death of Cardinal Beaufort is represented, may be worth examining with this view; and will sufficiently ascertain how our autho. proceeded in new-modelling that play; with what expression, animation, and splendour of colouring, he filled up the outline that had been sketched by a preceding writer.†

Shakspeare having thus given celebrity to these two old dramas, by altering and writing several parts of them over again, the bookseller, Millington, in 1593-4, to avail himself of the popularity of the new and admired poet, got, perhaps from Peele, who was then living, or from the author, whoever he was, or from some of the comedians belonging to the Earl of Pembroke, the *original* play on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI* was founded; and entered it on the Stationers' books, certainly with an intention to publish it. Why it did not then appear, cannot be now ascertained. But both that, and the other piece on which *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI* was formed, was printed by the same bookseller in 1600, either with a view to lead the common reader to suppose that he should purchase two plays *as altered* and new-modelled by Shakspeare, or, without any such fraudulent intention, to derive a profit from the exhibition of a work that so great a writer had thought proper to retouch, and form into those dramas which for several years before 1600 had without doubt been performed with considerable applause. In the same manner *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, on which our author formed a play, had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and was printed in 1607,‡ without doubt with a view to pass it on the publick as the production of Shakspeare.

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* Compare also the account of the death of the Duke of York (p. 316) and king Henry's soliloquy (p. 337) with the old play as quoted in the notes.—Sometimes our author new-versified the old, without the addition of any new matter. See p 390, n. 7.

† See p. 201, n. 5; and p 213, n. 7. Compare also Clifford's speech to the rebels in p. 250, Buckingham's address to King Henry in p. 162, and Iden's speech in p. 256, with the old play, as quoted in the notes.

‡ Also, as it has lately been discovered, by Cuthbert Burbie, in 1596. *Reed.*

When William Pavier republished *The Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. in 1619,* he omitted the words in the original title-page,—"*as it was acted by the earl of Pembrooke his servantes;*"—just as, on the republication of *King John* in two parts, in 1611, the words,—"*as it was acted in the honourable city of London,*"—were omitted; because the omitted words in both cases marked the respective pieces not to be the production of Shakspeare. And as in *King John* the letters *W. Sh.* were added in 1611 to deceive the purchaser, so in the republication of *The Whole Contention*, &c. Pavier, having dismissed the words above mentioned, inserted these: "*Newly* CORRECTED *and* ENLARGED *by William Shakspeare;*" knowing that these pieces had been made the ground work of two other plays; that they had in fact been *corrected* and *enlarged*, (though not in that copy which Pavier printed, which is a mere republication from the edition of 1600,) and exhibited under the titles of *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI;* and hoping that this new edition of the *original* plays would pass for those *altered* and *augmented* by Shakspeare, which were then unpublished.

If Shakspeare had originally written these three plays of *King Henry VI*, would they not probably have been found by the bookseller in the same Ms.? Would not the three parts have been procured, whether surreptitiously or otherwise, *all together?* Would they not in that Ms. have borne the titles of the *First* and *Second* and *Third* Part of *King Henry VI?* And would not the bookseller have entered them on the Stationers' books, and published such of them as he did publish, under those titles, and *with the name of Shakspeare?* On the other hand, if that which is now distinguished by the name of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*, but which I suppose in those times was only called "*The Historical Play of King Henry VI*," if this was the production of some old dramatist, if it had appeared on the stage some years before 1591, (as from Nashe's mention of it seems to be implied) perhaps in 1587 or 1588, if its popularity was in 1594 in its wane, and the attention of the publick was entirely taken up by Shakspeare's alteration of two other plays which had likewise appeared before 1591, would not the superior popularity of these two pieces, altered by such a poet, attract the notice of the booksellers? and finding themselves unable to procure them from the theatre, would they not gladly seize on the *originals* on which this new and admired writer had worked, and publish them as soon as they could, neglecting entirely the preceding old play, or *First Part of King Henry VI*, (as it is now called) which Shakspeare had not embellished with his pen?—Such, we have seen, was actually the

* Pavier's edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in 1619, by the signatures; the *last* of which is Q. The play of *Pericles* was printed in 1619, for the same bookseller, and its *first* signature is R. The undated copy, therefore, of *The whole Contention*, &c. and *Pericles*, must have been printed at the same time.

process; for Thomas Millington, neglecting entirely *The First Part of King Henry VI*, entered the ORIGINAL of *The Second Part of King Henry VI* at Stationers' Hall in 1593-4, and published the ORIGINALS of both that and *The Third Part* in 1600. When Heminge and Condell printed these three pieces in folio, they were necessarily obliged to name the old play of *King Henry VI*, the *first* part, to distinguish it from the two following historical dramas, founded on a later period of the same king's reign.

Having examined such external evidence as time has left us concerning these two plays, now denominated *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI*, let us see whether we cannot by internal marks ascertain how far Shakspeare was concerned in their composition.

It has long been a received opinion that the two quarto plays, one of which was published under the title of *The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and the other under the title of *The true Tragedie of Richarde duke of Yorke*, &c. were spurious and imperfect copies of Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI;* and many passages have been quoted in the notes to the late editions of Shakspeare, as containing merely the various readings of the quartos and the folio; the passages being supposed to be in substance the same, only variously exhibited in different copies. The variations have been accounted for, by supposing that the imperfect and spurious quarto copies (as they were called) were taken down either by an unskilful short-hand writer, or by some auditor who picked up "during the representation what the time would permit, then filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer." To this opinion, I with others for a long time subscribed: two of Heywood's pieces furnishing indubitable proofs that plays in the time of our author were sometimes imperfectly copied during the representation, by the ear, or by short-hand writers.* But a minute examination of the two pieces in question, and a careful comparison of them with Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI*, have convinced me that this could not have been the case with respect to them. No fraudulent copyist or short-hand writer would invent circumstances *totally different* from those which appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled draughts as exhibited in the first folio; or insert *whole speeches*, of which scarcely a trace is found in that edition. In the course of the foregoing notes many of these have been particularly pointed out. I shall now bring into one point of view all those internal circumstances which prove in my apprehension decisively, that the quarto plays were not spurious and imperfect copies of Shakspeare's pieces, but elder dramas on which he formed his *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.*

1. In some places a speech in one of these quartos consists of ten or twelve lines. In Shakspeare's folio the same speech con-

* See p. 434.

sists of perhaps only half the number.* A copyist by the ear, or an unskilful short-hand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expressions imperfectly; but would he dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter? Assuredly he would not.

2. Some circumstances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the least trace in the folio; and many minute variations are found between them and the folio, that prove the pieces in quarto to have been original and distinct compositions.

In the last Act of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. the Duke of Buckingham after the battle of Saint Albans, is brought in wounded, and carried to his tent; but in Shakspeare's play he is not introduced on the stage after that battle.

In one of the *original* scenes between Jack Cade and his followers, which Shakspeare has made the seventh scene of the fourth Act of his *Second Part of King Henry VI*, Dick Butcher drags a serjeant, that is, a catch-pole, on the stage, and a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines passes between Cade, &c. at the conclusion of which it is determined that the serjeant shall be "brain'd with his own mace." Of this not one word appears in our author's play.† In the same piece Jack Cade, hearing that a knight, called Sir Humphrey Stafford, was coming at the head of an army against him, to put himself on a par with him makes himself a knight; and finding that Stafford's brother was also a knight, he dubs Dick Butcher also. But in Shakspeare's play the latter circumstance is omitted

In the old play Somerset goes out immediately after he is appointed regent of France In Shakspeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI*, he continues on the stage with Henry to the end of the scene, (Act I, sc. iii,) and the King addresses him as they go out.

In the old play, the Duchess of Gloster enters with Hume, Bolingbroke, and Margery Jourdain, and after some conversation with them, tells them that while they perform their rites, she will go to the top of an adjoining tower, and there write down such answers as the spirits, that they are to raise, shall give to her questions. But in Shakspeare's play, Hume, *Southwell*, (who is not introduced in the elder drama) and Bolingbroke, &c. enter without the Duchess; and after some conversation the Duchess appears above, (that is, on the tower,) and encourages them to proceed.‡

In Shakspeare's play, when the Duke of York enters, and finds the Duchess of Gloster, &c. and her co-adjutors performing their magick rites, (p. 153) the Duke seizes the paper in

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* See p. 139, n. 6; p. 163, n. 3; p. 263, n. 9;—also p. 388, n. 3; p. 405, n. 3.

† See p. 249, n. 3; and *The First Part* of the Contention, &c. *1600, sign. G 3.*

‡ *See p. 149, n. 7.*

which the answers of the spirit to certain questions are written down, and reads them aloud. In the old play the answers are not here recited by York; but in a subsequent scene Buckingham reads them to the King; (see p 153, n. 6; and p. 162, n 9,) and this is one of the many transpositions that Shakspeare made in new-modelling these pieces, of which I shall speak more fully hereafter.

In the old play, when the King pronounces sentence on the Duchess of Gloster, he particularly mentions the mode of her penance; and the sentence is pronounced in prose: "Stand forth dame Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloster, and hear the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons that thou hast committed against us, our state and peers. First, for thy haynous crimes thou shalt *two* daies in London do penance *barefoot in the streets, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a wax taper burning in thy hand:* that done, thou shalt be banished for ever into the Isle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our sentence irrevocable—Away with her" But in Shakspeare's play, (p. 243) the King pronounces sentence in *verse* against the Duchess *and her confederates* at the same time; and only says in general, that "after *three* days open penance, she shall be banished to the Isle of Man."

In Shakspeare's play, (p. 274) when the Duke of York undertakes to subdue the Irish rebels, if he be furnished with a sufficient army, *Suffolk* says, that he "will see that charge performed" But in the old play the Queen enjoins *the Duke of Buckingham* to attend to this business, and he accepts the office.

In our author's play Jack Cade is described as a *clothier*, in the old play he is "the *dyer* of Ashford" In the same piece, when the King and Somerset appear at Kenelworth, a dialogue passes between them and the Queen, of which not one word is preserved in the corresponding scene in *The Second Part of King Henry VI*, (p 252). In the old play, Buckingham states to the King the grounds on which York had taken up arms; but in Shakspeare's piece, (p 263) York himself assigns his reasons for his conduct.

In the old play near the conclusion, young Clifford when he is preparing to carry off the dead body of his father, is assaulted by Richard, and after putting him to flight, he makes a speech consisting of four lines. But in Shakspeare's play, (p. 274) there is no combat between them, nor is Richard introduced in that scene. The four lines therefore above mentioned are necessarily omitted.

In the old play the Queen drops her glove, and finding the Duchess of Gloster makes no attempt to take it up, she gives her a box on the ear:

"Give me my *glove; why*, minion, can you not *see?*"

But in Shakspeare's play, (p. 145) the Queen drops not a glove, but a *fan:*

"Give me my *fan:* What, minion, can you not?"

In Shakspeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI*, (p. 218) *Suffolk* discovers himself to the Captain who had seized him, by *showing* his *George*. In the old play he announces his quality by

a *ring*, a seal-ring we may suppose, exhibiting his arms. In the same scene of Shakspeare's play, he observes that the captain threatens more—

"Than *Bargulus*, the strong *Illyrian* pirate."

But in the elder drama Suffolk says, he

"Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
"The great *Macedonian* pirate."

In the same scene of the original play the captain threatens to *sink* Suffolk's ship; but no such menace is found in Shakspeare's play.

In *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. Richard (afterwards duke of Gloster) informs Warwick that his *father* the earl of Salisbury was killed in an action which he describes, and which in fact took place at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire. But Shakspeare in his *Third Part of King Henry VI*, (p. 332) formed upon the piece above-mentioned, has rightly deviated from it, and for *father* substituted *brother*, it being the natural brother of Warwick, (the bastard son of Salisbury) that fell at Ferrybridge. The earl of Salisbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded at Pomfret.

In the same old play a son is introduced who has killed his father, and afterwards a father who has killed his son. King Henry, who is on the stage, says not a word till they have both appeared, and spoken; he then pronounces a speech of seven lines. But in Shakspeare's play (p. 340) this speech is enlarged, and two speeches formed on it; the first of which the King speaks after the son has appeared, and the other after the entry of the father

In our author's play, (p. 376) after Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, his brothers enter, and converse on that event. The King, Queen, &c. then join them, and Edward asks Clarence how he approves his choice. In the elder play there is no previous dialogue between Gloster and Clarence; but the scene opens with the entry of the King, &c. who desires the opinion of his brothers on his recent marriage.

In our author's play (p. 364) the following line is found:

"And set the *murd'rous Machiavel* to school."

This line in *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. stood thus:

"And set the *aspiring Catiline* to school."

Catiline was the person that would naturally occur to Peele or Greene, as the most splendid *classical* example of inordinate ambition; but Shakspeare, who was more conversant with English books, substituted Machiavel, whose name was in such frequent use in his time that it became a specifick term for a consummate politician;* and accordingly he makes his host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, when he means to boast of his own shrewdness, exclaim, "Am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel?*"

Many other variations beside those already mentioned might be pointed out; but that I may not weary the reader, I will only refer in a note to the most striking diversities that are found be-

* See p. 115, n. 4.

tween Shakspeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI,* and the elder dramas, printed in quarto.*

The supposition of imperfect or spurious copies cannot account for such numerous variations in the *circumstances* of these pieces; (not to insist at present on the *language* in which they are clothed) so that we are compelled (as I have already observed) to maintain, either that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the story which forms his *Second Part of King Henry VI,* a hasty sketch, and an entirely distinct and more finished performance; or else we must acknowledge that he formed that piece on a foundation laid by another writer that is, upon the quarto copy of *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster,* &c.— and the same argument precisely applies to *The Third Part of King Henry VI,* which is founded on *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke,* &c. printed in quarto, 1600.

Let us now advert to the *Resemblances* that are found in these pieces as exhibited in the folio, to passages in our author's undisputed plays; and also to the *Inconsistencies* that may be traced between them; and, if I do not deceive myself, both the one and the other will add considerable support to the foregoing observations.

In our author's genuine plays, he frequently borrows from himself, the same thoughts being found in nearly the same expressions in different pieces. In *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI,* as in other dramas, these coincidencies with his other works may be found;† and this was one of the circumstances that once weighed much in my mind, and convinced me of their authenticity. But a collation of these plays with the old pieces on which they are founded, has shewn me the fallacy by which I was deceived: for the passages of these two parts of *King Henry VI,* which correspond with others in our author's undisputed plays, exist *only* in the *folio* copy, and not in the *quarto;* in other words, in those parts of these new-modelled pieces, which were of Shakspeare's writing, and not in the originals by another hand, on which he worked. This, I believe, will be found invariably the case, except in three instances.

The first is, "You have no children, butchers;" which is, it must be acknowledged, in *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of*

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* See p. 139, n. 6; p. 148, n. 6; p. 150, n. 9; p. 152, n. 5; p. 168, n. 2; p. 184, n. 9; p. 189, n. 4; p. 193, n. 4; p. 216, n. 7; p. 218, n. 1; p. 223, n. 1; p. 249, n. 3; p. 253, n. 1; p. 263, n. 9; p. 264, n. 1; p. 277, n. 7; p 288, n. 9; p. 290, n. 5; p. 292, n. 8; p. 296, n. 2; p. 298, n 5; p. 299, n. 7; p. 326, n. 3; p. 333, n. 4; p. 335, n. 2; p. 340, n. 5; p 365, n. 6; p. 377, n. 9; p. 383, n 7 *and* 8; p. 384, n. 9; p. 385, n. 6; p. 388, n. 3; p. 398, n. 3; p. 411, *n. 3.*

† See p. 129, n. 6; p. 143, n. 2; p. 209, n. 4; p. 214, n. 1; p. 225, *n. 4;* p. 249, n. 3; p. 278, n. 1; p. 337, n. 7; p. 352, n. 7; p. 414, *n. 9;* p. 417, n. 9.

Yorke, &c. 1600; (as well as in *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI*) and is also introduced with a slight variation in *Macbeth*.*

Another instance is found in *King John*. That king, when charged with the death of his nephew, asks—

"Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
"Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"

which bears a striking resemblance to the words of Cardinal Beaufort in *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. which Shakspeare has introduced in his *Second Part of King Henry VI*:

"—— Died he not in his bed?
"Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?"

The third instance is found in *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. In that piece are the following lines, which Shakspeare adopted with a very slight variation, and inserted in his *Third Part of King Henry VI*:

"—— doves will peck in rescue of their brood.—
"Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
"And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
"Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
"Who hath not seen them even with those same wings
"Which they have sometimes used in fearful flight,
"Make war with him that clim'd unto their nest,
"Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"

So, in our author's *Macbeth*:

"—— the poor wren—
"The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
"Her young ones in the nest, against the owl."

But whoever recollects the various thoughts that Shakspeare has borrowed from preceding writers, will not be surprized that in a *similar* situation, in *Macbeth*, and *King John*, he should have used the expressions of an old dramatist, with whose writings he had been particularly conversant; expressions too, which he had before embodied in former plays: nor can, I think, these three instances much diminish the force of the foregoing observation. That it may have its full weight, I have in the present edition distinguished by asterisks all the lines in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI*, of which there is no trace in the old quarto plays, and which therefore I suppose to have been written by Shakspeare. Though this has not been effected without much trouble, yet, if it shall tend to settle this long-agitated question, I shall not consider my labour as wholly thrown away.

Perhaps a similar coincidency in *The* First *Part of King Henry VI* may be urged in opposition to my hypothesis relative to that play. "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," are in that piece called the attendants on the brave Lord Talbot; as, in Shakspeare's *King Henry V*, "famine, sword, and fire, are leash'd in like hounds, crouching under the martial Henry for employment." If this image had proceeded from our author's imagination, this coincidency might perhaps countenance the supposition that he had

* *See p. 420* of this volume, and Vol. VII, p. 206, n. 2.

some hand at least in that scene of *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*, where these attendants on war are personified. But that is not the case; for the fact is, that Shakspeare was furnished with this imagery by a passage in Holinshed, as the author of the old play of *King Henry VI* was by Hall's Chronicle: "The Goddesse of warre, called Bellonas—hath these three hand-maides ever of necessitie attendyng on her: *bloud, fyre*, and *famine*.*"

In our present inquiry, it is undoubtedly a very striking circumstance that *almost* all the passages in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI*, which resemble others in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *Rifacimento* published in folio. As these *Resemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakspearian phraseology, ascertain a *considerable portion* of these disputed dramas to be the production of Shakspeare, so on the other hand certain passages which are *discordant* (in matters of fact) from his other plays, are proved by this *discordancy*, not to have been composed by him; and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer.

Thus, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, (p. 356) Sir John Grey is said to have lost "his life in quarrel of the house of *York*;" and King Edward stating the claim of his widow, whom he afterwards married, mentions, that his lands, after the battle of Saint Albans, (Feb. 17, 1460-1,) "were seized on by the conqueror." Whereas in fact they were seized on by Edward himself after the battle of Towton, (in which he was conqueror) March 29, 1461. The conqueror at the second battle at Saint Albans, the battle here meant, was Queen Margaret. This statement was taken from the old quarto play; and, from carelessness was adopted by Shakspeare without any material alteration. But at a subsequent period, when he wrote his *King Richard III*, he was under a necessity of carefully examining the English chronicles; and in that play, Act I, sc. iii, he has represented this matter truly as it was:

"In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
"Were *factious for the house of Lancaster*;—
"(And, Rivers, so were you;)—Was not your husband
"In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?"

It is called "Margaret's battle," because she was there victorious.

An equally decisive circumstance is furnished by the same play. In *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI*, (p. 375). Warwick proposes to marry his *eldest* daughter (*Isabella*) to Edward Prince of Wales, and the proposal is accepted by Edward; and in a subsequent scene Clarence says, he will marry the *younger* daughter (*Anne*). In these particulars Shakspeare has implicitly followed the elder drama. But the fact is, that the Prince of Wales married Anne the *younger* daughter of the earl of Warwick, and the Duke of Clarence married the *elder*, Isabella. Though the author of *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. was here inaccurate, and though Shakspeare too negligently followed his steps,—when he

* Hall's Chron. Henry VI, fol. xxix.

wrote his *King Richard III*, he had gained better information; for there Lady Anne is rightly represented as the widow of the Prince of Wales, and the *youngest* daughter of the Earl of Warwick:

" Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
" And leave the world to me to bustle in
" For then I 'll marry Warwick's *youngest* daughter;
" What though I kill'd her husband, and her father," &c.

i. e. Edward Prince of Wales, and King Henry VI.

King Richard III, Act I, sc. i.

I have said that certain passages in *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI* are ascertained to be Shakspeare's by a peculiar phraseology. This peculiar phraseology, without a single exception, distinguishes such parts of these plays as are found in the folio, and not in the *elder* quarto dramas, of which the phraseology, as well as the versification, is of a different colour. This observation applies not only to the new original matter produced by Shakspeare, but to his alteration of the old. Our author in his undoubted compositions has fallen into an inaccuracy, of which I do not recollect a similar instance in the works of any other dramatist. When he has occasion to quote the same paper twice, (not from memory, but *verbatim*,) from negligence he does not always attend to the words of the paper which he has occasion to quote, but makes one of the persons of the drama recite them with variations, though he holds the very paper quoted before his eyes. Thus, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Act V, sc. iii, Helena says:

" —— here 's your letter; This it says:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring,*
" *And are by me with child,*" —

Yet, as I have observed in Vol. V, p. 237, n. 3, Helena in Act III, sc. ii, *reads* this very letter aloud, and there the words are different, and in plain prose: " When thou canst get the ring from my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body," &c. In like manner, in the first scene of *The Second Part of King Henry VI*, Suffolk presents to the Duke of Gloster, protector of the realm, the articles of peace concluded between France and England. The protector begins to read the articles, but when he has proceeded no further than these words, —" Item, that the *duchy* of Anjou and the *county* of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father,"—he is suddenly taken ill, and rendered incapable of proceeding: on which the Bishop of Winchester is called upon to read the remainder of the paper. He accordingly reads the whole of the article, of which the Duke of Gloster had only read a part: " Item, *It is further agreed between them*, that *the Dutchies of Anjou and Maine* shall be released and delivered *over* to the king her father, and she sent," &c. Now though Maine in our old chronicles is sometimes called a county, and sometimes a duchy, yet words cannot thus change their form under the eyes of two readers: nor do they in the original play, entitled, *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. for there the article as recited by the protector corresponds with that recited by the Bishop, without the most mi-

nute variation. "Item, It is further agreed between them, that the *dutchies of Anjou and of Maine* shall be released and delivered *over* to the king her father, and she sent," &c. Thus in the old play says the Duke, and so says the Cardinal after him. This one circumstance, in my apprehension, is of such weight, that though it stood alone, it might decide the present question. Our author has fallen into a similar inaccuracy in the fourth scene of the same Act, where the Duke of York recites from a paper the questions that had been put to the Spirit, relative to the Duke of Suffolk, Somerset, &c.*

Many minute marks of Shakspeare's hand may be traced in such parts of the old plays as he has new-modelled. I at present recollect one that must strike every reader who is conversant with his writings. He very frequently uses adjectives adverbially; and this kind of phraseology, if not peculiar to him, is found more frequently in his writings than those of any of his contemporaries. Thus—"I am myself *indifferent* honest;"—"as *dishonourable* ragged as an old faced ancient;"—"*equal* ravenous;"—"leaves them *invisible*;" &c.† In *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. the King, having determined to marry Lady Grey, injoins his brothers to use her *honourably*. But in Shakspeare's play the words are,—"use her *honourable*." So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*."

In like manner, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, we find this line:

"Is either slain, or wounded *dangerous*."

but in the old play the words are—"wounded *dangerously*."

In the same play the word *handkerchief* is used; but in the corresponding scene in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, (p 317) Shakspeare has substituted the northern term *napkin*, which occurs so often in his works, in its room.‡

The next circumstance to which I wish to call the attention of those who do not think the present investigation wholly incurious, is, the *Transpositions* that are found in these plays. In the preceding notes I have frequently observed that not only several lines, but sometimes whole scenes,§ were transposed by Shakspeare.

In p. 317, 318, a Messenger, giving an account of the death of the Duke of York, says:

"Environed he was with many foes;
"And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
"Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
"But Hercules himself must yield to odds;"—

When this passage was printed, not finding any trace of the last

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* See p. 153, n. 7.

† See Vol. VIII, p. 302, n. 6; Vol. VII, p. 415, n. 4; Vol. V, p. 265, n. 8.

‡ In *Othello* both the words—*napkin*, and *handkerchief*, may be found. *Steevens.*

§ See p. 389, n. 5; p. 395, n. 5; p. 399, n. 4.

three lines in the corresponding part of the old play, I marked them inadvertently as Shakspeare's original composition; but I afterwards found that he had borrowed them from a subsequent scene on a quite different subject, in which Henry, taking leave of Warwick, says to him—

"Farewel my Hector, and *my Troy's true hope!*"

and the last line, "But Hercules," &c. is spoken by Warwick near the conclusion of the piece, after he is mortally wounded in the battle of Barnet.

So, in *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. after the Duke has slain Clifford, he says—

"*Now, Lancaster, sit sure:*—thy sinews shrink."

Shakspeare has not made use of that line in that place, but availed himself of it afterwards, where Edward brings forth Warwick wounded; *King Henry VI.* P. III, Act V, sc ii:

"*Now*, Montague, *sit fast:* I seek for thee," &c.

Many other transpositions may be traced in these plays, to which I shall only refer in a note.*

Such transpositions as I have noticed, could never have arisen from any carelessness or inaccuracy of transcribers or copyists; and therefore are to be added to the many other circumstances which prove that *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI*, as exhibited in the folio, were formed from the materials of a preceding writer.

It is also observable, that many lines are *repeated* in Shakspeare's *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*† but no such repetitions are found in the old quarto plays. The repetition undoubtedly arose from Shakspeare's not always following his original strictly, but introducing expressions which had struck him in other parts of the old plays; and afterwards, forgetting that he had before used such expressions, he suffered them to remain in their original places also.

Another proof that Shakspeare was not the author of *The Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. is furnished by the inconsistencies into which he has fallen, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deviating from, his original: an inaccuracy which may be sometimes observed in his undisputed plays.

One of the most remarkable instances of this kind of inconsistency is found in *The Second Part of King Henry VI*, p. 236, where he makes Henry say:

"I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat," &c.

a circumstance which he took from Holinshed's *Chronicle*; whereas in the old play no mention is made of a bishop on this occasion. The king there says, he will himself come and parley with the rebels, and in the mean time he orders Clifford and Buckingham to gather an army. In a subsequent scene, however, Shakspeare

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* See p. 209, n. 3; p. 231, n. 6; p. 267, n. 9; p. 385, n. 6; *p. 409, n. 8; p. 410*, n. 9; p. 415, n. 1.

† *See p. 336, n. 5*; p. 354, n. 3; p. 367, n. 9; p. 371, n. 3.

forgot the new matter which he had introduced in the former; and *Clifford* and *Buckingham* only parley with Cade, &c. *conformably to the old play.**

In *Romeo and Juliet* he has fallen into a similar inaccuracy. In the poem on which that tragedy is founded, Romeo, in his interview with the Friar, after sentence of banishment has been pronounced against him, is described as passionately lamenting his fate in the following terms:

" First *nature* did he blame, *the author of his life*,
" In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so rife;
" The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
" He cryed out with open mouth against *the stars above*.—
" On *fortune* eke he *rail'd*." &c.

The Friar afterwards reproves him for want of patience. In forming the corresponding scene Shakspeare has *omitted* Romeo's invective against his fate, but inadvertently copied the Friar's remonstrance *as it lay before him:*

" Why *rail'st* thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?"

If the following should be considered as a trifling circumstance, let it be remembered, that circumstances which, separately considered, may appear unimportant, sometimes acquire strength, when united to other proofs of more efficacy: in my opinion, however, what I shall now mention is a circumstance of considerable weight. It is observable that the priest concerned with Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Glocester, in certain pretended operations of magick, for which she was tried, is called by Hall, John *Hum.* So is he named in *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke*, &c. the original, as I suppose, of *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* Our author probably thinking the name harsh or ridiculous, softened it to *Hume;* and by that name this priest is called in *his* play printed in folio. But in Holinshed he is named *Hun;* and so undoubtedly, or perhaps for softness, *Hune;* he would have been called in the original quarto play just mentioned, if Shakspeare had been the author of it; for Holinshed and not Hall was his guide, as I have shown incontestably in a note on *King Henry V*, Vol. IX, p. 213 But Hall was undoubtedly the historian who had been consulted by the original writer of *The Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster;* as appears from his having taken a line from thence, " That *Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent.*†" and from the scene in which Cardinal Beaufort is exhibited on his death-bed. One part of the particular description of the Cardinal's death and dying words, in the old quarto play, is founded on a passage in Hall, which Holinshed, though in general a servile copyist of the former chronicler, has omitted. The passage is this: " Dr. John Baker, his

* See also p. 152, n. 3; p. 371, n. 3.

† See Hall, Henry V, fol. lxxix. Holinshed says, " a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time," &c.

pryvie counsailer and hys chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed he [Cardinal Beaufort] said these words: 'Why should I dye, havyng so much ryches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye! will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothynge?'" From this the writer of the old play formed these lines:

"O death, if thou wilt let me live
"But one whole year, I 'll give thee as much gold
"As will purchase such another island."

which Shakspeare new-modelled thus:

"If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
"Enough to purchase such another island,
"So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain."

If Shakspeare had been the author of *The First Part of the Contention*, &c. finding in his Holinshed the name *Hun*, he would either have preserved it, or softened it to *Hume*. Working on the old play, where he found the name of *Hum*, which sounded ridiculous to his ear, he changed it to *Hume*. But whoever the original writer of the old play was, having used the name of *Hum*, he must have formed his play on Hall's Chronicle, where *alone* that name is found. Shakspeare therefore having made Holinshed, and not Hall, his guide, could not have been the writer of it.

It may be remarked, that by the alteration of this priest's name, he has destroyed a rhyme intended by the author of the original play, where Sir John begins a soliloquy with this jingling line:

"Now, Sir John *Hum*, no word but *mum:*
"Seal up your lips, for you must silent be."

which Shakspeare has altered thus:

"—— But how now, Sir John *Hume?*
"Seal up your lips, and give no words but *mum.*"

Lines rhyming in the middle and end, similar to that above quoted, are often found in our old English plays, (previous to the time of Shakspeare) and are generally put into the mouths of priests and friars.

It has already been observed, that in the original play on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI* is founded, "*Abradas*," the *Macedonian* pirate," is mentioned. This hero does not appear in Shakspeare's new-modelled play, "*Bargulus*, the strong *Illyrian* pirate," being introduced in his room. *Abradas* is spoken of (Mr. Steevens has remarked) by Robert Greene, the very person whom I suppose to have been one of the joint authors of the original plays, in a pamphlet, entitled *Penelope's Web*, 1589:—"*Abradas*, the great *Macedonian pirate*, though every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." Of this pirate or his achievements, however celebrated he may have been, I have not found the slightest trace in *any book* whatsoever, except that above quoted: a singular circumstance, which appears to me strongly to confirm my hypothesis on the present subject; and to support my interpretation of Greene's words in his *Groatsworth of Witte*, in a former part of the present disquisition.

However this may be, there are certainly very good grounds for *believing that The First Part of the Contention* of the Two Houses *of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie* of Richarde Duke

of Yorke, were written by the author or authors of the old *King John*, printed in 1591.

In *The true Tragedie*, &c. we find the following lines:

"*Let England be true within itself*,
"We need not France, nor any alliance with her."

The first of these lines is found, with a very minute variation, in the old *King John*, where it runs thus:

"Let England *live but* true within itself, —."

Nor is this the only coincidence. In the deservedly admired scene in which Cardinal Beaufort's death is represented, in the original play, (as well as in Shakspeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI*) he is called upon to hold up his hand, as a proof of his confidence in God:

"Lord Cardinal,
"If thou diest assured of heavenly blisse,
"Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us.
[*The Cardinal dies.*
"O see, he dies, and makes no sign at all:
"O God, forgive his soule!"

I quote from the original play.—It is remarkable that a similar proof is demanded in the old play of *King John* also, when that king is expiring:

"Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
"Lift up your hand, in token you forgive."

Again:

"—— in token of thy faith,
"And signe thou diest the servant of the Lord,
"Lift up thy hand, that we way witnesse here
"Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ.—
"Now joy betide thy soul!"

This circumstance appears to me to add considerable support to my conjecture.

One point only remains. It may be asked, if *The* First *Part of King Henry VI* was not written by Shakspeare, why did Heminge and Condell print it with the rest of his works? The only way that I can account for their having done so, is by supposing, either that their memory at the end of thirty years was not accurate concerning our author's pieces, as appears indeed evidently from their omitting *Troilus and Cressida*, which was not recollected by them, till the whole of the first folio, and even the table of contents, (which is always the last work of the press) had been printed; or, that they imagined the insertion of this historical drama was necessary to understanding the two pieces that follow it; or lastly, that Shakspeare, for the advantage of his own theatre, having written a few lines in *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*, after his own *Second* and *Third* Part had been played, they conceived this a sufficient warrant for attributing it, along with the others, to him, in the general collection of his works. If Shakspeare was the author of any part of this play, perhaps the second and the following scenes of the fourth Act were his; which are for the most part written in rhyme, and appear to me somewhat of a different complexion from the rest of the play. Nor is this the only instance of their proceeding on this ground.

for is it possible to conceive that they could have any other reason for giving *Titus Andronicus* a place in their edition of Shakspeare's works, than his having written twenty or thirty lines in that piece, or having retouched a few verses of it; if indeed he did do so much?

Shakspeare's referring in the Epilogue to *King Henry V*, which was produced in 1599, to these three parts of *King Henry VI*, of which the first, by whom soever it was written, appears from the testimony of a contemporary to have been exhibited with great applause;* and the two latter, having been, as I conceive, eight years before new-modelled and almost re-written by our author, we may be confident were performed with the most brilliant success; his supplicating the favour of the audience to his new play of *King Henry V*, "*for the sake*" of these old and *popular* dramas, which were so closely connected with it, and in the composition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had so considerable a share; the connection between the last scene of *King Henry VI*, and the first scene of *King Richard III*, the Shakspearian diction, versification, and figures, by which *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI* are distinguished; "the easiness of expression and the fluency of numbers," which, it is acknowledged, are found here, and were possessed by no other author of that age; all these circumstances are accounted for by the theory now stated, and all objections† that have been founded upon them, in my apprehension, vanish away.

On the other hand, the entry on the Stationers' books of the old play, entitled *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. without the name of the author; that piece, and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. being printed in 1600, anonymously; their being founded on the Chronicle of *Hall*, who was not Shakspeare's historian, and represented by the servants of Lord Pembroke, by whom none of his uncontested dramas were represented; the colour, diction, and versification of these old plays; the various circumstances, lines and speeches, that are found in them, and not in our author's new-modification of them, as published in folio by his original editors; the resemblances that have been noticed between his other works and such parts of these dramas as are *only* exhibited in their folio edition; the discordances (in matters of fact) between certain parts of the old plays printed in quarto, and Shakspeare's undoubted performances; the transpositions that he has made in these pieces; the repetitions, and the peculiar Shakspearian inaccuracies, and phraseology, which may be traced in the folio, and not in the old quarto plays; these and other circumstances, which have been stated in the foregoing pages, form, when united, such a body of argument and proofs, in support of my hypothesis, as appears to me, (though I will not venture to assert

* See p. 448 of this Dissertation.

† See these several objections stated by Dr. Johnson in the notes at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

that "the probation bears no hinge or loop to hang a doubt on,") to lead directly to the door of *truth*.

It is observable that several portions of the English History had been dramatized *before* the time of Shakspeare. Thus, we have *King John* in two parts, by an anonymous writer; *Edward I*, by George Peele; *Edward II*, by Christopher Marlowe; *Edward III*, anonymous; *Henry IV*, containing the deposition of *Richard II*, and the accession of *Henry* to the crown, anonymous;* *Henry V*, and *Richard III*, both by anonymous authors.† Is it not then highly probable, that the *whole* of the story of *Henry VI* had also been brought upon the scene? and that the first of the plays now in question, formerly (as I believe) called *The Historical Play of King Henry VI*, and now named *The* First *Part of King Henry VI*, as well as *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. (which three pieces comprehend the entire reign of that King from his birth to his death) were the composition of some of the authors, who had produced the historical dramas above enumerated?

In consequence of an hasty and inconsiderate opinion formed by Mr. Pope, without any minute examination of the subject, *King John* in two parts, printed in 1591, and *The* old *Taming of the Shrew*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and printed in 1607, passed for half a century for the composition of Shakspeare. Further inquiries have shown that they were the productions of earlier writers; and perhaps a more profound investigation of this subject than I have been able to make, may hereafter prove decisively, that the *first* of the three *Henries* printed in folio, and both the parts of *The Whole Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, as exhibited in quarto, and printed in 1600, ought to be classed in the same predicament with the two old plays above mentioned. For my own part, if it should ever be thought proper to reprint the old dramas on which Shakspeare founded some of his plays, which were published in two volumes a few years ago, I have no doubt that *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. should be added to the number.

Gildon somewhere says, that "in a conversation between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, Ben asked him the reason why he wrote his historical plays." Our author (we are told) replied, that "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in that particular." This anecdote like many other traditional stories, stands on a very weak foundation; or to speak more justly, it is certainly a fiction. The malignant Ben does indeed, in his *Devil's an Ass*, 1616, sneer at our author's historical pieces, which for twenty years preceding had been in high reputation, and probably were *then* the only histori-

* See the Prolegomena to King Richard II, Vol. VII.

† Entered on the Stationers' books in 1594.

cal dramas that had possession of the theatre; but from the list above given, it is clear that Shakspeare was not the *first* who dramatized our old chronicles; and that the principal events of the English History were familiar to the ears of his audience, before he commenced a writer for the stage:* though undoubtedly at this day, whatever knowledge of our annals is dispersed among the people, is derived from the frequent exhibition of our author's historical plays.

He certainly did not consider writing on fables that had already been formed into dramas, as any derogation from his fame; if in-

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* This point is established not only by the list referred to, but by a passage in a pamphlet already quoted, entitled *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, written by Thomas Nashe, quarto 1592: "Whereas the afternoone being the eldest time of the day, wherein men that are their owne masters (as gentlemen of the Court, the Innes of court, and the number of captaines and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they divide (how virtuously it skilles not) into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or *seeing a play*; is it not then better, since of foure extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one, that they should betake them to the least, which is *Playes?* Nay, what if I prove playes to be no extreame, but a rare exercise of vertue? First, for the *subject* of them; *for the most part it is borrowed* out of our ENGLISH CHRONICLES, wherein our fore-fathers' valiant actes, that have been long buried in rustie brasse, and worme eaten bookes, are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence; than which, what can be a sharper reproofe to these degenerate days of ours?"

After an eulogium on the brave Lord Talbot, and on the actor who had personated him in a popular play of that time, "before ten thousand spectators at the least;" (which has already been printed in a former page) and after observing "what a glorious thing it is to have King Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear,"— the writer adds these words:

"In playes, all cousenages, all cunning drifts, over-guilded with outward holinesse, all stratagems of warre, all the canker-wormes that breed in the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized. They show the ill successe of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, *the wretched end of usurpers, the miserie of civil dissention*, and how just God is evermore in punishing *murder*. And to prove every one of these allegations, could I propound the circumstances *of this play and that*, if I meant to handle this theame otherwise than *obiter*."

It is highly probable that the words, "*the miserie of civil dissention*," allude to the very plays which are the subjects of the present disquisition, *The first Part of the Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*; as, by "the *wretched end of Usurpers*," and the justice of God in "punishing *murder*," old plays on the subject of *King Richard III*, and that of *Hamlet*, prior to those of Shakspeare, were, I believe, alluded to.

deed fame was ever an object of his thoughts. We know that plays on the subjects of *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, *King Richard II*, *King Henry IV*, *King Henry V*, *King Richard III*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, I strongly suspect, on those of *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Julius Cæsar*, existed before he commenced a dramatick author; and perhaps in process of time it may be found, that many of the fables of his *other* plays also had been unskilfully treated, and produced upon the stage, by preceding writers.

Such are the only lights that I am able to throw on this very dark subject. The arguments which I have stated have entirely satisfied my own mind; whether they are entitled to bring conviction to the minds of others, I shall not presume to determine. I produce them, however, with the more confidence, as they have the approbation of one who has given such decisive proofs of his taste and knowledge, by ascertaining the extent of Shakspeare's *learning*, that I have no doubt his thoughts on the present question also, will have that weight with the public to which they are undoubtedly entitled. It is almost unnecessary to add, that I mean my friend Dr. Farmer; who many years ago delivered it as his opinion, that these plays were not written *originally* by Shakspeare.* *Malone.*

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* Mr. Theobald's and Dr. Warburton's idea on which the foregoing Dissertation is founded, had received countenance from the opinion of Dr. Farmer. Mr. Malone, with much labour and ingenuity, has given support to the sentiments of these gentlemen; but, in my judgment, if he proves any thing, it is a position hazarded by me long ago; viz. that our author had as much hand in the present dramas, as in several others that pass under his name

Of the first part of these three Histories, however, it is asserted, that in colour of style, &c. it bears no resemblance to the other works of our author. As I think, among the notes on that piece, I have advanced some proofs to the contrary, in this place I shall be content to add, that it as strongly resembles the latter dramas of Shakspeare, as the *Dream* of Raphael resembles his *Transfiguration*. Between the first and last performances of great masters, there is often but a small, if any, degree of resemblance. Sir Joshua Reynolds studied under Hudson, and at first imitated his manner; but is a trace of the almost forgotten master discoverable in the mature and applauded works of the pupil? *Steevens.*

END OF VOL. X.

T. S. Manning, Printer, No. 143 North Third Street.

SEP 2 7 1938